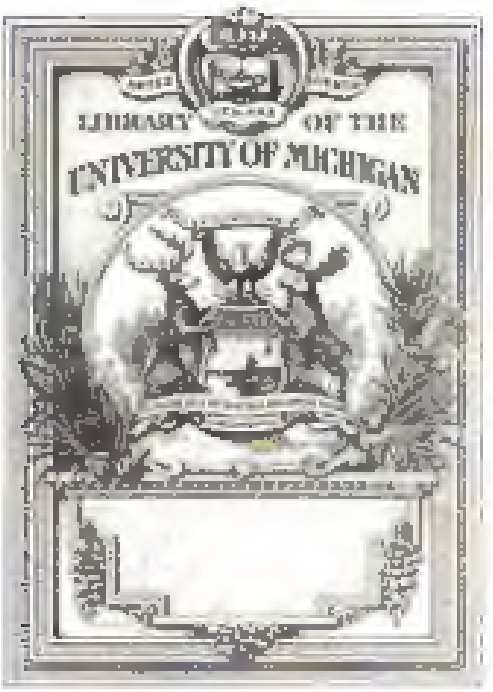

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY

HENRY NEWBOLT

VOL. ~~VIII.~~ IX

OCTOBER—DECEMBER 1902

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY
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INDEX OF SUBJECTS

			PAGE
A Family Affair		Oct.	1
Adam's Curse	W. B. YEATS	Dec.	112
Age of the Inhabited World, The	RT. HON. SIR EDWARD FRY	Dec.	42
A New Light	FILSON YOUNG	Dec.	144
D'Annunzio, Gabriele, The Novels and Plays of	EDWARD HUTTON	Nov.	144
Ballads, West Irish	LADY GREGORY	Oct.	123
British Empire, The French Canadian in the	HENRI BOURASSA, M.P. (*Canada*)	Oct.	53
Burney Friendship, A	GEORGE PASTON	Oct.	136
Cambridge Modern History, The	EMIL REICH, D.C.L.	Nov.	117
Canada and Imperial Ignorance	W. BEACH THOMAS	Dec.	69
Christian Democracy and the Temporal Power	ROBERT E. DELL	Dec.	54
Danny	ALFRED OLLIVANT	Oct. 162, Nov. 162, Dec.	163
Egypt, The Golden Age of	JOHN WARD, F.S.A.	Oct.	83
English and Indian	CORNELIA SORABJI	Nov.	133
French-Canadian in the British Empire, The	HENRI BOURASSA, M.P. (*Canada*)	Oct.	53
French-Canadian and the Great Commonwealth, The		Nov.	1
French Prelates on the Religious Crisis	Edited by M. A. GEROTHWOHL	Dec.	21
Frere, Sir Bartle	SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, Bart.	Oct.	69
History, The Cambridge Modern	EMIL REICH, D.C.L.	Nov.	117
Horseman of the Future, The	BREVET LIEUT.-COL. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B.	Nov.	70
How Zola Worked	The Author of "An Englishman in Paris"	Nov.	86
Ireland, Local Self-Government in	SIR ALEXANDER MILLER, K.C., C.S.I.	Nov.	48
Irish Folk Ballads	LADY GREGORY	Oct.	123
James Sutherland, Limited	E. F. BENSON	Dec.	126
Japan, The Painters of	ARTHUR MORRISON	Nov. 99, Dec.	92

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

		PAGE
Lessons of the War	Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Y. Brabant, K.C.B., C.M.G. . . . Oct.	19
Liberal Party, New Developments within the	O. Eltzbacher . . . . Oct.	31
Local Self-Government in Ireland	Sir Alexander Miller, K.C., C.S.I. Nov.	48
Marama: The Moon God	Arthur H. Adams . . . . Oct.	155
Mr. Marconi's Recent Invention	Professor A. M. Worthington, C.B., F.R.S. . . . . Oct.	92
Music of Richard Strauss, The	Arthur Symons . . . . Dec.	80
On the Line	. . . . . Oct. 6, Nov. 10, Dec.	6
Painters of Japan, The	Arthur Morrison . . Nov. 99, Dec.	92
Religious Crisis, The French Prelates on the	Edited by M. A. Gerothwohl . Dec.	21
Rodin	T. Sturge Moore . . . . Oct.	96
Rodolphe Töpffer	J. A. Fuller Maitland . . . Oct.	112
Roosevelt, A Year of President	Sydney Brooks . . . . Nov.	31
Songs of the Russian People	A. E. Keeton . . . . . Dec.	114
St. Francis, A Portait of	Sir Martin Conway . . . Oct.	108
Strauss, Richard, The Music of	Arthur Symons . . . . Dec.	80
Temporal Power, Christian Democracy and the	Robert E. Dell . . . . Dec.	54
The Coming of Downy V. Green	. . . . . Dec.	1
The Drone	Lady Currie ("Violet Fane") . Dec.	161
To a Terrier	Mary E. Richmond . . . Nov.	161
War, Lessons of the	Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Y. Brabant, K.C.B., C.M.G. . . . . Oct.	19
World, Age of the Inhabited	Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Fry . . Dec.	42
Zola	The Author of "An Englishman in Paris" . . . . . Nov.	86

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INDEX OF AUTHORS

		PAGE
ADAMS, ARTHUR H.	Marama: The Moon God	Oct. 155
"An Englishman in Paris," the Author of	How Zola Worked	Nov 86
ARTHUR, SIR GEORGE, Bart.	Sir Bartle Frere	Oct. 69
BENSON, E. F.	James Sutherland, Limited	Dec 126
BRABANT, LT.-GEN. SIR E. Y. BRABANT, K.C.B., C.M.G.	Lessons of the War	Oct. 19
BOURASSA, HENRI, M.P. (*Canada*)	The French-Canadian in the British Empire	Oct 53
BROOKS, SYDNEY	A Year of President Roosevelt	Nov. 31
CONWAY, SIR MARTIN	A Portrait of St. Francis of Assisi	Oct 108
CURRIE, LADY ("Violet Fane")	The Drone	Dec 161
DELL, ROBERT E.	Christian Democracy and the Temporal Power	Dec. 54
EDITORIAL ARTICLES	A Family Affair	Oct 1
	The French-Canadian and the Great Commonwealth	Nov. 1
	The Coming of Downy V. Green	Dec. 1
	On the Line	Oct. 6. Nov. 10. Dec. 6
ELTZBACHER, O.	The New Developments within the Liberal Party	Oct. 31
FRY, RT. HON. SIR EDWARD	The Age of the Inhabited World	Dec. 42
GEROTHWOHL, M. A., Edited by	The French Prelates on the Religious Crisis	Dec. 21
GREGORY, LADY	West Irish Folk Ballads	Oct 123
HUTTON, EDWARD	The Novels and Plays of Gabriele D'Annunzio	Nov. 144
KEETON, A. E.	Songs of the Russian People	Dec. 114
MAITLAND, J. A. FULLER	Rodolphe Töpffer	Oct. 112
MILLER, SIR ALEXANDER, K.C., C.S.I.	Local Self-Government in Ireland	Nov. 44
MOORE, T. STURGE	Rodin	Oct. 96
MORRISON, ARTHUR	The Painters of Japan	Nov 99. Dec. 92

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
OLLIVANT, ALFRED	Danny . Oct., 162, Nov., 162, Dec.	163
PASTON, GEORGE	A Burney Friendship . . . Oct.	136
REICH, EMIL, D.C.L.	The Cambridge Modern History . Nov.	117
RICHMOND, MARY E.	To a Terrier . . . . . Nov.	161
SORABJI, CORNELIA	English and Indian—A Study . . Nov.	133
SYMONS, ARTHUR	The Music of Richard Strauss . . Dec.	92
THOMAS, W. BEACH	Canada and Imperial Ignorance . Dec.	69
WARD, JOHN, F.S.A.	The Golden Age of Egypt . . . Oct.	83
WORTHINGTON, PROFESSOR, A.M., C.B., F.R.S.	Mr. Marconi's Recent Invention . Oct.	92
YEATS, W. B.	Adam's Curse . . . . . Dec.	112
YOUNG, FILSON	A New Light . . . . . Dec.	144
YOUNGHUSBAND, BREVET LIEUT.-COL. G. T. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B.	The Horseman of the Future . . Nov.	70

Google

WRITERS IN THE "MONTHLY REVIEW"

FROM OCTOBER 1900 TO SEPTEMBER 1902

Abdur-Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan
Archer, William
Atkinson, A.R. (*Member of the New Zealand House of Representatives*)
Ady, Mrs. (Julia Cartwright)
Atkins, J. B.
Atteridge, A. Hilliard

Benching, The Rev. Professor H. C.
Bell, Mrs. Hugh
Bellairs, Lieut. Carlyon, R.N.
Binyon, Laurence
Bowlby, A. A., F.R.C.S.
Baillie-Grohman, W. A.
Bell, Miss G. L.
Bindloss, Harold
Bain, R. Nisbet
Bishop, Mrs.
Brereton, Cloudesley
Brooks, Sydney
Bridges, Robert
Bourassa, Henri (*Member of the Canadian Parliament*)
Brand, Hon. R. H.
Bright, Charles, F.R.S.E.
Bigelow, Poultney
Bill, Charles, M.P.
Bowles, G. Stewart

Clowes, Sir W. Laird
Coleridge, Miss M. E.
Colquhoun, A. R.
Corbett, Julian S.
Calderon, G. L.
Childers, Erskine
Cholmondeley, Miss Mary
Colomb, Sir J. C. R., K.C.M.G., M.P.
Cook, Theodore Andrea
Cooper, Edward H.
Carlisle, The Earl of
Cecil, Algernon

De Maulde la Clavière, R.
Du Cane, Major-Gen. Sir E., K.C.B.
Dell, Robert E.
De Thierry, C.
De la Mare, W. J. (Walter Ramal)
De Saussure, César

Evans, Arthur J.
Ellis, Havelock

Fry, Roger E.
Fremantle, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund, G.C.B.
Fuller-Maitland, J. A.
Ford, Percival
Finberg, Alexander J.
Farrelly, M. J., LL.D.
Fyfe, H. Hamilton

Grey, Henry M.
Griffin, Professor W. Hall
Garnett, Edward
Gorky, Maksim
Greenwood, Frederick
Garrett, F. Edmund
Gerothwohl, Maurice A.
Green, Owen M.
Gerard, The Rev. Father, S.J.

Holmes, C. J.
Hope, Anthony
Hamilton, Lord Ernest

Google

Hart-Davis, Capt. H. V.
Hayashi, His Excellency Viscount
Hodgkin, Thomas, D.C.L.
Hogarth, D. G.
Housman, Laurence
Hartland, E. Sidney
Hutchinson, Horace G.
Haldane, Rt. Honble. R. B., K.C., M.P.
Horne, H. P.
Hardy, Thomas

Irwin, Sidney T.
Iddesleigh, The Earl of

Johnson, Mrs. H. Barham

Kinloch, Alexander
Kemp-Welch, Mrs.
Kershaw, John B. C.
Kipling, Rudyard

Laughton, Professor J. K.
Lang, Andrew
Legge, J. G.
Lawless, Hon. Emily
Lucas, E. V.
Long, R. E. C.

Martens, F. de
Meynell, Mrs.
Macritchie, David
Maude, Lt.-Col. F. N., late R.E.
Meredith, George
Macfarlane, H.
Mardon, Evelyn J.
Moore, T. Sturge
Mallock, W. H.
Machray, Robert
Malleson, Major, R.A.
Miller, Sir Alex. E., K.C., C.S.I.
Macpherson, William C.
Morrison, Arthur

Nelson, The Earl
Neville, Ralph, Q.C.
Newbolt, Henry
Neuman, B. Paul

Olivant, Alfred

Phillimore, Mrs.
Peile, Rev. J. H. F.
Paston, George

Quiller-Couch, A. T.

Rosebery, The Earl of, K.G.
Roscoe, Sir Henry E.
Round, J. Horace
Reid, G. Archdall, M.B., C.M., F.R.S.E.
Rose, J. Holland
Ross, Janet
Robinson, Major-Gen. C. W., C.B.
Ricardo, Halsey

Sichel, Miss E.
Shirlaw, Mathew, Mus.Bac. Edin.
Stephen, Sir Leslie, K.C.B.
Streatfeild, R. A.
Symons, Arthur
Street, G. S.
Strutt, Edward C.
Schooling, J. Holt
Sayce, Rev. Professor A. H.

Turner, Professor H. H.
Thomson, H. C.
Taylor, Benjamin
Thompson, Francis
Thurston, Rev. Father H., S.J.
Tovey, Donald F.

Villari, L.

Waterhouse, Paul
Wilkinson, Spenser
Williams, Basil
Waldstein, Professor C.
Warren, T. H., President of Magdalen College, Oxford
Wedgwood, The Hon. Mrs.
Wolff, Henry W.
Woodhead, Professor G. Sims, M.D.
Woods, Margaret L.
Watkins, Frank (*Member of the late Transvaal Volksraad*)
Wilson, H. W.
Worsfold, W. Basil
Ward, John, F.S.A.

Yeats, W. B.
Younghusband, Capt. F. E., C.I.E.

To these must be added "Anon," "Galeatus," "Auditor," "The Author of 'Pro Christo et Ecclesia,'" "The Writer of an Englishwoman's Love-letters," and the author of "The Loss of the Cobra," besides the writers, eleven in number, who have contributed editorial articles, and the reviewers of books, "On the Line."

Google

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY HENRY NEWBOLT

OCTOBER 1902

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

A Family Affair — Page 1

On the Line — 6

LESSONS OF THE WAR——LIEUT.-GEN. SIR E. Y. BRABANT, K.C.B., C.M.G. — 19

THE NEW DEVELOPMENTS WITHIN THE LIBERAL PARTY ——O. ELTZBACHER — 31

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE—II—— HENRI BOURASSA (*Member of the Canadian Parliament*) — 53

SIR BARTLE FRERE——SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BART. — 69

THE GOLDEN AGE OF EGYPT (*Illustrated*)——JOHN WARD, F.S.A. — 83

MR. MARCONI'S RECENT INVENTION——PROFESSOR A. M. WORTHINGTON, C.B., F.R.S. — 92

RODIN——T. STURGE MOORE — 96

A PORTRAIT OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI (*Illustrated*)——SIR MARTIN CONWAY (*Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge*) — 108

RODOLPHE TÖPFFER——J. A. FULLER MAITLAND — 112

WEST IRISH FOLK BALLADS——LADY GREGORY — 123

A BURNEY FRIENDSHIP—II——GEORGE PASTON — 136

MARAMA: THE MOON-GOD——ARTHUR H. ADAMS — 155

DANNY—LVII-LXIV——ALFRED OLLIVANT — 162

Google

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Public Schools and their Critics

On the Line

BELOW THE MILL DAM—RUDYARD KIPLING

EDUCATION IN THE NAVY—III—JULIAN S. CORBETT

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE—HENRI BOURASSA (*Member of the Canadian Parliament*)

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY'S COLONIAL EXPERIMENT—L. VILLARI

THE POSSIBILITIES OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY—CHARLES BRIGHT, F.R.S.E.

THE DECIPHERMENT OF THE HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS—PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE

THE BETTERMENT OF LONDON—HALSEY RICARDO

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN: III (*Illustrated*)—ARTHUR MORRISON

SAMUEL BUTLER—R. A. STREATFEILD

A BURNEY FRIENDSHIP—GEORGE PASTON

DANNY, I.–LVI.—ALFRED OLLIVANT

NOTE.—Mr. Arthur Morrison's series of articles on "The Painters of Japan" will be resumed in the November number.

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, "MONTHLY REVIEW," 50A ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.

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A FAMILY AFFAIR

FEW and far between they may be, but there are surely some occasions when it is allowed even to a man of business, even to a servant of the public, to leave his office chair, put off his long black coat and declare himself to be at home only to his friends and relations. The MONTHLY REVIEW has reached a day—the second anniversary of its birth—upon which we feel ourselves justified in taking such a licence; and if, since the windows of our poor basement cannot be barred, some member of the outside community passing casually by should chance to look in upon us, we can only hope that the decency and good humour of our proceedings may induce him to pardon their domesticity.

The REVIEW has, we hope, many friends, and as a periodical it may certainly boast of a whole clan of relatives; but the particular family to which it belongs is one of moderate size. It has, we may say, five brothers older than itself, and there are rumours at this moment of another on the way; but of this perhaps it is hardly proper to speak at present, though it is always the youngest member of a household that is the most eager to give the greeting of "Welcome, little stranger." For the time, however, five are quite enough to think about, and the two-year-old, though he would not have them know it for the world, does think not a little of coming at the tail of such a brotherhood. There they stand, men of experience, men that keep good company and are accustomed to be heard with

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respect, men that have had losses, some of them, and at least two coats, and in short everything handsome about them. Will he too some day do such things as they have done, and be as famous? Certainly he is of the half-crown stock as undeniably as any of them, and feels his life in every limb; is often asked to good houses in company with his elders or even alone; gets patted on the head and is offered many tips by kind old gentlemen. But when he grows up will he really be the counterpart of his five brothers or of one of them?

In his own heart—and this again he would not willingly confess to them—he does not truly wish it. No doubt they know better what he should be; but he knows best what he can be. Besides, as a mere imitation of the others there is no place in the world for him. He admires, for instance, Brother National—his nearest in age and favourite companion—and Brother Contemporary, for the vigour and determination of their political activity; Brother Fortnightly for the breadth of his hospitality and his love of the drama; Brother Nineteenth Century for his ministerial manners, his safe judgment, and the social brilliancy of his connections; Brother Blackwood for his ghost stories, his campaigning yarns, and his unmethodical conversation. But the exercise of these gifts in each case amounts to the filling of a definite place in the public service, and as the Eastern king remarked when he killed his predecessor, "no man can succeed to the living." In the milder West a sixth son does not seek to dethrone a brother; he contents himself with looking for a vacancy elsewhere, and he is hardly to be blamed if he tries to create a new department and to be himself the first to fill it.

This was in fact the arduous and venturesome undertaking which lay before the MONTHLY REVIEW in September 1900, and if in the two years of probation which have passed since then, it has obtained any measure of success or of recognition, it has owed such good fortune entirely to the help of friends, and especially to some who have adopted its cause as their

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own, and given their best work anonymously, propelling the ship from below the water-line, where there is neither bunting nor figure-head to attract admiring eyes. Without them the voyage would have been a perilous one, for it was a voyage of exploration into unknown seas, where the man at the helm, like the hero of Mr. Clark Russell's "Golden Hope," had nothing to guide him but the outline of an island seen in dreams. What of that country now, upon a nearer view: does it in any way match the Eldorado for which we set sail?

It does, and it does not. He is no true adventurer whose visions can all be fulfilled at once; and besides the glimpse of something beyond, the horizon that recedes "for ever and for ever as we move," there are the disappointments inevitable in twenty-four months of travel; the mistakes in direction, the failure of promised supplies, the finding of shallows where deep water has been reckoned on. But these are rather accidents of the route than deficiencies of the country itself; they do not take anything from the kindliness of its inhabitants, the richness of its life, or the beauty of the further-off Delectable Mountains, which can clearly be seen from it.

But it is, after all, not for the dreamer himself to say how far what he has found and brought back answers to the picture formed by his imagination at the start. Possibly his imagining was in itself absurd. He conceived that one review might be allowed perhaps to stand a little more apart from the rush than others do, to busy itself somewhat less with the strife of parties as parties, with the instant repetition of passing cries, with the opinions of those whose minds were long ago made up and publicly registered, or those who are in a hurry to sell their perishable wares before the inevitable deterioration sets in. Seeing that the more immediate needs and aims of to-day are so fully supplied elsewhere, it seemed possible that a hearing might be given to those who should speak from a standpoint a little more aloof, one from which it might be easier to see both theories and actions against the clear golden background of the past, and to catch a glimpse of ideals which

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are only now emerging from the shining mist of the future. Even if our search must be mainly for the practical equipment of life, does it follow that we shall all find it with greater certainty by the straight and dusty high road than by more leisurely paths: there are some surely, and there may, perhaps, be many, who will as nearly attain the end, whatever it is, by walking the fields of history, of philosophy, of literature or of poetry, as by jolting and hurrying all their lives in express or parliamentary trains of thought.

Perverse or not, this is at least a pleasant imagination: if such a way of the world were, indeed, possible, there would be room in life even for the lasting, the beautiful, and the humorous: three species said to be now of great rarity and doomed to speedy extinction. The public, we are told, do not want art or literature, even once a month; they want "current topics," the things of to-day commented on by the men of to-day. If an "academic" and inexperienced management is to be blamed in this matter, let it be remembered, in excuse, that the error was no doubt partly induced by a sincere respect for the daily and weekly Press, which comments so fully and so ably on passing events, that it often seems to have cooked and served up the savoury meat and taken the blessing, before the others could return from their long month's hunting. And he who knows that he cannot, in any event, be first on the nail, is naturally tempted to take a more leisurely swing, and try, at any rate, to hit it more exactly and more gracefully.

There is, however, no use in denying that our dreamer has been unorthodox, and perhaps his best policy is to make his confession a full one, that if he is in the end condemned he may be sure that it is martyrdom and not a judicial error under which he suffers. To aim at being a little leisurely, a little detached, and, if possible, a little artistic, may after all be pardonable, even in the reign of Pierpont Morgan and the year of the Education Bill. But if the heretic is to speak out, he must say: "Further than this, I have interpreted 'the men of to-day' to mean the men of to-morrow rather than the men of

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yesterday, with all their well-earned knowledge and honours; for I imagined that in a changing world, experience, when once grown cold and stiff, was worth less than the insight and ardour and adaptability of thought still warming with the first grapple of its powers. And I forgot the infirmity of many among our people, who can scarcely hear the human voice unaided by the ear-trumpet of a title. Further still, I thought it a point of honour, and even of universal policy, that we should not shrink from the hearing and weighing of any honestly held opinion or sincere work of art; that we should believe all things to have at least two sides, and few people to be the worse for seeing both of them. I confess also that this opinion led me into many and strong temptations: that I came to believe it possible to love England and her rivals too; to believe profoundly, as our great historians have believed, in the English character, and yet to wish its domination of the world restricted; to work for the great Commonwealth and for freedom both at once; to accept Christianity as a true salvation, but to honour also the fearless and unconsoled martyrs of inquiry and revolt, and any faith which teaches its followers how 'Out of ten thousand bitternesses wells the Eternal Peace.' And this I confess, knowing that I am cutting myself off from all the churches, and can expect no help from any party. And I have nothing to plead in stay of judgment, except that I can none other."

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ON THE LINE

Resurrection. A novel. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise Maude. Completely revised, and with an appendix containing fresh matter. (Grant Richards. 6*s*. A cheaper edition, without illustrations, to be had for 2*s*.)—This is not a book for saints whose consciousness of sin is already so acute as to be well-nigh intolerable—nor for those who wear rose-coloured spectacles and would go blind for sorrow if they saw—nor for the sick—nor for the young. It is one of those very rare books which resemble experience in their effect. No one who has read it with attention can be quite the same person afterwards. Words like these are in themselves a judgment on the people amongst whom and the generation in which they are uttered. Both as an artist and as a reformer Tolstoy possesses genius of the highest order. That he does not stand in the first rank of artists, nor yet in the front rank of reform, is due to the fact that he has served two masters, that neither has been able to exact from him the full labour of a life-time. Ruskin did the same; but he concerned himself with pictures and with principles, not with men and women; and, therefore, his appeal is not, like that of the great Russian, universal. In some of Tolstoy's works the craftsman gets the upper hand—in others the Christian. Here, from the nature of the subject, the two are able to work together on terms of peace, if not of harmony, and the result is overpowering. If he were less of the reformer, we might be tempted to dwell exclusively on the

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strength of his analysis of motive—on the quiet beauty of those passages, few and far between, but never to be forgotten, on which the unity of the chief character depends. If he were less of the artist, we might perhaps escape. Sensitive foreigners may have said, in the days of "Oliver Twist" and "Alton Locke," "These horrors, after all, are English. They do not happen in our country." So, if this work went as deep, and no deeper, we might say, "It is thus in Russia; not amongst us, thank God!" But it goes deeper. With the voice of the prophet who spoke, not to David alone, but to all those who, till the end of the world, live for themselves, Tolstoy murmurs in the ear of every one capable of error, of feeling, of thought, *Thou art the man.*

"'Resurrection' weighs on the conscience of society," said Prince Kropótkin. In Russia, society showed its sense of the weight by deforming the book and by excommunicating the writer who had dared to describe the idol of the Holy Synod, Pobedonóstsef.[1] In America, the plot was pulled to pieces and one most marvellous chapter omitted altogether. In Germany, everything that made against the Church and the administration of justice was left out; in France, everything that might hinder a man from going into the army. This happened early in the day; afterwards people saw the futility of it, and correct—or, at any rate, more correct—editions were issued. There is nothing but life in the book; and life will out. When one man has the power to make another see life, as he himself has seen it, the audience is never wanting. The work sold well, and the proceeds went to help the settlement of Russian Quakers in Canada. It is only fair to say that the Society of Friends, when they had read it, rejected all help for their brethren from that quarter. These facts are noticed in a remarkable, though rather irritating, preface to the new translation,[2] by Aylmer Maude, who, of course, considers it with a single eye to moral effectiveness, and therefore supplements it with an "Index

[1] Called Toporóf in the novel.

[2] This translation is a very good one; Tolstoy himself commended it.

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to Social Questions, Types, &c." Tolstoy would do well enough without this assistance. *Good wine needs no bush.* A plain question is asked: "Why, and by what right, do some people lock up . . . and kill others?" A plain answer is given: "All the dreadful evil witnessed in prisons and gaols, and the quiet self-assurance of the perpetrators of this evil, results from an attempt to do what is impossible: from an attempt to correct evil . . . by using mechanical means."

Never before has any writer of fiction made such an exhaustive study of the mind of a man just over thirty. Here and there it is not unpardonable surely to think that the hero of "Souvenirs," if "Souvenirs" had possessed a second volume, might have resembled the hero of "Resurrection"; they have the same intense truthfulness, the same intense consciousness of self, the same strong predilection in favour of cleanliness without and within, the same interest in questions that affect landed proprietors. In other respects they are different. Nehlúdof is not ambitious, not especially gifted, not humorous. He has a gentlemanly way of behaviour that takes every one with whom he comes in contact; he loses his temper like a gentleman, and like a gentleman he regrets that he lost it. An indomitable sense of reality that cannot be stifled leads him first to despise, afterwards to respect, in the end to forget himself. The actual beginning of the story, his recognition of the girl whom he has wronged, when, many years later, he finds himself one of the jury at her trial for murder, was suggested by a barrister friend of the author, who had been present at a scene of the kind. Entangled in a web of deception, he frees himself at a bound. Far longer does it take him to free her whom he had led into the net; but he does it—and he does many another good thing by the way. Máslova rises because of him and he by her. Slowly, with the irresistible logic of life, the transformation is accomplished. A man—a woman—give up their lives to God. Love, in the ordinary sense of the word, has nothing to do with it. Pity sounds the *reveillé* of all the other virtues. Justice and charity rise hand

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in hand in this still and solemn resurrection. Faith, often beaten down, springs up with strength renewed. Hope follows, lighted by the sun and moon, the healing powers of Nature. Last of all comes the awakening of the last and rarest of virtues, humility.

One self-approval in his heart of hearts

Nehlúdof keeps, until this also is engulfed and lost in "the peace and joy of life," discovered in the true comprehension of the words of Christ:

Then his lord called him unto him, and saith to him, Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou besoughtest me: shouldest not thou also have had mercy on thy fellow-servant, even as I had mercy on thee?

"And is it only this?" Nehlúdof suddenly exclaimed aloud; and the inner voice of his whole being said: "Yes, this is all."

Education and Empire. By the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane. (Murray. 5*s.* net.)—Here are two essays—one of which was first published in this *Review*—on Commerce and Education, two on the Imperial Constitution now in process of evolution; and one on Science and Religion. The first four are put forward as illustrating "some of the articles in a political creed"—a Liberalism which Mr. Haldane believes to be the Liberalism of the future. Its aim is to hand on, with interest, to the coming race of Englishmen, the imperial inheritance we have received from famous men and our fathers that begat us. Its method is the continual application of new science and new machinery to new needs: of clear views and an effort which "must assume the form neither of swaggering along the High Street of the world, nor of sitting down with folded hands on a dust heap." We need only commend to our readers this exposition of a creed with which they are not altogether unacquainted: one which was admirably illustrated for us last month by Mr. Kipling in the parable of the Mill, and which is touched upon from the political side by Mr. Eltzbacher

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in our present issue. It is hardly too much to say that if Mr. Haldane's creed as to the duty of Englishmen be not the creed of the future, then there can be for England as a nation no future worth thinking of.

The remaining chapter—that on Science and Religion—is written from a point of view wider still, and though as "a plea for toleration" it may fairly be said to come within the scope of the higher politics, it passes at once beyond the limits of nationality. Plato and Aristotle, Kant and Hegel, Spinoza, Berkeley and Hume, Huxley, Spencer and Du Bois Reymond, Clifford and Johannes Müller—these are the twelve signs of the Zodiac across which this luminous train of thought passes on its flight towards the centre of our universe. The present religious situation—what may be called the solar system of our Western world of thought—sprang into existence as we see it on the day when Luther set up reason and conscience against authority, and "science and religion were face to face with none between." But the problem, as Mr. Haldane reminds us, is by no means a new one in itself; though we see it now from another side, it is the same question as that discussed by Socrates and by Aristotle.

> There is a view of the history of philosophy which sees in it, not system deserted for system, but the development and perfecting of a great conception which has remained substantially the same under forms and in language that have varied with the successive moods of the Time Spirit. To the question as to the ultimate nature of reality, of that into which all besides is resoluble, and in terms of which all else must be expressed if final truth is to be attained, the answer of the great thinkers of all ages has been that this ultimate reality is mind and not matter.

Mr. Haldane proceeds—and the lucidity and cogency with which he does so gives his argument an originality which he too modestly disclaims—to marshal on his side the great "generals of the forces of reason," and to direct the weapons of precision which they bring with them against "the loose procedure of the invading army of science." It is idle, he says, for theology to dispute the conclusions of science after once

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conceding its premises: for instance, after once conceding that atoms and energy are final realities. From the necessity for such a concession we are saved by the men of science themselves. From Huxley to Müller they have pressed the point that these abstractions "have validity only as expressions of certain aspects of reality: they correspond to nothing that can conceivably be experienced, but form merely convenient working hypotheses." Colour, weight, space, beauty, morality, are all equally aspects of the world as we experience it; "why then should atoms and energy . . . set up any better title to be the ultimate reality to which all else is reducible?"

Mr. Haldane then passes to another line of thought. The primary qualities of material things are for physiology itself meaningless "except as the projections of a brain which can perceive nothing directly, but can only, as it were, interpret the stimulations of which the nerves tell, and beyond these can have no real object of knowledge." Even the brain itself—the instrument of this perception—can be known only through the senses, "and is itself, therefore, only a projection of a mind that perceives." But Mr. Haldane, while affirming in the strongest terms that the claims of matter and energy are thus shattered by a single deduction from the premises furnished by science herself, does not seek to press his advantage beyond the power of the plain man to assent. The plain man believes in the reality of the world as it seems, and of all the aspects of that world, including its æsthetic, moral, and religious phenomena. He needs no more than the assurance that "beauty is as real as biology, and morality as mathematics."

The final stage is the most interesting of all, and is reasoned with a very rare power—the power of arousing, without aid of rhetoric or association, that feeling of intellectual elevation which is the counterpart of enthusiam in the sphere of the emotions. The conclusion of the whole matter is that

> God must be conceived, not as a force operating from outside in space; not mechanically, as a substance or cause; not as a magnified and non-natural human being, but as a spirit; as mind; as the subject for which the world is

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object, and in which the limited plane of human intelligence appears only as a stage or phase.

Then comes faith, and makes mere man a sharer in the divine by giving him a higher conception of himself than one which is merely individual.

In the practice of religion we seem to realise the existence of the highest aspect of human life. . . . Regarded in that aspect the mind even of man is in direct relation to absolute mind, is what it is because it is not truly severable from God, the ultimate and finally real aspect of a universe which exists only in and through Him.

The object which Professor Lewis Campbell had in view in writing his short study of **Plato's Republic** (Murray, 2*s.* 6*d.*) was, he tells us, partly to elucidate some aspects of the dialogue for beginners, "but partly also to indicate some ways in which the spirit of the author of the 'Republic' may without violence be fruitfully applied to modern life, notwithstanding the extreme difference both of real and imaginary circumstances." Of the first of these aims we cannot profess to speak: the second has, we think, been most successfully accomplished. The book, brief and condensed as it must necessarily be, touches suggestively upon a great number of living questions connected with social and political life, education, athletics, music, poetry and art, the position of women and that of the industrial classes, and all this with an engaging air of modernity, with apt quotations from Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Joubert, and President Roosevelt, and with the force and effectiveness conferred by the view incidentally given of a definite and consistent personality. This last quality it is which marks the book off from the colourless utterances of the ordinary lecture-room, where the demonstrator rarely has the courage to lay his living *corpus fidei* beside his dead subject upon the dissecting-table. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Jenkin and others have supplied some interesting illustrations, of which the most useful and entertaining is that representing in section the famous Cave, where the human being, in his unenlightened state, is represented as sitting chained underground, so as to have within his range of

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vision only the grotesque shadows of objects behind his back, carried along between a fire and the dim wall in front of him. The so-called philosophy of the prisoners in this den is the exact analogue of those pretensions of science which we have just heard Mr. Haldane treating less contemptuously, but not less relentlessly, than Plato. "If they were in the habit," says Socrates, "of conferring honours among themselves on those who were quickest to observe the passing shadows, and to remark which of them went before and which followed after, and which were together, and who were therefore best able to draw conclusions as to the future, do you think that he would care for such honours and glories, or envy the possessors of them? Would he not say with Homer, 'Better to be the poor servant of a poor master,' and to endure anything, rather than think as they do, and live after their manner?"

William Hazlitt. By Augustine Birrell. (Macmillan. 2*s.* net.)—"Well—I have had a happy life!" What better testimony could a dying man offer for the benefit of his fellows? What sort of life was that which led to it?

We have been told, with as much wisdom as wit, that it takes two people to speak the truth—a remark true in some special sense of biographers. Boswell could not have written the Life of Shelley; Hogg would have come to grief over that of Nelson. There has never yet been found the man who could write the Life of Napoleon—of Wordsworth—of George Eliot. In Mr. Birrell Hazlitt finds an expositor without his own bad qualities, less gifted certainly than himself, but gifted in the same way. The humour fits. Even where he cannot explain, he understands. We are never depressed by the sound of one fretting who cannot play. He knows the stops of Hazlitt; he pulls them in and out and discourses excellent music. And by the way he shows the manly stuff of his own nature; for as a letter reveals both him who writeth and him who readeth, so a Life discovers not only the character portrayed, but the character of him who portrays it.

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"You are rich in friends. We cannot afford to cast off our friends because they are not all we wish," said Mary Lamb to Crabb Robinson when he finally cut Hazlitt (whose genius he had been the first to detect) because of his abuse of Wordsworth for writing in favour of the King. How high feeling ran against Wordsworth long afterwards, admirers of Robert Browning's "Lost Leader" know. We, who have forgotten all that, can afford to smile with Mary, and to love her brother a little better even than before for the gentle utterance, "Hazlitt does bad actions without being a bad man." The same might have been said of Heine. Hazlitt was a good hater. He made a fine art of abuse, and recklessness grew into a passion. Pen-fighting was yet commoner then than it is now. The charmed circle of "Mitre Courtiers" who surrounded Elia—and, it must be said, Elia at their head—"never saw any reason for not saying what they thought about a man in print because the man happened to be alive."

"He slaughters you with savage looks,
Because you don't admire my books."

And they went much farther than savage looks. Everybody became everybody else's sworn champion. Coleridge was furious with every one who did not admire every line of Wordsworth. Wordsworth more than agreed with him. Charles Lamb could not abide any one who was blind to the glories of Coleridge. Leigh Hunt worked himself into a pet because Hazlitt criticised Shelley. The eloquent and beautiful remarks which they addressed to the daily papers, each concerning the black heartlessness of the other, leave the world wondering yet that any accommodation was ever possible; but if they enjoyed a quarrel, they enjoyed the reconciliation scene afterwards, and no malice was borne. There was hardly any occasion of life on which they forbore to cultivate style. Which of them could have endured to let go such an opportunity as the rending of friendship? Robert Louis Stevenson, child of a later age, had the same instinct, but not the same chance. His friendly foes were not of the calibre of Hazlitt's. He fought the air.

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Had Mr. Birrell been a purist, like Crabb Robinson, Hazlitt would have fared ill at his hands. There is plenty in him to enrage the serious, to confound the tender-hearted. But Mr. Birrell laughs and goes his way—omits all that deserves only to be omitted, with the candid confession that he is doing so—and enjoys the rest. There is one odd gap in his enjoyment. Why does he not like the delightful essay on "Persons one would wish to have seen"? It is hard to agree with him that the talkers in that essay talk too much like Hazlitt himself. Charles Lamb, as he quizzes and chats, is the Charles Lamb who did the same by Manning, and Bernard Barton, and how many others? What more does Mr. Birrell want? The men and women described by Hazlitt are as good as those described by Carlyle; that is, they are as good as all but the very best fiction. He excels also in the description of books, writing of them as if they likewise were men and women. In matters of the heart—in that imagination which springs from deep feeling, he is inferior to Elia; and he has no such play of fancy. He was not fond enough of other people to be a good correspondent; he never wrote you a letter unless he hated you. Yet it is noteworthy, how little we feel the want of letters throughout the record. This is due partly to the grace and spirit of his biographer, partly to the fact that an out-and-out sentimentalist—and Hazlitt was that—proclaims himself abundantly in whatever form he may choose to adopt. This perhaps may be the reason that unsentimental and undramatic persons are not fond of essayists. For them this charming little book has not been written. For all the others it is a dainty and rare example of the way to deal with that strange, subtle, evanescent piece of property that, having no other name for it, we call our neighbour's Life.

The Mabinogion. Translated by Lady Charlotte Guest. With notes by Alfred Nutt. (David Nutt. 2*s.* 6*d.*)—Pleasant as it is to have this well-known version of the famous collection of Welsh legends offered to us in an excellent new edition of

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moderate price, we should not have felt justified in speaking of it here if Mr. Alfred Nutt had not succeeded in making what may almost be called a new book of it. He has re-arranged and grouped the legends with great skill and insight, and has added to the text—no, he has added at the end of the volume, entirely apart from the text—authoritative notes such as perhaps no other living scholar could have given us. The tide of the Celtic Revival, in the full current of which we have been living for some years now, has of late set rather strongly in the direction of Ireland: this little book is a timely reminder that the magic of the mediæval twilight still lingers even nearer home for those who are true Forest Lovers.

The Barbarian Invasions of Italy. By Pasquale Villari. Translated by Linda Villari. 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin. 32*s.*). This work, as the author tells us in his preface, forms a unit in a new Italian "series of volumes, treating separately and in a popular style of the different periods of Italian history, under all its different aspects, and also comprising the history of other civilised nations." Hitherto, Italian readers have not had presented to them any collection of works in their own language similar to the popular historical series which are so well known in other countries. Even on Italy, ancient, mediæval, and modern, the best books, as Professor Villari complains, have been written by foreigners. The influence of Rome and Italy upon human progress has been of such transcendent importance, that non-Italians have been obliged to devote the most earnest study to Italian history, and to write for themselves the works which would more naturally have come from Italian hands. This is now to be remedied by an Italian series, whose quality, so far, is of the highest standard. It began with a new edition of Balzani's "Early Chronicles of Italy," and is continued, in the work before us, by the masterly historian who has already enlarged our knowledge of Savonarola, Macchiavelli and Florence.

The subject covers the stories of the rise of the Christian

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faith, the fall of the Roman Imperium, the growth of the Church, and of the Papacy, and the beginning of the eternal conflict between Church and State, with that remarkable effort at compromise—the foundation of the Holy Roman Empire. All these colossal factors in the history of Europe had but one starting-point—Rome. The reverence felt by mankind for the Caput Mundi, the only single head that Europe and civilisation have had, amounted to a veritable idolatry; it has lasted, through all vicissitudes, for many hundreds of years; and it is far from extinguished yet. This prestige was the result of a world-supremacy which it is difficult for us with numerous sovereign states, in all shapes and sizes, to realise. Rome was so great that all the forces of discontent were concentrated against her. Her strongest opponents were the Christians and the Barbarians.

The idolatry and gloom of the Roman religion, and the centralised system of government, which crushed the individual for the sake of the State, produced a violent reaction which found expression in the totally antagonistic Christian faith. It was a protest as well against the Roman Imperium as against the Roman religion.

The barbarians were adventurers stimulated by curiosity. They wanted to inspect, and to have a share in, Roman civilisation. They came in such numbers that Italy at last became populated by slaves and barbarians, under the control of a small, exclusive, and degenerate caste. It is astonishing how long the names of Cæsar and Augustus sufficed to keep their Empire standing. Alaric himself was so charged with awe of Rome that he had to be pushed on by a spiritual force, a voice constantly urging him to penetrate to the city. Neither he nor any of his successors—Genseric, Ricimer, Odovacar, Theodoric, Totila—ventured to demand the Imperial crown. They were content to remain subjects of the Prince living at Constantinople, but tracing his descent from a Roman authority. Even as agents of that Prince they were intolerable to the Romans, who preferred the

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heavy fiscal exactions of the Emperor to the wise and benevolent rule of a barbarian. Moreover, though Christians, they were Arians, heretics, with the growing power of the Bishop of Rome against them. The Lombards accepted the orthodox faith, but by that time the Bishop of Rome had become the Pope of Christendom, and was fully launched upon his ambitious career. The Lombards obstructed the territorial aggrandisement of the Papacy, and were ousted by the Franks, whose king, Charlemagne, was, in return for his services, crowned Emperor by the grateful Pontiff.

Thus the successive waves of barbarians were each in turn subdued by the spirit of old Rome. They could make no effective resistance against the military resources of the Roman Emperor, backed by the social ostracism of the Romans, and the influence of the Roman Pope.

This unquenchable prestige of Rome is one of the chief phenomena in history. It was never more strikingly exhibited than in the period covered by Professor Villari's work. Reckoned as a single volume (it is so published in the original Italian), it has no rival in English, and may be confidently recommended to all English readers who desire a short account of a series of events which have left an indelible mark upon the human race.

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LESSONS OF THE WAR

I THINK it may be taken for granted that every one who has held any sort of responsible position in the Imperial Forces during the war—now happily brought to a successful conclusion—must have formed some definite opinion as to the strength and the weakness of the British military system, and naturally has his own theories as to how its strength should be increased and its weaknesses eliminated. The value of the opinions of any individual who ventures to express them must of course be judged by his previous experience of military matters, and by the opportunities he has had of watching the most modern methods of carrying on war, as exemplified in the operations in South Africa during the past three years. I think I may claim to have had a personal experience so varied, and such good opportunities of watching the general operations of the war, as to give me an exceptional chance of forming opinions which may or may not be absolutely sound, but which I think should at least be worthy of consideration.

I began my military career by spending ten months in an embodied Militia regiment during the Crimean War. Out of my subsequent fourteen years' service in the regular army I served for more than two years at the Cavalry Depôt as subaltern of the Regimental Depôt Troop, and for the last two years of that period as Acting Adjutant of my regiment—a position which brings its holder into the closest touch with officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

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In giving one's opinion upon the present condition of the British Army, it is well to begin at the foundation and to consider the material out of which it is constructed; and of this it is difficult to speak too highly. Whether we look at the splendid courage of the men, which when well led makes them irresistible, and which, even when indifferently led, has enabled them to snatch victory when victory by the ordinary rules of war was impossible: or whether we look at their wonderful endurance of hardships—and often of unnecessary hardships—or their marvellous power of recovery from the demoralisation of defeat: it is difficult to believe that they are surpassed or even equalled in these military qualities by any troops in the world. It is unnecessary to say that they have some defects. But their defects, such as they are, are chiefly the result of a defective system and of defective training. They are accused of being wanting in self-reliance and initiative.

Yet I have seen a body of these men, drawn from several different regiments, exhibit these very qualities after quite a short training. They were, however, under the command of an officer who not only possessed these qualities himself, but had the rare gift of being able to inspire confidence in those serving under him—confidence both in themselves and in their immediate commanding officer. Such officers are not to be found every day; but that is another story.

To go into the whole question of recruiting and of all the various regulations under which men are at present enlisted would take up too much time and space. I will only suggest what appear to me to be the principles that should guide the authorities in framing regulations for military service. I was struck by what seemed the too large proportion of young soldiers in the ranks of our regiments—or of most of them. Now no one is a stronger advocate than I am of soldiers being enlisted whilst still boys. But I also strongly advocate that men who have a natural taste for soldiering should be encouraged to make the Army their life-long profession. I entirely believe in making the first term of service a short one. It gives the

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very necessary opportunity to the men who find they have mistaken their vocation to escape from it to more congenial employment; and it affords to commanding officers of regiments the chance of getting rid of the hard bargains who under any system are sure to find their way into the service. But I would give every facility for re-enlisting to men whose first term of service has expired. I believe that in the Navy a man is allowed to re-engage and count his former service if he comes back within twelve months of taking his discharge. I would do the same in the Army. I know of course the stock argument will be used, that this would interfere with the formation of a large Reserve. But surely it is not a wise thing to force good soldiers out of the ranks to make them into indifferent reservists. For, paradoxical as it may seem, a good soldier does not necessarily make a good reservist. There are many men who, under the wholesome restraint of military discipline, are of exemplary character; but subject these men to the temptations and the trials of civilian life, in a position of constantly struggling for a living—and you find no men who so quickly go to the bad, and sink into the class called the submerged tenth. If there is any difficulty in keeping up the Reserve, other methods must be found of filling its ranks. Or, in place of the Reserve, improve and re-organise that grand and much neglected force, the Militia. If business-like methods were introduced into the management of the Army (which is perhaps too much to expect) there seems to be no valid reason why the Militia could not be strengthened to a very large extent and its efficiency immensely increased. How this could be done it would take at present too long to explain.

Before leaving the subject of the private soldier, I should like to give my view as to how the soldier of to-day differs from his predecessor, the soldier of half a century ago. To my mind there is in many ways a distinct improvement. With the advance of civilisation he has become more civilised. He is better educated, and on the whole he is a more sober man. There is doubtless room for improvement in the latter respect;

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but, speaking generally, he is a soberer man than the average of the class from which our recruits are drawn. Nor do I think that his fighting qualities have deteriorated. He is possibly, and indeed probably, not physically so fine a specimen of humanity as the men who made up the regiments which fought in the Crimea in 1854-6, or which went from the Cape to India in 1857. The reason of this is that we now have to depend chiefly upon the urban population for our recruits, who were formerly drawn mainly from the farm-labourer class. There is no way of changing this state of affairs, and we must be content in this instance to accept things as they are, and not as we should like them to be. And as I have already stated, their slight falling off in physique does not seem to have affected in any marked degree their capacity for enduring hardships and fatigue.

The most difficult and delicate question to discuss, in writing about the British Army, is unquestionably that of its officers. Let us compare them with those of past times. Are they better than their predecessors? And do they attain to the highest standard of excellence which it is reasonable to hope for? I am afraid we must answer both of these latter questions in the negative. I shall presently point out in what respect they are not quite equal to the men who preceded them. With regard to the second point, I am supported by the report of the Commission on Military Education, which clearly shows that the supply of officers for the Army is not quite all that it should be. I disclaim any intention of asserting that the officers of the English Army are as a body inefficient. There are a large proportion of them who possess not only personal courage in the highest degree (because that, sometimes carried to rashness and undue carelessness for their own safety, is an attribute practically common to all), but many of the qualities which are necessary for successful leadership. The chief difference I have noticed in the behaviour of the modern officer is a certain want of touch in his dealings with the men. Of this, it is, of course, difficult to give instances; it is

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due to the absence of that most valuable yet intangible quality —tact. In many regiments (not all) I was somewhat shocked at hearing junior officers swearing at their men. At the time when I was in the service, the relief to your feelings brought about by swearing at your subordinates was a luxury confined to the officers commanding regiments, who doubtless used it rather freely. The hardest-swearing commanding officer under whom I ever served, if he swore at any officer on parade, always sent for him next morning and apologised in full orderly-room. Had a subaltern in my time been heard by a field officer swearing at his men, he would infallibly have been placed under arrest. And it would be well if it were so now. The regiment or corps in which an officer's voice is seldom or never heard raised in tones of anger is, I have noticed, invariably the best disciplined. A few words of quiet reproof from a man who is known to mean what he says have more effect than volleys of oaths and foul language.

Perhaps the greatest defect of the modern officer is his want of initiative and extraordinary fear of responsibility. Although there are other causes, to which I shall allude, to account for this, I think it is largely due first to the age at which young men join the Army being constantly raised, so that they do not acquire the habit of command in early youth; and next to the fact that there are now very few opportunities of placing young officers in charge of small posts, &c., and so forcing them to accept responsibility.

One of the finest regiments I ever met with in H.M. service was the old 45th, and it was the custom of the regiment at that time (1856–57) to make the young subalterns do the work of Regimental Adjutant. This naturally involved more work and increased responsibility for the Colonel. But then what are colonels commanding regiments for, if not to train the young officers under their command, so as to make them fit to fill the highest position they can be called to? In the 45th again the regimental mess was similarly managed; and the mess was both excellent—as far as the then state of things in

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South Africa would admit of—and very economical. The subject of regimental messes leads one naturally to the reason which is constantly repeated for the narrowing of the area from which we obtain our officers, with the result that a proportion of men (I am afraid a somewhat large one) obtain commissions who, it is at least charitable to hope, might have done better in some other line of life. Where are the country clergymen's sons who in times past furnished so many excellent and successful soldiers? Where are the sons of the small country squire or of the large tenant-farmer? There is, I fear, no doubt that they have been shut out of the service by the present system, which makes it impossible for any but the sons of wealthy men to accept commissions. It is said, with absolute truth I believe, that only five per cent. of mankind are fit to lead; the remainder are born to follow. But we deliberately throw away our chance of getting even our fair proportion of men fit to lead, because we so narrow our choice that we are practically compelled to take all who offer themselves, the sole qualification insisted on being the possession of sufficient money to live an extravagant and luxurious life, which is calculated really to unfit them for the rough work of soldiering. It is largely due to this that we saw officers carrying about bedsteads and elaborate *batteries de cuisine*, while in some instances their men had only one blanket each, and were on half or quarter rations.

No doubt it may be said I write with undue warmth on this subject. I confess I find it difficult to write with patience on a matter on which I feel so strongly. During the past war a great many commissions in the regular army were given to young officers of the irregular regiments, who had distinguished themselves and had shown aptitude for command. Fully fifty commissions were given to the division under my command. I knew the majority of these young fellows. They were gentlemen in the best sense of the word; many of them public-school boys. They had proved that they could command men and they had a practical knowledge of war which one

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would have thought invaluable. Have these men been able to stay in the service which they were so well fitted to adorn? I do not believe that five per cent. of them are still in it. They have been driven out by the sons of the *nouveaux riches*, who apparently control the service, or at least its social system.

The sons of the country clergymen and of the squires and farmers have the great advantage of having, as boys, been in close touch with the boys whom they ought, as men, to command. With the sons of their fathers' parishioners or of his tenants or of his farm labourers, they have probably acted as captains of the village cricket eleven or of its football team, and have learnt to maintain their position without bullying or offending those in an inferior position to themselves.

Can the present extravagance of living in the Army be suppressed? I say most distinctly that it can. Let the order be issued and enforced, that Inspecting Generals shall make it part of their duty to see that the messing of an ordinary cavalry or infantry regiment of the line shall be kept down to a certain standard; that no expensive wines shall be allowed except on guest nights; and above all, that officers commanding regiments shall be held strictly responsible that their young officers shall not be forced to take part in expensive amusements or made to feel uncomfortable because they do not happen to have such long purses as some of their wealthier comrades. It may be imagined that these suggestions are novelties, and that it would be a hardship to enforce them. Not at all; they are the orders and regulations which were in full force forty years ago, when—as I can testify from personal experience—a poor man could live with perfect comfort in the Army, and was not made to feel out of place because he could not live up to the standard of the perhaps two or three wealthy men of his regiment. Even then, the expense of living in the Army was greater than was really necessary. The absurd idea that an elaborate banquet and highly-priced wines (not necessarily of high quality) were necessary for the happiness of boys who

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had, up to the time of joining the service, luxuriated on roast mutton and rice pudding, was too prevalent.

But how are we to return to the state of things which—though not perfect—was decidedly better than the present? There is no indication on the part of the military authorities of an intention to introduce anything approaching a genuine reform. How, then, is reform to be brought about? It appears to me that it is only by a strong expression of public opinion, given effect to by the Parliamentary representatives of the people, that anything effectual will be accomplished. The Army belongs to the English people. They pay for it, and they furnish the material, the flesh and blood of which it is composed. And surely it is for them to see not only that the money is properly spent, but—far more important—that the lives of their sons and brothers are not unnecessarily thrown away by the stupidity and inefficiency of the officers appointed to command them. I have already mentioned the fact that of late years the age at which officers are permitted to enter the Army has been raised. I believe that if it is not thought desirable to send very young men on foreign service, some system could be devised by which lads of fifteen could be attached as cadets to regiments stationed at home. They could study the technical part of their profession while learning its practical details; and I would place these youths under a somewhat stricter discipline than the commissioned officers. In this, as in many other things, there is a great deal to be learnt from the Sister Service. There is a curious uniformity about naval officers which must strike every one who is in the way of meeting many of them; they are not only alike in manner, but there is a very high average of efficiency amongst them. How seldom we hear of any gross mistake made by a naval man! And how often we hear of their carrying out the most difficult tasks—even diplomatic tasks—with wonderful tact, courage, and discretion! I attribute this largely to the fact that they are "caught young," getting their professional training and acquiring the habit of command and a sense of responsibility

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at a time of life when the mind is most impressionable. But enough has been said about the regimental officer.

I had thought of going somewhat fully into the subject of the light thrown by the late war upon our system of selecting General Officers. But it is a dangerous subject, and one in which it is easy to venture out of one's depth. I may, however, glance slightly at it and possibly succeed in not offending the majority of the senior officers of the Army. In the first place then I think we expect a great deal too much of our Generals. Only one Lord Roberts appears in a generation, and sometimes there is a generation without a Lord Roberts or his equivalent. It must not be forgotten that a man may be an excellent Colonel of a regiment and yet quite at sea when called upon to lead a brigade, to say nothing of a division. Again, a man who has led a division creditably and even brilliantly, has been known to break down under the tremendous responsibility of the independent command of an army in the field. How many Generals of Division were there in the Army of the Peninsula who could have taken Wellington's place with any reasonable hope of success? It is somewhat open to doubt whether our method of promoting men to positions of high command in the field is absolutely sound. A General usually rises to that post through a series of Staff appointments. Some of these are no doubt useful in training men for high commands; but there are many the holders of which are rather in the position of head clerks in an office. They emerge as excellent clerks, and even—to use the phrase of the Secretary for War—good peace-Generals; excellent organisers, but nothing more. There are men who have written books on strategy and tactics, full of the soundest theories, which when their authors attempted to apply them practically, crumble to pieces. They are like those misguided people who go to Monte Carlo to play on a "system," fully determined to break the bank, but come back "broke" themselves. The qualities mental and physical which go to the making of a good fighting General are not often found combined in the same person. When they are found, the man

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who possesses them should be pushed on, without any question as to what staff appointments he may have held. I think I could name some eight or ten of the younger officers of the Army in South Africa who have given sufficient proof that they have got the stuff in them to make leaders of men. If they get a fair chance, may they be successful both for their own sakes and for the future good of their country!

One of the lessons taught by the war must surely be the necessity of a better organisation of the Mounted Infantry. The value of Mounted Infantry has been recognised for more than twenty years; but it has now become apparent that Mounted Infantry are going to play a much more important part in wars of the future than had up to this time been deemed possible. We must remember that Mounted Infantry formed part of Cromwell's army—the famous New Model, which was really the beginning of the English Army of to-day. But the Mounted Infantry of that day were formed into regiments under the name of Dragoons, rode smaller and less expensive horses than the cavalry, and were differently and more lightly armed. They were just as much trained to their special duties as were the cavalry. Our system of creating Mounted Infantry Corps in the present day seems to me to be a peculiarly happy-go-lucky one.

You take a company from a regiment of infantry, and you mount them upon horses of the management of which very few of them know anything.

You may, of course, get a few men who have been carters or cab-drivers, but in an ordinary regiment the numbers of even these will be very small. The officers are selected from the "horsey" men of the regiment. No doubt a considerable proportion of infantry officers can ride well. They may hunt or play polo; but how many of them have any knowledge of the management of horses in stables or—more important still—in the field? From what came under my observation during the war I was able to form a very clear idea of the reason why we lost such a vast number of horses, and so constantly required

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remounting. Very few officers seemed to know the necessity for off-saddling their horses whenever they had an opportunity, even if only for half an hour. It is customary in South Africa, when riding long distances, to off-saddle every two hours, and encourage the horses to have a roll, which seems to have a wonderfully refreshing effect upon the animals. I remember talking to an old farmer whose loyalty was above suspicion, and whose homestead was frequently visited by patrols. He remarked that he did not wonder that the Boer horses outmarched ours and were in better condition. I asked him why he said so. He then told me that it was a common thing for a patrol to come to his place, and on his asking the officer in charge to come in and have a cup of coffee, he never thought of dismounting his men; or, if he did, of telling them to take the saddles off the horses; yet he would frequently stay for an hour or more, going on eventually with horses unrefreshed and probably thirsty. Neither, my old friend said, do they ever think of dismounting and leading their horses up the steep hills. It would be tiresome to enumerate all the little attentions that horses in the field require, if they are to do their work satisfactorily; but all this can be taught, and should be learnt by those who have anything to do with the command of mounted troops. The proper course, in my opinion, would be to go back to the system of Cromwell or of Marlborough, up to whose time the Dragoon regiments remained Mounted Infantry. Enlist the men for this special service, train them in riding and in stable duties as carefully as the cavalry soldier is trained. There is no necessity for enlisting such heavy men as are required for heavy or medium cavalry; the men, in fact, are all the better for being light weights, provided they are strong and healthy. Take as a model of what you want, not the present Mounted Infantry, but rather the Colonial regiments which have done the best work in the recent war; viz., the Cape Mounted Riflemen and the Imperial Light Horse. In the first instance, put the smartest cavalry officer you can get in command; insisting, however, that he shall trust entirely

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to the rifle, and not allowing any *armes blanches* on any account. Make them, if possible, *corps d'élite*, such as the famous Indian Irregulars are or were. If you can bring them to the same pitch of efficiency as the two regiments I have mentioned, the British Army could boast of possessing the most formidable force for almost any purpose in the world.

In conclusion, I again repeat that the future of the British Army is in the hands of the British people. If they insist upon necessary reforms, the reforms will be accomplished. But I confess that one is inclined to despair of a people who pat their unsuccessful Generals on the back, practically condoning their mistakes, and wind up by hooting the one great soldier who saved the Empire.

EDWARD H. BRABANT.

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THE NEW DEVELOPMENTS WITHIN THE LIBERAL PARTY

IT would indeed be a strange irony of fate if in the most liberal country in the world the Liberal Party should remain condemned to impotence, generally unpopular, if not discredited, irreconcilably divided against itself, and, therefore, notwithstanding recent electoral successes, hopelessly moribund. The state of the Liberal Party, as all agree, is desperate, and, as it usually is in desperate cases, the diagnoses and prognoses of the eminent consulting doctors who have been called in differ widely. Some say that the Liberal Party has seen its day, and that its place will be taken by a Radical Labour Party; others talk of the advent of factions and of the break-down of the party system, and prophesy that the party in power will continue to rule for an indefinite period, there being no possible alternative government. Whilst thus the consultants take a nearly hopeless view of the state of the Liberal Party, the doctors in charge seem to have made up their minds that an intelligent examination and thorough treatment of the patient is useless, continue the old diet under which their patient has been wasting away for years, patch up the increasing sores as they break out, and continue their purely symptomatic treatment with their old-fashioned useless nostrums.

However, it would be self-contradictory and paradoxical

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to assume that in the most liberal country in the world a powerful Liberal Party should have no place. Besides, it would be as great a calamity for Great Britain if the balance of power between the two great parties should remain permanently disturbed, as it would be for Europe if the balance of power should cease to exist. Therefore it would seem timely and necessary that a thorough investigation of the causes of the grave state of the Liberal Party should be made from a standpoint irrespective of party, and that the true nature of the important recent changes and developments within the party, which apparently ensure its continued suicidal division, if not its final break-up, should be fully understood and appreciated in all its bearings. And this investigation only becomes the more necessary if, as some have been rather confidently proclaiming, the country is becoming gravely dissatisfied with its present rulers.

If we consider the prevalence of Liberal views, in the fullest sense of the word, amongst the people of Great Britain, it seems nearly inexplicable that public opinion in Great Britain should be represented in Parliament, as on the basis of the last election, by 402 Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, who for all practical purposes may be considered as one party, as against only 268 Liberals. But this minority of Liberals shrinks still further if we deduct from their number the Irish Nationalists, who, rightly considered, are not Liberals, but an independent and illiberal, if not intolerant, faction, which has thrown in its lot with the Liberal Party. If, however, this distinction should be disallowed, we may say that, leaving Ireland apart, the population of Great Britain, notwithstanding its Liberal views, is represented in Parliament by 381 Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, and by only 186 Liberals.

Capitals, with their highly strung, excitable, much-reading population, are, as a rule, the seats of dissatisfaction, and the strongholds of the more "advanced" parties, whilst the Conservative element derives its strength from the slower-moving

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and more sedate country population, whose views, manners, customs, and whose very fashions are always many years behind the time. Paris is turbulently Nationalist, Berlin determinedly Social-Democratic, Vienna thoroughly Socialistic and anti-Semitic. Hence it would seem natural to expect that London, with its restless millions, should favour advanced views, and be the stronghold of that party which calls itself the Liberal Party. However, we find that London is represented in Parliament by no less than 50 Conservatives and 1 Liberal Unionist, as compared with only 8 Liberals and Radicals. On the other hand, we find that the Liberal Party is the greatest political force in far-away sleepy Wales, which regularly returns from 22 to 28 members of Parliament out of 30 representing that Principality.

If there were no other symptoms of similar portent the fact alone that London, possessing the most liberal-minded part of the population of Great Britain, has determinedly set its face against the Liberal Party, whilst Wales embraces it, seems distinctly to indicate that there is something radically wrong with the Liberal Party, that the Liberal Party in fact does not reflect, as it did in former times, the progressive views of the Liberal section of the community.

We often see the saddening spectacle of formerly prosperous businesses, which have been built up by the untiring industry, energy, resourcefulness, and progressiveness of their founders, decaying for the lack of these qualities, within the lifetime of the next generation. Of late, we have frequently heard that British industries, which used to be paramount in the last generation, have collapsed or are being supplanted by the foreigner, owing to their inferior antiquated machinery, their obsolete business methods, and their disregard for the requirements of the times and of the wishes of their faithful old customers. We have seen such firms make an appeal *ad misericordiam* in the last resort, such as the ridiculous "Warranted hand-made," or the irrelevant "Established 150 years," or the pitiful cry "Support Home Industries" of

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Bryant and May, which was adopted by that firm in preference to up-to-date machinery, to fight keen American competition. It would seem that, for similar reasons, the Liberal Party has been losing its hold on its excellent old connections, of whom many have only remained faithful from sentimental reasons, from a veneration for the great past of the party, or from over-punctilious consistency. It would seem that the machinery of the party, and its methods, have become hopelessly obsolete, that it has taken no account of the changes in the world, that it lives in a former age and on its past reputation, and that of its old grandeur hardly anything remains but its great name, which now no more represents the sentiments, the policy, or the people, which it used to personify. If this should be the case, if the Liberal Party should no more be true to its name and fame, and be no longer truly liberal, enlightened, progressive, and patriotic, its fate has been as inevitable in a liberal-minded and patriotic nation as that of Bryant and May in a free-trade country. Hence it comes that the appeals *ad misericordiam* of the Liberal Party, such, for instance, as the complaints against the "unfair" methods of the party in power and its taunt of "pro-Boers," are beside the mark, and as useless as was the unbusinesslike wail, "Support Home Industries" against the irrefutable logic of an able competition possessed of very superior machinery.

If we survey the foreign and domestic policy of the Liberal Party within the last decades, it would seem that it has been a singularly unfortunate and shortsighted one, a mere hand-to-mouth policy. Mr. Gladstone, with all his genius, had a singular lack of understanding for foreign politics. Instead of treating business with foreign states in a clear businesslike manner, he was apt to address foreign governments with academical platitudes, and vague, well-sounding commonplaces, with which he tried to cover his lack of grasp, and his lack of decision, as if foreign Cabinets were well-disposed temperance meetings. Bismarck used to complain of Mr. Gladstone's verbose, long-winded, and unintelligible despatches, and to

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express his despair of doing anything with "Professor" Gladstone, or of making him understand the simplest matter. Mr. Gladstone's vacillating, grandiloquent, blundering foreign policy led the nation into countless troubles, and though he succeeded in explaining away to some extent in the eyes of his supporters his lack of foresight, energy, or success in foreign politics, with fine-sounding moral sentiments, such as "prudence," or "the strength of magnanimity," or "the efficacy of moral suasion," a strong belief has taken hold of the population that national humiliations, such as the death of Gordon or the Majuba disaster, with their consequent frightful wars, were caused by the rule of the Liberal Party. But the Liberal Party deserves no blame for them. If Mr. Gladstone had resolutely taken the responsibility for his grave mistakes on his own shoulders, instead of burdening the Liberal Party with them by proclaiming the policy of prudence, moral suasion, and magnanimity to be a fundamental part of the Liberal doctrine, the confidence of the general public in the foreign policy of the Liberal Party would not have been shaken. As it is, Mr. Gladstone's personal mistakes have discredited the Liberal Party, and his successors have done little to redress the error, and to lay the blame for those blunders at the right door. On the contrary, many of the present Liberal leaders seem to be still under the spell of Mr. Gladstone's influence, and, with characteristic lack of originality, are frequently heard to proclaim their belief in the efficacy of moral suasion and other fine moral sentiments instead of energetic action, at the most critical moments in the nation's history, when not fine feelings and gentle remonstrances, but immediate energetic action, is required. By following slavishly in Mr. Gladstone's footsteps, by elevating his personal deficiencies into a party virtue, and by conscientiously copying his mistakes, one by one, the present leaders of the Liberal Party have succeeded in discrediting their party, and in writing themselves down as unpractical doctrinaires, hazy sentimentalists, and unworthy trustees of the nation for the protection of its interests abroad.

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The same shortsightedness which Mr. Gladstone displayed with regard to our foreign policy he also displayed towards the end of his career with regard to our home policy. Instead of relying upon the powerful liberal spirit which pervades the nation, and trying to draw from it a majority upon a liberal and national programme, he fixed his eye upon possible parliamentary combinations, to which combinations he tried to make the liberally inclined part of the nation subservient. The necessity of having the assistance of the Irish Party in order to come into power seems to have dictated his adoption of the Home Rule programme. He certainly succeeded in getting into power with this programme, but, by making the rule of the Liberal Party dependent upon the goodwill of the impetuous Irish Party, composed of intolerant men, inclined to violence, and elected by a largely illiterate population, he had to make such immense concessions to the Irish contingent that the liberal spirit of the Liberal Party naturally became gravely tainted. The unnatural alliance of Liberalism with Irish intolerance and turbulence, though convenient for purely parliamentary purposes, was bound to prove not a lasting bond, but a sterile and unreliable *mariage de convenance*. The union of these two parties was consequently instrumental in altering the liberal character of the party, and in alienating from it much of the sympathy of the liberally inclined section of the community. Besides, Mr. Gladstone's rash advances to other extreme factions, though comprehensible from a merely parliamentary point of view, served to vitiate still further the liberal character of his party, which henceforward had to take into its programme the extreme views of the many-coloured violent supporters of whom it had become the mouthpiece. Thus the new Liberal Party took within its fold all the violent elements of the nation, Irish Nationalists, Radicals, temperance fanatics, Little Englanders, and all the other extremists who are usually comprised under the general heading of "cranks." Hence it comes that the Liberal Party not only acquired for itself the reputation of being weak, sentimental, blundering, and pusil-

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lanimous in its foreign policy, but of being besides eccentric, fantastic, and intolerant with regard to its domestic policy, being, in fact, no longer liberal in character but violently extremist, with a strong leaning towards crankiness.

As a parliamentarian Mr. Gladstone was no doubt eminently capable. Though he destroyed to a large extent the liberal character and the ancient reputation of the Liberal Party, and thereby robbed it of the distinction implied by its name, of its broad national basis, of its great traditions, and of its best supporters, he at least succeeded in preserving some semblance of discipline, some show of union and of unity of purpose among the inharmonious units which under his command marched together, devoid of the bond of true union formed by a common policy, and who were merely his personal supporters, but no longer a party in the true sense.

Since the party has been bereft of the unparalleled authority and prestige of Mr. Gladstone, the discipline of the incoherent units which were kept together by a person, not by a purpose, has slackened, the opposing tendencies and tempers of the various factions have become more and more pronounced, and insubordination within the party has become rampant. From a continuous, but controlled, state of ferment, which used to exist already under Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal Party has gradually come to a state of advanced decomposition, which is dissolving the discordant mass into its original component parts. Seeing the impossibility of stopping by any action the progress of the separatist movement, or of reconciling the irreconcilable sections of the party, the leaders of the different Liberal sections have latterly agreed upon a truce, or rather upon a policy of organised lawlessness within the party, so that they might at least appear undivided in the division lobby. The sorry makeshift of publicly hiding irreconcilable differences within the party under an agreed outer semblance of unity affords another proof of the shortsighted hand-to-mouth policy of the Liberal Party. Thinking only of their parliamentary show, and neglecting the far more important impression outside

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Parliament, the leaders of the Liberal Party certainly succeeded in bringing their following into the same lobby. At the same time nobody was deceived about the irreconcilable differences within the party and its consequent loss of power. Therefore the step served only to further discredit in the eyes of the liberal part of the community the Liberal Party, whose proceeding was promptly and justly branded by Lord Rosebery as "organised hypocrisy."

The lack of discipline within the Liberal Party was especially damaging during the South African War. A strong man like Mr. Gladstone would have known how to keep his forces in hand. A weak, irresolute politician like Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, without imagination, real weight or authority, was not able to impose his will upon the various discordant elements. Consequently he resigned himself placidly and self-complacently to be played upon by various sections in turn, spoke now with disdainful indifference, now with strong disapproval of the war, censured British "methods of barbarism," and listened without remonstrance to the abominable and treasonable attacks of his Irish contingent. By this pennywise policy he certainly succeeded in pleasing the violent illiberal sections of his parliamentary following, especially the Irish, but he succeeded also in creating the impression throughout the country that the Liberal Party was no longer liberal, that it identified itself with Irish hostility to the Empire, or that it was passive and unpatriotic, if not cowardly and actively hostile, in the hour of the direst need. Hence it comes that the taunt of "pro-Boerism" flung at the Liberals by their opponents appears on the whole justified to the liberal multitude, and it may be that for years to come superficial public opinion, which then will have forgotten the split in the Liberal Party and the pitiful weakness of its leader, will consider the attitude of the Liberal Party as un-British and unpatriotic—a view in which it will certainly be strengthened by the other party.

It can hardly be doubted that the violence of the Irish members, which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was unable

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to check, has done the greatest service to the Conservatives. The treasonable attacks of the Irish members in and out of Parliament have not only discredited the Liberal Party, their protector, but have also strongly influenced the country against Irish aspirations, which have been shown up in the most glaring light. Thus the leaders of the Liberal Party have themselves furnished the argument for a reduction of their allies, the Irish representatives at Westminster, to a quota proportionate to the Irish population.

Feeling too weak for a more active policy, because of its state of disunion, the Liberal Party resigned itself during the war to the policy of criticism in detail, hoping to profit from the mistakes of the party in power. But even the unique chances offered by our ghastly mistakes and misfortunes, such as the unpreparedness of the army, the countless blunders in Africa, the commissariat scandals, and the unwillingness of the Government thoroughly to reform the army or the War Office, did not afford an adequate leverage to the Liberal Party. As its attitude during the war had come to be considered as unpatriotic in the country, its sudden zeal for the reform of the army was judged to be as insincere a party move as the numerous embarrassing questions put by Mr. Swift McNeill in the House of Commons "in the interests of British prestige."

If we consider the uncomfortable position in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman found himself during the South African War on account of the irreconcilable differences which divided his party, his predicament and his indecision as to what part to take can be readily understood. It can also be understood that he thought it necessary to speak against the war in order to hold his party together. At the same time it appears that the arguments which he advanced in Parliament in support of his anti-war attitude were singularly ill-chosen in their effect upon the Liberal part of the population outside Westminster. Whilst the Liberal press, with very few exceptions, quickly found out that the African war was popular with the Liberal

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public, and trimmed its sails accordingly, some of the leaders of the party itself, the champions of a "popular" policy, deliberately opposed popular sentiment, and persisted with incredible fatuity in explaining their disapproval of the war, according to precedent, with the same unfortunate arguments of a sentimental kind with which Mr. Gladstone used to cloak his numerous mistakes in foreign policy. Moral suasion and magnanimity were fetched from the lumber-room and recommended for use against the Boers in arms, and the ancient "Stop the War" cry was raised, as if we were still living in Mr. Cobden's age. Besides, that ancient nostrum, which until now has always proved useless, was nevertheless tried again on the British public. We were to be frightened with the unbearable burden of the war expenses, a sorry argument for peace, appealing only to mean spiritless men and cowards, and not to the British nation. The war was popular, and remained so in spite of the anti-war agitation of these Liberal politicians, a contingency which might have been foreseen, and which ought to have been foreseen, by the Liberal leaders.

From the foregoing it would appear that the Liberal Party has become essentially a parliamentary party, and that it has lost its ancient character of a liberal, popular, up-to-date, and essentially national party.

In its economic policy the Liberal Party seems to be as timid, as much behind the times, and as much out of touch with public opinion as it has often proved itself to be in purely political questions. In Mr. Cobden's time the Liberal Party had Free Trade prominently written on its banners, but notwithstanding the changes which have occurred meanwhile its cry has remained the same. As regards economic policy, the Liberal Party apparently still lives in Mr. Cobden's age, and little heeds the changes in the economic conditions of the world, or the altered views on economic policy within the British electorate. With regard to its economic views, the party no longer even professes to be open-minded and progressive, but has become narrow-mindedly conservative. It has abdicated

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the free use of judgment, and it refuses even to reconsider the doctrine of Free Trade. For the Liberal Party Free Trade is no longer a policy but an unassailable dogma, which seems as undiscussable to the Liberal politicians as is the dogma of the Immaculate Conception to the Roman Catholic Church. Only lately prominent Liberals have proclaimed that Free Trade is—and always will be—maintained by the Liberal Party, and that Great Britain is—and must always remain—a Free Trade country. The Liberal Party denies the possibility of evolution in our economic policy, and according to its numerous pronouncements Free Trade is to rule Great Britain *in sæcula sæculorum.*

And yet, whatever may be the ultimate verdict, there are arguments to be faced which are new, and which are evidently impressing the jury. Before the Free Trade period Great Britain was chiefly an agricultural country. Agriculture was considered its mainstay. Protection was chiefly employed for the promotion of agriculture, and whilst it enriched the great landlords it hampered and stifled at the same time the development of our youthful, struggling, manufacturing industries. Hence it came that the demand for Free Trade emanated in Cobden's time from the very same manufacturers who now, under the altered economic conditions of the world, are nearly as loud in demanding protection for themselves and their workers as they were in demanding Free Trade then. It might be expected that the conversion of formerly ardent free-traders, like that of Lord Masham, the friend of Cobden and the creator of Bradford, would have had some influence on the attitude of the Liberal politicians. It might be expected that the swelling tide of public opinion in favour of Protection, which is getting stronger and stronger, especially in the manufacturing districts, would have opened the eyes of the Liberal Party. But no. Instead of looking round and seeing what it is claimed that intelligent industrial protection has done in the last decade for the United States and Germany, whilst at the same time Great Britain has been losing ground industrially, the Liberal Party

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deliberately closes its eyes to the present aspect of affairs, but continues to extol British prosperity in Mr. Cobden's time, which nobody has tried to dispute. It argues that Free Trade, having made Great Britain prosperous in Mr. Cobden's time, must consequently be good for all time, a conclusion which is by no means indisputable. Protection, it is urged on the other hand, formerly sheltered agriculture, but is now demanded to shelter our suffering manufacturing industries. The consumer pure and simple is a negligible quantity in a country of workers. The British working man, like nearly every one else, has to be a producer before he can become a consumer, and when he is out of work food at the cheapest prices will be too dear for him. The present-day agitation is no longer for a return to the Protection benefiting the landowner at the cost of labour, but it is an agitation which demands the Protection of labour, the producer, the working man against unfair competition from abroad. These arguments may be good or bad, but they are making headway, and the point is that the Liberal Party still insists on repeating, Rip van Winkel-like, the arguments used in Mr. Cobden's time, ignoring the completely changed aspect of the world, the completely changed conditions under which our industries are labouring, and the different class of men from which the demand for Protection springs at the present time. Consequently it is only natural that British business men and their following, who used to be the powerful backbone of the Liberal Party, turn away from it in despair. What was formerly the party of business men has ceased to be so from sheer stagnation of thought within it with regard to economical questions.

In its colonial policy the Liberal Party has been equally shortsighted and behind the times. It was formerly the Liberal Party which was up-to-date, and wisely conceded self-government to our Colonies. Now the self-styled "main stream" of the Liberal Party is animated by a less liberal spirit, and represents a less broad-minded policy. It has steadily discouraged and ignored the powerful current of the Imperial movement in Great Britain and in the Colonies, probably in deference to the

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Little Englander faction contained in the party. It has embittered the Colonies against Liberal rule by its un-British attitude throughout the war, which contrasted so strongly with the unanimously and enthusiastically loyal attitude of the Colonies. Lastly, it is opposing the demand of the Colonies for preferential trade within the Empire, not because an Imperial Zollverein might prove harmful, but because such preferential trade would be contrary to Mr. Cobden's dogma of Free Trade. It is strange to find so much blind unreasoning dogmatism, so much of the unpractical and doctrinaire, in a party which claims to be liberal, progressive, and unprejudiced. Exactly as George III. treated the American Colonies, justly according to his own ideas, but unjustly according to theirs, remaining deaf to their logical arguments, even so the Liberals of the present day turn a deaf ear to the reasonable wishes and natural aspirations of our great self-governing Colonies, oppose the powerful Imperial instinct which now pervades the whole British race, and ignore the future weight of the Colonies in the councils of the Empire. In fact, we are all Imperialists now in Great Britain and in the Colonies, with the exception of the leaders of the Liberal Party, whose action tends to destroy and not to tighten the bonds of unity of the Empire.

From the foregoing it would seem that the gradual decadence of the Liberal Party is clearly traceable to its cause. Mistakes committed in the past had greatly diminished the prestige of the Liberal Party, and had made its prospects of commanding a parliamentary majority problematical. Desirous of power, which Liberalism unaided was for the time being unable to command, Mr. Gladstone cast about for parliamentary allies, which he found in the more violent factions. Through the fatal absorption of illiberal elements, the Liberal Party gradually altered its character, and drifted more and more away from true Liberalism, identifying itself from necessity with the views of its violent supporters. In consequence, we find that the Liberal Party is now, nominally at any rate, under the guidance of a comparatively small group of true Liberals of an

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old-fashioned type, who have remained faithful to the flag from sentiment, who are no longer able to impose their will upon their more powerful turbulent allies, who live on the memories of a great past, and who seem incapable of accommodating themselves to modern conditions of political and economical life. The present leaders, having seen Mr. Gladstone manage their ill-assorted crew when it was still fresh and ardent, have tried in vain to marshal the party to success, by not only adhering to his initial suicidal mistake of blending Liberalism with fanaticism, but by imitating also the tactics which Mr. Gladstone by his genius, personal magnetism, and energy, alone knew how to employ. Their unsuccessful and merely imitative tactics recall irresistibly the fact that the glorious army of Frederick the Great, which had successfully resisted nearly the whole of Europe, was easily smashed up, but twenty years after his death, by Napoleon the First, not in spite, but because of the slavish adherence to Frederickian tactics and traditions practised by his incompetent successors.

Such is the humiliating story of the decadence of the Liberal Party, and, if we survey it dispassionately, it must be confessed even by genuine friends of Liberalism, unless their love of country be entirely obscured by their love of party, that it would be a national disaster if the Liberal Party *in its present shape* should come into power. Happily the timely and patriotic action of Lord Rosebery has made such a contingency unlikely. His declaration of an independent Imperialistic policy—or shall we say his secession from the party—has created a most interesting situation. Lord Rosebery, surrounded by a small knot of adherents, represents all that has made our nation great—Union, Empire, Progress, a popular policy, and an administration conducted not on stale abstract principles, but with breadth of vision, practical sense, and liberal open-mindedness. On the other hand, the motley groups which have gathered round Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are devoid of unity of purpose, and represent the disintegration and break-up of the Empire, the rule of the

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narrow-minded demagogue, not of the people, and an administration by the doctrinaire, the crank, and the faddist. Which of the two Liberal wings will be supported by the people?

The two Liberal camps differ not only in their policy but also in the character of their component members. The ablest and most respected Liberal politicians—some people are even unkind enough to say the most respectable men—in the Liberal Party, are to be found in Lord Rosebery's camp. On the other side are to be found a number of Liberals of the old type, the Irish Secessionists, and all the cranks and faddists of the party.

The nearer a General Election comes, the more urgently must the question suggest itself: Will Lord Rosebery's views or those of the other leaders prevail, or will the two factions perhaps amalgamate again? An amalgamation seems impossible in view of the irreconcilable differences dividing the two groups, but a unification may come through the submission of the weaker Liberal wing to the stronger part. In considering which will carry the day, let it be remembered that the trial of strength will not be decided by members of Parliament, but by the votes of the people.

When Lord Rosebery issued his Imperialistic manifesto, we were told by followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that Lord Rosebery was no more a Liberal. This brings us to the question, which is really the crux of the dissensions within the Liberal Party, and which sharply defines the two Liberal camps: What is true Liberalism? Is true Liberalism a doctrine, or a number of doctrines, the adherence to certain traditions, precedent cases and declarations, the imitation of Mr. Gladstone, and an all-round pandering to the appetites of Little Englanders, Irish Nationalists, temperance fanatics, and cranks, as the followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman assert; or is true Liberalism a large-minded, and, before all, an open-minded, popular, and national policy, representing the powerful tendencies making for Unity, Empire, and Liberty, and a widespread desire for progress, good government, and

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reform, irrespective of musty doctrines and antiquated programmes? For this is the sense of Lord Rosebery's policy. The former party sets class against class, race against race, nation against nation, and is distinctly particularistic in character; the latter party desires union and unity, the greatest good for the greatest number, and has a broad national basis. Surely, if we look at the two camps with an unprejudiced mind, it would seem that Liberalism, not only acceptable, but dear, to the majority of Britishers, is to be found in Lord Rosebery's party, and not with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his following.

But granted that Lord Rosebery represents the national idea and British Liberalism, the further question arises: Will he succeed in gathering round himself a sufficient following to found a powerful party, the Liberal Party of the future? To decide this question we must ask ourselves what constitutes a party, and where lies its strength?

A party, if it wishes to rule, must be a living and growing national organism, not the slave of doctrines and of its past. In this respect the Liberal Party of the future should learn from the Conservatives. Whilst the Conservative Party has progressed with the times, and has lost much of its traditional reactionary character, has become more Liberal, and has, therefore, strengthened its position with the people, the Liberal Party, as represented by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, has stubbornly preserved its ancient character, and has insisted on repeating its ancient mistakes. It has, therefore, proved itself not Liberal but Conservative in the worst sense of the word, reactionary in spite of its name, and not the party of progress. Like the Bourbons, the Liberal Party has learned nothing, and has forgotten nothing. Under the rule of the present leaders the Liberal Party is no more a living and growing force, which rejuvenates itself by its own vitality, but has become a narrow progress-killing formalism. In consequence, it has been undergoing, and is still undergoing, a process of disintegration and reformation similar to that through which the Roman Catholic

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Church passed in the Middle Ages from very similar reasons. Will Lord Rosebery prove a Luther to the Liberal Party, reform it, and make it again a living national force? Will he have the necessary fearlessness, strength, and determination?

A party is the embodiment of certain sentiments and wishes of the people, but the representation of certain popular sentiments and wishes is not sufficient to make a party a power. It is perhaps even more important that a party should have a good head than a good programme. As a matter of fact, the British people have too much sense to be captivated by the name of a party, or by its programme and promises. They have been too often disappointed. As the average investor looks rather at the names of the directors on a prospectus than at the interested statements of the promoter, even so the people put their confidence not so much in a party as in a leader. In the appreciation of the people the names of Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, or Sir William Harcourt signify little. On the other hand Rosebery and Chamberlain are names to conjure with. It is only natural that this should be the case. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain are in the eyes of the people the living personification of a great idea and of a great policy, and makers of history. Their personalities therefore strike the imagination of the people with the magic force exercised by our greatest men, and their characters seem familiar in every cottage. Compared with Lord Rosebery, men such as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt are merely shadowy figures, vague parliamentary factors, mere speechmakers of unknown value, character, and importance, whilst the people have a very definite idea of the personality, ability, achievements, and aspirations of men like Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain, and can therefore to some extent gauge the effect of their rule upon the Empire and themselves. Men of the type of Mr. Balfour, Sir William Harcourt, &c., are to the people vague representatives of that curious species called Party Leader, of which the man in the

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street does not see the utility, and for whom he feels neither interest nor sympathy. Only a great leader can make a party great—more especially a discredited party.

If the Liberal Party wishes to come again into power, it seems that it must not only reform itself and its programme, but it is absolutely necessary that it should find a first-class leader who would again give buoyancy, youth, courage, and confidence to the party, a leader whom the country and the Empire trust, and who would restore by his own commanding personality the prestige which the party had lost. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley were good seconds in command under Mr. Gladstone, but they have become rusty, and are hardly possessed of the ability, energy, imagination, and nerve required to reform and to lead the party. Besides, these men are too much bound up with their Gladstonian past to alter their methods. Consequently they would prove unacceptable to the British electorate, and still more so to the strongly Imperialistic Colonies, whose wishes will henceforth have to be considered. Therefore, unless a new man should arise, and so far there is no sign of his advent, there is only one man who could reform and lead the Liberal Party, who is trusted in Great Britain and the Colonies, and who could awaken the latent Liberalism in the nation, and that is Lord Rosebery. He has all the qualities required in a leader of men, grasp, energy, imagination, personal magnetism, and youth, but whether he will be allowed to lead, whether the old worn out parliamentarians, who at present nominally direct the Liberal Party, will be patriotic enough to efface themselves quietly in the interests of their party and of their country seems at first sight somewhat doubtful.

However, should men from the other camp try to compete with Lord Rosebery for public favour, trusting in their greater numerical strength in Parliament, they may probably find that Cromwell's celebrated principle rather to fight with one homogeneous well-disciplined troop than with a whole undisciplined army is equally applicable to the electoral field.

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Therefore it seems not unlikely that the leaders of the Rump of the Liberal Party will be wise enough to find out in time whether the Liberal Imperialists with a Rosebery at their head, or the other disintegrating factions with various minor politicians for leaders, will command the confidence of the country and success at the poll, and they will consequently shape their policy accordingly.

Politicians as a class are extremely reluctant to strike out an independent line of action. They constitutionally prefer to err on the side of caution, and cling as long as possible to custom and tradition. The lack of originality and of courageous initiative has no doubt been the cause of the decay of the Liberal Party. Let us hope that Lord Rosebery will not repeat the mistakes made by unimaginative latter-day Liberalism, and that he will rely rather on the Liberal spirit pervading the nation than on the evanescent and deceptive outward strength of the party consisting of a number of members of Parliament trooping obediently after Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman into the division lobby.

Lord Rosebery has a chance that occurs to a statesman once in a lifetime. The country is in many respects in a very bad state, and the reforms which are urgently needed have neither been effected nor even been attempted by "the only possible Government," notwithstanding its huge majority. Every opportunity which chance has offered to the ruling party has been thrown away, and every hope grounded on its rule has been disappointed. The country is sighing for a strong Opposition, if not for an alternative government, and its complaints are numerous and weighty.

To crown the record of neglected opportunities and of disappointed expectations, Mr. Balfour has been chosen Prime Minister, not from national but from personal reasons. To the nation Mr. Chamberlain would no doubt have been more welcome, and his ability and energy might have regenerated the numerous antiquated and inefficient institutions of Great Britain. The country requires, and requires urgently, reforms

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under the guidance of a strong, far-seeing statesman at the head of a strong party. Could Lord Rosebery supply the need for reform at the head of the Liberal Imperialists, and what chance is there that the country would support a reformed Liberal Party under Lord Rosebery?

The liberally-inclined part of the community, which formerly voted for the Liberal Party, is no doubt to a large extent dissatisfied with the Government in power, and only votes for it, if at all, because it considers it "the lesser evil." Besides, the present Government has made many enemies to itself among its habitual adherents, and it is estranging the Liberal Unionists. In consequence, it seems likely that a large, perhaps a preponderating, part of the community would be glad and ready to vote for an alternative party of greater ability, if there existed another party which was trusted. Therefore, it would seem that the first and foremost object of the Liberal Party of the future should be to regain the trust which it has lost. To attain this the ideal party should

(1) Separate itself from its illiberal allies who have vitiated its liberal spirit and discredited the party, and who are an incubus to it;

(2) Rely on the liberal spirit of the nation, rejuvenate itself, break with its fatal traditions, live less in the past and more in the present;

(3) Make Prosperity, Efficiency, Economy, and Empire, its watchword.

The necessity of completely breaking with the past and its mistakes, of reforming the Liberal Party root and branch, and of making again a popular party out of what is at present only a parliamentary combination, was probably before Lord Rosebery's mind when he admonished the Liberal Party to "clean its slate." The chances for a true, up-to-date, and Imperialistic Liberalism, freed from Irish shackles, from the eccentricities of its other violent allies, and from the crotchets, fads, dogmas, and stock phrases of its reactionary doctrines, appear to be very promising. It cannot be doubted that the

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majority of British people are liberally inclined, and that Lord Rosebery has with him all the sympathy of the country, and much of its confidence. He would have all its confidence had he not taken over the premiership from Mr. Gladstone. Lord Rosebery has very unjustly been blamed for having been unable to make his short premiership a success, and to fulfil an impossible task with a nearly mutinous crew. Rightly considered, it required far more gallantry and moral courage to assume the command of a perfectly hopeless cause than to decline it. If we blame Lord Rosebery for his non-success in 1894, we might just as well blame the brave General Wimpffen for gallantly taking over the command of the French Army when MacMahon had broken down, the French soldiers were rioting, and when the surrender of Sedan had become absolutely inevitable.

Let us hope that Lord Rosebery will soon begin a vigorous campaign, that he will wake up the country, that he will create and organise for himself a party of irresistible strength, and that he will come into power upon a comprehensive business programme, determined to carry it through with the assistance of a homogeneous Cabinet of able administrators, not merely of able politicians. If he should find it necessary, let him take the bold step, and make a general, like Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War, and an admiral, like Sir John Fisher, First Naval Lord. The case of the Duke of Wellington is a sufficiently good precedent for such a step.

Hard-worked politicians of the Harcourt and Balfour type have not enough leisure for thoughtful deliberation. Parliament takes up too much of their time, and, consequently, the views of such men on policy or administration are apt to become unoriginal and pedantic. The daily grind of their innumerable duties becomes fatal to their imagination, kills their creative ability and administrative faculty, and they become men of routine subservient to tradition and party needs. This is the reason why so many brilliant parliamentarians have been such bad administrators. Lord Rosebery has

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had the great advantage over most of our politicians that, apart from his native talents, he has been able to prepare himself during his long leisure for the post in which all well-wishers of the country and of the Empire, irrespective of party, hope to see him. His brain has not been staled by parliamentary fag, and he possesses, and has cultivated to a high degree, those qualities which are chiefly required in a leader of men, an administrator, and a statesman. Let us hope that he will come forward, convince us of his earnestness, determination, and perseverance, and return to power. His administration might prove the greatest blessing to the nation, and might rejuvenate Great Britain, consolidate the Empire, and ensure the continued greatness, prosperity, and safety of our dominions for generations to come.

O. Eltzbacher.

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THE FRENCH-CANADIAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

II

THE present feeling of the French-Canadian is one of contentment. He is satisfied with his lot. He is anxious to preserve his liberty and his peace. He is moderately ambitious to improve his personal and national situation, though perhaps too easily apt to rely more upon Providence and the development of outside causes than upon his own efforts. His marked adaptability to all circumstances of life, coupled with his lack of ambition and of cupidity, prevent him from making any great effort to gather wealth and to save his earnings. About his future he remains most serenely unconcerned. This optimistic disposition of his individual temperament is equally manifest in his national life.

With his English-speaking neighbour he is anxious to live on friendly terms and to co-operate for the welfare of Canada. Within the limits of his own province of Quebec, as I have formerly stated, his legislation in favour of the English-speaking and Protestant minority has always been of the most generous character. He is equally desirous of giving to his British fellow citizen personal proofs of confidence and good-will. It is a noticeable fact that, whilst instances of a French-Canadian being elected by an English-speaking majority to any public function are almost unrecorded in the history of the country, there have always been, and there are still at present, English-

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speaking Protestant members of Parliament, mayors or wardens, elected by constituencies, cities, or counties, largely French and Catholic. It may be remarked here that, although he does not feel any national sympathy for England or the British nation at large—judging them as he does through such historical and political events as affected his own nationality—he entertains the best of personal feelings towards his English-speaking fellow countryman. Strange to say, he seems to agree better with the Protestant Scotch or English than with the Catholic Irish.

As may be easily understood, such proclivities as I have described do not predispose the French-Canadian to look forward to any change in his political status. Just as he was eager for peace after his change of allegiance, the close of his long political struggles has brought about a similar reaction and made him strongly attached to political stability. Upon any proposed modification of the constitutional system of Canada he is disposed to look with distrust, or at least with anxiety. He cannot forget that all changes in the past were directed against him, except those that were enacted under such peculiar circumstances as made it imperative for the British Government to conciliate him. He asks for no change—for a long time to come, at least. And should any change be contemplated, he is prepared to view it, to appreciate its prospective advantages and inconveniences, neither from a British point of view nor from his own racial standpoint, but to approach the problem as it may affect the exclusive interests of Canada. He has loyally accepted the present constitution; he has done his ample share of duty by the country; and he feels that he is entitled to be consulted before any change is effected.

How thoroughly and exclusively Canadian the French-Canadian is should never be forgotten by those who contemplate any change in the constitutional or national status of Canada. This is so patent a fact, so logical a consequence of historical developments, that nothing short of absolute ignorance or wilful blindness can justify the language of those who talk

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of drawing him either by persuasion or by force to a closer allegiance to the Empire. As a matter of fact, he constitutes the only exclusively Canadian racial group in the Dominion. A constant immigration from the British Isles has kept the English-speaking Canadians in close contact with their motherlands; so that even now they still speak of the "Old Country" as their "home," thus keeping in their hearts a double allegiance. On the soil of Canada, his only home and country, all the national aspirations of the French-Canadian are concentrated. "Canadian" is the only national designation he ever claims; and when he calls himself "French-Canadian," he simply wants to differentiate his racial origin from that of his English, Scotch, or Irish fellow citizens, who, in his mind, are but partially *Canadianised*.

When he is told that Canada is a British country, and that he must abide by the will of the British majority, he replies that Canada has remained British through his own loyalty; that when his race constituted the overwhelming majority of the Canadian people, Canada was twice saved to the British Crown, thanks to him and to him only; that he has remained faithful to Great Britain because he was assured of certain rights and privileges; that his English-speaking fellow citizens have accepted the compact and should not now take advantage of their greater numerical strength to break the agreement; that when settling in Canada, new-comers from the British kingdom should understand that they become citizens of Canada, of a Confederacy where he has vested rights, and should not undertake to make the country and its people more British than Canadian.

Of all political evolutions which Canada might undergo—Independence, Annexation to the United States, British Imperialism, Annexation to France—the two latter are undoubtedly those that the French-Canadian would oppose most strenuously.

Independence is to his mind the most natural outcome of the ultimate destinies of Canada. But so long as the present

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ties are not strengthened he is in no hurry to sever British connection. He realises that time cannot but work in favour of Canada by bringing to her population and wealth, and that the later she starts on her own course the safer the journey.

As to his relations with the land of his origin, I have already explained how the French-Canadian has come to be separated from his European kinsman, not only by political secession, but by racial differences.

Communications with France have of late largely developed. A growing number of young French-Canadians go every year to Paris to complete their studies in arts or sciences; a greater interchange of newspapers takes place; the literary movement in France is followed more and more closely by the educated class of French Canada; I would venture to say that French books are nearly as much read in Quebec as they are in several of the provinces of France. In other words, the French-Canadian is growing to be more French intellectually than he was fifty or even twenty-five years ago. At the same time, far from being weakened by this evolution, his attachment to his own institutions is rather gaining strength and defining itself more distinctly every day.

It may be argued that this parallelism is impossible, and that the French-Canadian will be gradually drifting towards closer political relations with France, or at least that idle aspirations will be bred in his mind that may later on prove a danger to the internal peace and unity of Canada. This contention is easily refuted by the example of the United States. The number of American citizens who come in closer contact with Great Britain is growing every year. In high social circles, English habits, English literature, English ways of thinking and speaking, are holding a larger position, and displacing many of the old Puritan or Pennsylvanian ethics. Who would think of drawing from these facts the conclusion that any portion of the American people contemplate bringing their country back to its former allegiance?

In fact, there is a deeper political estrangement between

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France and the French-Canadian people than between Great Britain and the United States. Many constitutional changes have widely separated the two French nationalities. In Europe the French nation has given to her representative institutions, the form of which was borrowed from modern England, a decided bureaucratic and centralised spirit. From their inherited tendencies, not only have the French-Canadians adopted with enthusiasm the principles of British institutions, several features of which were brought to England by their Norman ancestors, but they have emphasised the principles of decentralisation, and direct responsibility to the people. Moreover, from an ethnical point of view, while British blood was constantly infused into the veins of the American nation, the French-Canadians have remained practically unmixed.

The love of the French-Canadian for his European kinsman is purely moral and intellectual. It is even more inclined towards the national soul of France and the productions of her national genius, than towards Frenchmen individually. This is strongly exemplified by the slight sentiment of distrust manifested by the French-Canadian to the new-comer from France, from the South of France especially. They soon get along very well. But the first movement is not one of warm sympathy, as might be expected from two brothers meeting after a long separation.

Of course the absolute innocuousness of the French-Canadian's love for France depends a great deal on the common sense of the English-speaking majority. If the Anglo-Canadian has enough judgment and sense of justice, as he undoubtedly has, to allow his French-Canadian neighbour freely to speak his mother-tongue, both in public and in private life, and teach his children that same language; if he allows him to keep his traditions and develop his national aspirations, and even to give free expression to his platonic love of France —if the Anglo-Canadian does not require the French-Canadian to entertain such sentiments for England as are only born of blood and flesh, and to accept new ties which neither moral

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nor legal obligations impose upon him—there is not the slightest apprehension to be felt from this very peculiar double allegiance of the French-Canadian—intellectual and moral allegiance to France, political allegiance to Great Britain—because both are altogether subordinate to his exclusive national attachment to Canada.

Now, apart from his instinctive reluctance to contemplate any political evolution, what are the feelings of the French-Canadian with regard to Imperial Federation or any form of British Imperialism?

First, as may be naturally expected, sentimental arguments in favour of British Imperialism cannot have any hold upon him. To his reason only must appeals on this ground be made. That the new Imperial policy will bring him, and Canada at large, advantages that will not be paid by any infringement on his long-struggled-for liberty, he must be clearly shown.

Towards Great Britain he knows that he has a duty of allegiance to perform. But he understands that duty to be what it has been so far, and nothing more. He has easily and generously forgotten the persecutions of the earlier and larger part of his national life under the British Crown. He is willing to acknowledge the good treatment which he has received later on, though he cannot forget that his own tenacity and the neighbourhood of the United States have had much to do with the improvement of his situation.

In short, his affection for Great Britain is one of reason, mixed with a certain amount of esteem and suspicion, the proportions of which vary according to time and circumstances, and also with his education, his temperament, and his social surroundings.

Towards the Empire he has no feelings whatever; and naturally so. The blood connection and the pride in Imperial power and glory having no claims upon him, what sentiment can he be expected to entertain for New Zealand or Australia, South Africa or India, for countries and populations entirely foreign to him, with which he has no relations, intellectual or

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political, and much less commercial intercourse than he has with the United States, France, Germany, or Belgium?

By the motherland he feels that he has done his full duty; by the Empire he does not feel that he has any duty to perform. He makes full allowance for the blood feelings of his English-speaking partner; but having himself, in the past, sacrificed much of his racial tendencies for the sake of Canadian unity, he thinks that the Anglo-Canadian should be prepared to study the problems of Imperialism from a purely Canadian standpoint. Moreover, this absence of racial feelings from his heart allows him to judge more impartially the question of the relations between Canada and the Empire.

He fully realises the benefits that Canada derives from her connection with a wealthy and mighty nation. He is satisfied with having the use of the British market. But this advantage he knows that Canada enjoys on the very same terms as any other country in the world, even the most inimical to Britain. From a mixed sense of justice and egotism he is less clamorous than the British Canadian in demanding any favour, commercial or other, from the motherland, because he has a notion that any favour received would have to be compensated by at least an equal favour given.

His ambition does not sway him to huge financial operations. Rather given to liberal professions, to agricultural life, or to local mercantile and industrial pursuits, he is more easily satisfied than the English-speaking Canadian with a moderate return for his work and efforts. He has been kept out of the frantic display of financial energy, of the feverish concentration of capital, of the international competition of industry, which have drawn his English-speaking fellow citizen to huge combinations of wealth or trade; and, therefore, he is not anxious to participate in the organisation of the Empire on the basis of a gigantic co-operative association for trade. He would rather see Canada keep the full control of her commercial policy and enter into the best possible trade arrangements with any nation, British or foreign.

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He is told that Canada has the free use of British diplomacy, and that such an advantage calls for sacrifices on her part when Britain is in distress. But considered in the light of past events, British diplomacy has, on the contrary, cost a good deal to Canada. So far the foreign relations of Canada, through British mediation, have been almost exclusively confined to America. That the influence and prestige of Great Britain were of great benefit to Canada in her relations with the United States is hardly conspicuous in the various Anglo-American treaties and conventions in which Canadian interests are concerned.

Not only did the American Republic secure the settlement of nearly all her claims according to her pretensions, but Canadian rights have been sacrificed by British plenipotentiaries in compensation for misdeeds or blunders of the British Government.

In fact, the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 stands as the only convention entered into by Great Britain and the United States in which Canada stood at an advantage. But when the Secession War came, Great Britain gave to the slave-owning States a half-hearted moral support, too weak to turn the tide of fortune on their side, but strong enough to raise the ire of the victorious Government. Canada paid the price of revenge. Not only was the treaty of 1854 denounced, never to be renewed, but in the Washington Treaty of 1871 Canadian fisheries were made accessible to the Americans at a time when they were most profitable, in order to reconcile the United States and pay for the protection offered by Great Britain to privateers of the Southern States. True, Canada was awarded a money compensation; but the United States was none the less given a valuable privilege within the limits of Canadian territory, and one upon which the Canadian Government had always relied to procure trade reciprocity with the Americans. This unfair transaction was strenuously opposed by Sir John A. Macdonald, Prime Minister of Canada, who acted on that occasion as one of the British plenipotentiaries. He went to

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the length of threatening either to resign or to withhold the sanction of the Canadian Parliament from the treaty. At last he gave way under the pressure of his colleagues, Lord de Grey, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Sir Edward Thornton, who convinced him that Canadian rights had to be sacrificed for the sake of Imperial interests.

Now with regard to disputes over boundaries. In the Treaty of 1842, whereby the northern frontiers of the State of Maine were delimitated, a large portion of Canadian territory was abandoned to the Americans by Lord Ashburton, who jocosely observed that he did not care for a few degrees of latitude more or less. Later on, the Oregon boundaries were also fixed in a way which Canada claimed was unjust to her; although it must be admitted that this time the Americans endeavoured to get more territory than they actually secured. Not later than last year the Clayton-Bulwer convention was denounced without any settlement of the Alaskan boundary being reached. Canada had no right under that treaty; but she always claimed that the anxiety of the United States for its removal offered a most propitious occasion for a fair application in her favour of the famous Monroe doctrine, so dear to the heart of the Americans. Great Britain waiving her rights in a treaty dealing with questions of a purely American nature—in the geographical sense—Canada rightly expected that this abandonment should be compensated by the settlement of another exclusively American problem. This view was strongly urged by the Canadian authorities upon the Home Government; it has even been stated that this was one of the primary conditions of the unfruitful negotiations carried on at Quebec and Washington in 1898–1899, under the presidency of Lord Herschel, but evidently all in vain.

It may be argued that all those concessions, made by Great Britain at the expense of Canada, were imposed by circumstances. It may be said also that by those same concessions Canada at large was affected, and that the French-Canadians had no greater cause of complaint than their

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English-speaking fellow citizens. But that exclusive Canadian sentiment which I have described makes the French-Canadian feel more deeply any encroachment upon the integrity of Canada. Unlike the Anglo-Canadian, he does not find in the glory of Empire a compensation and a solace for the losses suffered by Canada. That he entertains any rancour against Britain on that account would, however, be a false conclusion. For the international intricacies in which Great Britain has been and is still entangled he makes full allowance. With his strong sense of self-government, he does not expect the mother-land to endanger her own position on behalf of Canada. But if Great Britain is either unable or unwilling to take risks for the sake of Canadian interests, he does not see why Canada should assume new obligations towards Great Britain and run risks on her behalf.

As far as war and defence are concerned, he is still less disposed to consent to any Imperial combination. First there is that aversion to militarism that I have mentioned. Then he has a notion that all the sacrifices he may make on this ground will be so much that Canada will give without any probable return.

When he turns towards the past, what does he find? He finds that for the hundred and forty years that he has been a British subject, no more than his English-speaking fellow citizen has he ever been the cause, near or distant, of any trouble to Great Britain. Never did Canada involve the Empire in any war or threat of war. But the policy, right or wrong, of the British Government did cause his country to be the battlefield of two Anglo-American struggles. Upon those two occasions Canada was saved to the British Crown, thanks to the loyalty of his own race. During the Secession war, the peace of Canada came very near being disturbed once more, and her territory was threatened with invasion because of the attitude of Great Britain. And if he has been spared this and other bloody contests, it was only by the granting to the United States of such concessions as are referred to above.

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So much for the past. When he considers the present and the future, the French-Canadian does not see any reason why he should enter into a scheme of Imperial defence.

The argument that if Canada stands by the Empire, the Empire will stand by Canada, cannot have much weight with him; and his objections on that ground are founded both on past events and on prospective developments. In the South African War he has witnessed an application of the new doctrine. Of the expenditure of that war he has been called upon to pay his share—a small one if compared with that of the British Kingdom, but a large one when it is remembered that he had no interest whatever in the contest, and no control over the policy which preceded the conflict, or over its settlement. Should the principle of military Imperialism predominate, he foresees that he may find himself involved in wars occasioned by friction between Australia and Japan, between New Zealand and Germany, between Great Britain and France in Europe, or between Great Britain and Russia in Asia. He does not see any eventuality in which the Empire may be called upon to help Canada.

He is ready now, as he was in the past, to support a sufficient military force to maintain internal peace and to resist aggression on the territory of Canada. But these eventualities are most unlikely to occur in the near future. The enormous area as well as the vast resources of the country offer such opportunities to the care and activity of its population, that social struggles are almost impossible in Canada for many years to come. Foreign invasion, from the United States excepted, is most improbable. The Canadian territory is easy to defend against attacks on her sea borders, which would offer great difficulties and little benefit to any enemy of the Empire. Moreover, from a purely Canadian standpoint such occurrences are most unlikely to happen. Left to herself Canada has no possible cause of conflict with any other nation but the United States. On the other hand, by entering into a compact for Imperial defence, she may be involved in war with several of

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the strongest Powers. Therefore, as far as concerns any country outside America, the French-Canadian feels that the scheme of Imperial defence brings upon him new causes of conflict not to be compensated by any probable defensive requirement.

It is worth while mentioning here one possible conflict in which, if Imperialism carries the day, the racial problem of Canada might cause serious trouble. Although happily checked by a large interchange of material interests, the possibility of a war between France and Great Britain is not altogether removed. Were such a conflict confined to these two Powers, the French-Canadian could be counted upon to stand loyally neutral. Should even the French navy, by the most improbable of war fortunes, attack the coast of Canada, the French-Canadian could be relied upon for the defence of his country. But should the principle of Imperial solidarity obtain, were Canada called upon to contribute to an Anglo-French war in which she had no direct interest, the French-Canadian would no doubt resent most bitterly any such contribution in men or money as could be voted by the Federal Parliament. This would no longer be the defence of his home—which he is prepared to undertake even against France—it would mean his contributing to the slaughter of his own kith and kin in a quarrel which was foreign to him. It would hurt the French-Canadian in that most peculiar and sentimental love for the French national soul which I have already mentioned.

There remains to be dealt with the eventuality of a war with the United States. Rightly or wrongly, the French-Canadian is inclined to think that, in order to avert such a calamity, Great Britain would even go to the length of abandoning all British rights in America. And should British sentiment and British policy undergo such a change as would warrant Canada in counting upon the armed help of the Empire against the United States, the French-Canadian entertains some doubt as to the possibility of keeping up the struggle and carrying it to a successful issue.

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Should the most sanguine expectations be realised; should the American Navy be annihilated even as a defence force; and were the British Navy to succeed in blockading and bombarding the American ports—the only effective blow which might be struck at the enemy—nothing could prevent the American army from occupying the central portion of Canada, and probably invading most of her territory. Canada would therefore, at all events, be the sufferer in the fight. Moreover, her ways of transportation from the Western grain-growing country would be interrupted; and whilst the Americans would get from their untouched territory unbounded resources of food supply, the British people would be at once deprived of American and Canadian breadstuffs. This alone, in spite of any military success in other ways, would force Great Britain to accept the terms of the American Republic.

Another point to be considered with reference to an Anglo-American War is the fact that there are now as many French-Canadians living under the star-spangled banner as under the Union Jack. Many of those migrated Canadians have become as loyal and devoted citizens of the American Republic as their brothers have remained loyal and devoted citizens of Canada. Although prepared to do his full duty in the defence of his land, the prospect of his becoming the murderer of his own brother is sufficient to prevent the French-Canadian from exposing Canada and the Empire to any war with the United States.

From all those considerations the French-Canadian concludes that Canada has never been, and never will be, the cause of any display of Imperial strength, with the single exception of a possible encounter with a nation that he is not desirous of attacking, and against which, in his mind, the Empire would be either unwilling or incapable of defending him. He does not therefore feel bound to assume military obligations towards any other part of the Empire.

The stronger Canada grows in population and wealth, the

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slighter will be the dangers that may threaten her security, and the greater her contribution to the welfare and glory of the Empire. The French-Canadian thinks therefore that the best way in which he can play his part in the building up of the Empire is not by diverting the healthiest and strongest portion of its population from the pursuits of a peaceful and industrious life and sending them to fight in all parts of the world. He does not believe in fostering in Canada the spirit of militarism. He is only anxious to make his country attractive and prosperous by keeping aloof from all military adventures.

Indifferent as he is to commercial Imperialism, hostile as he is to military Imperialism, the French-Canadian cannot be expected to wish for any organic change in the constitution of Canada and to look favourably upon any scheme of Imperial Federation.

For years he fought to obtain full control of his laws, of his social system, of his public exchequer. With the principles of self-government, of self-taxation, of direct control over the legislative body, no other citizen of the British Empire is more thoroughly imbued than he is. His local organisation, in Church, educational or municipal matters, is still more decentralised and democratic than that of the English provinces of Canada. He likes to exercise his elective franchise and to keep as close as possible to the man, the law and the regulation that he votes for. He cannot view with favour a scheme by which any power that has heretofore been exercised by his own representative bodies may pass under the control of some Council sitting in London.

There remains to be considered the question of annexation to the United States.

As I have stated, left to himself, the French-Canadian is not eager for a change. He requires nothing but quietness and stability in order to grow and develop. He is satisfied with and proud of his Canadian citizenship. But should a change be forced upon him by those who aspire to a greater nationality, he would rather incline towards Pan-Americanism.

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For a long time annexation to the United States was most abhorrent to the French-Canadian. In fact, when an agitation in that direction was started by several leading English-speaking Canadians, his resistance proved to be the best safeguard of the British connection. But should his past fidelity be now disregarded, and Canadian autonomy encroached upon in any way, should he be hurried into any Imperial scheme and forced to assume fresh obligations, he would prefer throwing in his lot with his powerful neighbour to the South. His present constitution he prizes far above the American system of Government; but if called upon to sacrifice anything of his Federal autonomy for the working of the Imperial machinery, he would rather do it in favour of the United States system, under which, at all events, he would preserve the self-government of his province. Should Imperial re-organisation be based on trade and financial grounds, he would see a greater future in joining the most powerful industrial nation of the world than in going into partnership with the British communities; and this sentiment is gaining greater force from the present influx of American capital into Canada. The fact that the union of Canada and the United States would bring again under the same flag the two groups, now separated, of his nationality has no doubt greatly contributed towards smoothing his aversion to annexation.

I have so far analysed the sentiments of the higher classes among the French-Canadian people, of those who control their feelings by historical knowledge or by a study of outside circumstances, political, military or financial. If I refer to the masses, mostly composed of farmers, I may say that they entertain similar feelings, but instinctively rather than from reflection. The French-Canadians of the popular class look upon Canada as their own country. They are ready to do their duty by Canada; but considering they owe nothing to Great Britain or any other country, they ask nothing from them. Imbued with a strong sense of liberty, they have no objection to their English-speaking fellow countrymen going

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to war anywhere they please; but they cannot conceive that Canada as a whole may be forced out of its present situation. They let people talk of any wise or wild proposal of Imperialism; but if any change were attempted to be imposed on them, they would resist the pressure, quietly but constantly.

To sum up, the French-Canadian is decidedly and exclusively Canadian by nationality and American by his ethnical temperament. People with world-wide aspirations may charge him with provincialism. But after all, this sentiment of exclusive attachment to one's land and one's nationality is to be found as one of the essential characteristics of all strong and growing peoples. On the other hand, the lust of abnormal expansion and Imperial pride have ever been the marked features of all nations on the verge of decadence.

HENRI BOURASSA.

(*Member of the Canadian Parliament.*)

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SIR BARTLE FRERE

Unless my countrymen are much changed, they will some day do me justice.—*Sir Bartle Frere to the Secretary of State*, September 22, 1879.

From the days of Clive and Warren Hastings to this hour, there has ever been a continued protest on the part of those who mould the thought and direct the action of the British nation against the doctrine that India is to be administered in any other spirit than as a trust from God for the good government of many millions of His creatures.—*Speech at Bombay*, January 8, 1867.

I have no respect for any policy which is not founded upon principle.—*Speech at Cape Town*, January 11, 1879.

THE progress of events in more than one portion of the British Empire has once more brought prominently to the front the name of Bartle Frere. Lord Grey, in a recent letter to the *Times*, has effectively voiced thoughts that were in the minds and hearts of many, by declaring that the hour has fully come when Frere's memory should be rescued from misrepresentation and neglect, and should receive from the nation the meed of honour which is its due.

Practically no one now denies that if the Crown a quarter of a century ago had adopted, and consistently carried into effect, the policy which Frere's name to this day represents, much grievous trouble might have been spared both in India and in South Africa.

Painful as it is to dwell upon the attacks made in bygone days upon a truly great man, it is even now by no means superfluous to recall the monstrously untrue charges brought

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against his political character. He was, with grotesque injustice, identified with the spirit of "jingoism." He was charged with having advocated and pursued a policy of aggression and war —the invasion of Afghanistan, the seizure of the Transvaal, the forcing of hostilities upon Cetewayo. A leading statesman, after denouncing the "enormous guilt, the immeasurable responsibility," of undertaking "wilful, unjust, and destructive wars," and the special iniquities and horrors of the war in Afghanistan, went on to charge Sir Bartle Frere with the "policy of advance into Afghanistan," proceeding further to observe that "Sir Bartle Frere's mode of action at the Cape did not tend to accredit his advice in Afghanistan." In another speech, the same orator represented Frere as advocating a policy of aggression in South Africa. Other prominent speakers and writers, with a fine contempt for historic facts, held him responsible for what they censured as the unjust annexation of the Transvaal.

As to both of these subjects of reproach the same reply holds good. Lord Lytton's action towards Afghanistan, whether right or wrong, found no support whatever in anything that Frere had spoken or written. The annexation of the Transvaal, whether right or wrong, was accomplished before Frere had set foot in Africa, and, in point of fact, did not represent his policy at the time.[1]

Against his alleged responsibility for the Zulu War, his defence is not less complete and conclusive. As he himself said, "the die for peace or war had been cast long before" his arrival. The Imperial Government had decided on South African Confederation. They sent out Frere specially to accomplish it. There existed an insurgent spirit among the natives, having its focus in Cetewayo, whose power had to be reckoned with and destroyed at all hazards. The final choice simply lay between risking a Zulu War at once or being forced to undertake it a few months later, in the face of

[1] It need hardly be said that the facts of Sir Bartle Frere's life are authoritatively set forth in his biography by Mr. John Martineau.

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increasing difficulties and dangers, which included a very probable Boer rebellion.

A survey of Sir Bartle Frere's long career of forty-five years devoted service to his sovereign and his country is of extreme and immediate interest, because it goes to show how entirely, both in India and in Africa, time has vindicated his policy and his prescience. In India he advocated for years, in opposition to many of the principal Indian statesmen, views with respect to the system on which our Eastern Empire should be governed, which to-day are accepted without question.

His opinions on the subject of the centralisation of Indian government were urged in season and out of season for many years. The question at issue, he maintained, lay within a very narrow compass, but concerned every department of the administration. The relations between the supreme and the local governments he deemed "very uncomfortable and unsatisfactory." Some people would find the remedy in reducing the powers and status of the latter:

> I will only state one objection to this—it would kill the Viceroy in six months if he attempted it. Of all bad plans of government for India I can imagine none worse than an overworked Viceroy and irresponsible secretaries governing in his name. I believe the only remedy lies in a course the exact reverse of this, namely, to make the local governments and administrations as strong and complete as possible, so that the Governor-General may govern through them, and may have time to attend to really imperial questions, and on them be able to ensure obedience to his orders. My object would be to make the Viceroy really supreme, and to have a real, concentrative authority. This, I believe, is to be attained by governing an Empire as an admiral governs a fleet, by having absolute authority over every ship through captains, each of whom is equally absolute in his own ship. The present system makes every head of a department in the ship look not to the captain but to the admiral for orders in his own special department. The master, the purser, the gunnery lieutenant, the chaplain, all go direct to the admiral instead of to the captain, who thus loses all real power of command. The admiral is overworked; he may think he commands the fleet, but the fact is the fleet is not governed at all. . . . The tendency to meddle is almost universal in men trained in a departmental secretariat, and irresistible by those who are invested with authority nearly absolute.

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Closely connected with this point is Sir Bartle Frere's opinion, insisted upon again and again, as to the trusting of subordinates. On the north-west frontier, for instance, he was for investing local officers with large powers of initiative. Of Jacob, who for years ensured peace on the frontier of Sind, he wrote:

> Jacob is quite competent to get on alone, and is one of those men who do not get on at all well unless you let them alone. As to modern facilities of communication rendering it easier for a central government to control its distant subordinates, Frere held that they rendered it necessary to concede larger discretionary powers to officers at a distance, and to impose on them heavier responsibilities, because the facility of reference holds out a temptation to refer instead of acting, which did not exist before.

In the pacification of the frontier Sir Bartle Frere always warmly supported men like Jacob, Green, and Merewether, who, being on the spot, must presumably know points of detail better than their superiors at a distance. In entire harmony with the general principle here laid down is Frere's oft-repeated dictum that it is a fatal mistake to attempt to govern India from London. He applied the same doctrine to South Africa:

> Most of the mistakes in our government of South Africa have been caused by the fatal tendency to try and govern it from England. There, as elsewhere, the English Government has too often failed to place due confidence in its own representatives. It has listened to one-sided evidence and doctrinaire views, and has overruled or recalled Governors and High Commissioners, men of its own choice, who had every qualification for forming a just judgment on the scene of action, where alone a just judgment could be formed. The consequence has been a weak and vacillating policy. It has been this vacillating policy, the fear, founded on sad experience, that the English Government could not be depended upon to stand by its own word and support its own officers, which has alienated loyal men, both white and black, and has been, and continues to be, the abiding cause of confusion, strife, and bloodshed.

The doctrine of "masterly inactivity" in relation to India's neighbours is discredited in these days. But it was Sir Bartle Frere who first earnestly combated that futile and fatal notion. In the phrase "masterly inactivity" was summed up the policy which treated the ideal British Empire in India as having a

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sharply defined boundary, enclosing annexed territory, within which the government should be administered with uniformity, and with the countries beyond which our intercourse was to be as restricted as possible. Against this idea Frere's heart and conscience revolted. He entirely repudiated a policy of aggression and annexation. But he warmly upheld not merely the policy but the duty of bringing good influences to bear on semi-civilised neighbouring States. He had an intense belief in the power for good of British influence and civilisation. He was convinced that our neighbours must be either our enemies or our friends, and he firmly believed in our power to acquire their friendship by gradually securing their confidence and respect.

Against Frere's ideas and beliefs on this subject was the view held by English Liberals and others that the only proper attitude towards the Afghans and the wild tribes on the frontier was one of permanent suspicion and estrangement. As between Sir Bartle Frere and statesmen of the opposite school the fundamental issue was, in what light are we to regard, and how ought we to treat, uncivilised or semi-civilised peoples. Frere was permeated with a profound sense of the duty we owe to them. Over and over again he evinced the strongest repugnance to anything savouring of injustice or wrong towards the natives of India or of Africa. He could not approve the annexation of either Satara or Sind, though he loyally acted on it when it was an accomplished fact. Nothing could be further from the truth than to represent Sir Bartle Frere as an advocate of a "forward policy" in the sense of a policy leading to annexations. Many people supposed that his condemnation of "masterly inactivity" implied approval of a policy of aggression. His whole career negatives any such view. Even at the time of the Mutiny he kept his head when so many other officials lost theirs. He had no idea of indiscriminate severity:

> If officers and gentlemen cannot control their feelings, we can hardly expect the common soldiers to curb theirs and all discipline will become loose. I allude to the butchery in cold blood of captives, with little, if any, inquiry,

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and without an attempt to discriminate between men who have fled in vain terror with the herd and the ringleaders and armed murderers.

On one occasion, when some mutineers were to be brought to justice, Frere noticed a scaffold being erected for their execution. "I think we have made a mistake there," he remarked to the officer in command, "the mutineers have not been tried yet." For some rebels in Sind he bespoke a fair trial: "Every officer under you should understand that he is not at liberty to hang any one he may think deserving, as some of them seem inclined to do." He cordially disapproved the system on the Punjab frontier of punishing foes by indiscriminately laying waste the land and destroying the crops in a country whose inhabitants did not acknowledge our sovereignty. He justified this view by pointing out that, as a rule, the border robbers did not plough, nor did the ploughmen habitually plunder. The effect was to unite plunderers and non-plunderers against us. Having treated all, bad and good, alike, how could we wonder at their hostility and distrust?

What can these people think of us? Bad as they may be themselves, do we give them any cause for thinking better of us? . . . I say nothing of higher motives. But I do very deeply regret that brave and excellent men should delude themselves into the belief that even as mere matters of policy such proceedings can ever be successful.

He lamented the then fashionable doctrine, now happily abandoned, that this is the only way to treat people like the frontier tribes, well knowing also, as he did, that by better treatment they can be brought to respect and even venerate our officers.

Once more Sir Bartle Frere, on the introduction of a new law for limiting the carrying arms without a legal permit, opposed a clause exempting Europeans from its restrictions, not only as an injustice to natives, but as injurious to the classes exempted. Frere greatly regretted that men in high station, while willing to patronise native chiefs, had no idea of the obligation to be liberal and courteous to all without patronising. He always felt it a duty to oppose any policy

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of suppressing or suffering to go to ruin the Indian aristocracy and gentry, deeming it most important to have a strong, well-instructed, and contented aristocracy, as the natural chiefs and leaders of the people.

Mutatis mutandis, Frere's policy in South Africa was identical with that which he upheld in India. His treatment of the natives was such that many years after his departure they were still devoted to his name. So far was he from being responsible for the annexation of the Transvaal, that his first exclamation on hearing the news at Cape Town was, "Good heavens! What will they say in England?" Doubtless annexation was the only course possible, seeing that if England had declined to intervene Germany would probably have undertaken the protectorate of the Transvaal to say nothing of the imminent danger of an overwhelming attack by the Zulu hordes. But to represent the act as directly or indirectly Frere's work is simply to flout historic truth. Frere strongly and justly reprobated the neglect of the new government to fulfil the promise given to the Boers of a Constitution. It was a necessary preliminary to the establishment of a South African Federation that each of the component states should enjoy constitutional government.

As for his relations with the Boers, they trusted Sir Bartle Frere as they have never since trusted anybody until they came into contact with Lord Kitchener. Their feeling for Frere was precisely similar to that which they have lately shown for the great soldier who has just subdued them, perhaps as much by force of character as by force of arms. Both will be remembered as having conciliated the burghers' confidence and goodwill without permitting the least doubt to arise as to their attitude on the question of independence.

So magnetic was the attraction of Sir Bartle Frere's personality for the Boers, that the almost openly rebellious attitude which the malcontents had formed in their camp outside Pretoria, was changed at least to the extent of dissolving the camp itself; and it was at this precise moment

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that the news was published that the Queen's representative in South Africa had been openly censured and discredited at home.

No discussion of Sir Bartle Frere's views with respect to our treatment of the coloured races would be adequate which omitted mention of his vigorous and effective measures for the suppression of the Slave Trade by sea in East Africa. His mission to Zanzibar was a complete success on all points.

Simply to describe—as nearly as possible in his own words—his real views and policy as to the relations which ought to subsist between the British Empire and its weaker neighbours is to refute utterly and irretrievably the case alleged by his enemies against his fair fame. All the facts above stated, and many more that might be cited of a like kind, were either known, or might easily have been learnt, by those public speakers and writers who chose to misrepresent him before his countrymen. The attacks upon Sir Bartle Frere stand perhaps unique in the record of indictments framed against public men by accusers who themselves held a responsible position. The slanders of a leading weekly journal deserve in particular to rank as rare curiosities of perverse malignity.

One of the strangest misunderstandings that prevailed concerning Sir Bartle Frere related to his views on Christian Missions and the duty of the Government with respect to them. Himself an earnest Christian and a warm supporter of missions, he was entirely opposed, both on principle and as a matter of expediency, to any intervention on their behalf by the Government. In the case of Cetewayo, he treated missionaries exactly as he would have treated any persons engaged in secular pursuits. He would not have forced either class of settlers on the Zulu chief; but the latter having once given leave to Europeans to settle in his dominions, the High Commissioner would not permit either trader or missionary to be unjustly driven out without remonstrance.

Lord Grey, in the remarkable letter already mentioned, speaks in felicitous terms of Sir Bartle Frere as "adding to the strenuous faith of an Elizabethan Englishman the serene gentle-

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man which issued from a character of the highest Christian excellence." In these words he has summed up the impression of the man's personality, which everybody, great or small, high or low, young or old, formed concerning him. Those who knew him best during his life, and those who have most carefully studied the voluminous records of that life, one and all honestly declare themselves unable to detect any flaws in a most beautiful, most noble, nature. He never could see that what was wrong for an individual to do was right for a nation or a Government. He always regarded Secret Service with disapproval, holding that information unscrupulously obtained is seldom to be relied on.

When he had been in India only a few years, the Governor of Bombay, Lord Clare, described him as "an ornament to the service," and remarked, even thus early in his career, on his extraordinarily wide knowledge, and his competence and trustworthiness as an adviser.

In his talk he was careful not to give offence or make mischief or speak ill of any, but was prone rather to notice any good qualities in others. He was all kindness to young officers and newly arrived civil servants. He despised none. He was accessible to everybody. When Governor of Bombay he took all petitions himself. If there was a flaw in his method, it was one so characteristic of the man that it is a tribute to his memory not to overlook it. Successful in using to the highest public advantage the qualities of his associates and subordinates, he was occasionally at fault in crediting each and every one with the same disinterested motives as himself. At the same time nothing was more remarkable than his power of transmitting lower aims into higher in those with whom he was brought in contact.

It is amusing to recall that Lord Elphinstone, when Governor of Bombay, had—to use his own words—been fighting with the Viceroy, Lord Canning, over which of them should secure Frere. Lord Napier of Magdala, as his colleague on the Council of Calcutta, "valued the friendship of

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one who had so wide an experience and so comprehensive a grasp of public affairs both in England and Europe." Sir Charles Wood, anxious to appoint Frere Governor of Bombay, was greatly deterred by "the wish not to deprive the new Governor-General of the benefit of your advice and assistance."

Pelly said of Frere, "Had I been his son, I could not have loved and respected him more than I did, and all possible considerations have been as nothing to me compared with the pleasure I felt in being admitted to his personal friendship." Others have recorded the impression which his perfect sweetness and serenity of demeanour made on the fierce Beluchis and Mahrattas. When he left Satara, when he quitted Sind, the same grief was shown as was manifested afterwards at Bombay, and later still at Cape Town. One who witnessed his career in South Africa wrote that his memory would live there, not merely as a memory, but "as a guidance and an inspiration." No finer or more true thing was said of him than in these striking words of a Bombay official: "Your name will become the traditional embodiment of a good Governor."

Sir Dighton Probyn has borne witness to Frere's courage, his generosity, his unselfishness, his thoughtfulness for others, his absolute fearlessness of responsibility, and his deep sense of religion: "He could not have done an ungenerous thing, no matter how he had been tried or in what situation he had been placed." A certain resemblance is traceable between his character and Gordon's. Frere had been deeply interested in Gordon's work among uncivilised peoples, and Gordon wrote to express his sympathy with Frere in his troubles. Both, endeavouring to do their duty in the same Continent, were deserted by those in power at home.

Frere's subordinates were always able to rely on his support. Even when they made mistakes he was slow to condemn them if they had honestly tried to do their best. He would always give them the credit of success, just as he was equally ready to give to his chief the credit which was largely his own.

His intense family affection was a leading characteristic. Most keenly did he feel separations from his wife and children.

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There is before me a treasured album containing the letters which this devoted father wrote from abroad to his young children at home. More delightful productions of the kind could not be imagined. They are models of what such letters should be, full of information—some of it such as might be thought rather difficult for children to grasp, yet conveyed with a sympathetic skill that would render it easily intelligible to the simplest child mind. His respect for children was too great to permit him to "write down" to their supposed level. *Maxima pueris debet reverentia* might have been his motto. The letters are continually illustrated with clever pen-and-ink sketches, views, scenes, incidents, animals, buildings, maps, plans—all admirably executed.

Sir Bartle Frere's love of fun was well developed. Especially in letters in which tact was required to save hurting a correspondent's feelings or otherwise giving offence his sense of humour was often very serviceable.

The story was told of him that a servant, who was sent to meet him at a railway station, was thus instructed how to identify him: "Look for a tall gentleman, helping somebody." The description tallied exactly. He was helping an old lady out of the carriage. On arriving at an Indian port by a very filthy steamer he writes: "Take care to have her well cleaned before you send any sick by her, else they will be stifled in their beds by the smell."

Only in case of flagrant misconduct did Frere ever inflict serious rebuke. But, when such a case did occur, he could be terrible in his indignation. On the other hand, whenever there was misunderstanding or friction between high officials, it was frequently Frere's part to act as peace-maker and to smooth down ruffled susceptibilities. His social tact was unfailing. At Calcutta, where official and non-official Europeans and natives all stood aloof from each other, Sir Bartle had a welcome for all. His sympathies were of the widest: artists, travellers, soldiers, missionaries, merchants, men of science, all interested him. For objects of art and archæology he had a keen eye, and he strove successfully to preserve some historic buildings at Satara, as well as valuable libraries and manuscripts.

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To his enlightened wisdom many important Indian reforms were due. He insisted on the officials of Sind learning the Sindi language. For years he pushed forward his scheme for the port of Kurrachi, till he obtained in that connection the title of "the importunate widow." At Bombay he promoted the erection of the new city in the interests of the public health. His schemes for the reconstruction of the Indian Service, for providing against the recurrence of famines, for the making of roads, railways, and canals, for promoting irrigation and agriculture, for the encouragement of cotton-growing, for the provision of water supplies, for the building of new barracks—each exhibited an extraordinarily minute knowledge of the subject in hand. On all topics alike Frere writes as an expert. His talents as a financier were put to the proof on several important occasions. To him was due the first committal of Egyptian finance to English hands. The Khedive Ismail asked that Frere should be sent to him. Above all, in military matters, he managed to acquire a knowledge such as a civilian rarely attains to. During the mutiny his resourcefulness was of invaluable assistance to his neighbours in the Punjab. He had long foreseen the value of Sind's geographical position. He advocated the occupation of Quetta years before that step was adopted. He anticipated the Cape to Cairo line of telegraph, his advocacy of which was based on a practical knowledge of the proved feasibility of a similar undertaking in the wilds of Persia. His readiness to take a decided step on an emergency perhaps never showed itself more conspicuously than in his exercise of the Crown's prerogative at the Cape for the dismissal of the Molteno-Merriman Ministry for thwarting the military operations of the Imperial troops and carrying on warfare on their own account against the Zulus.

The versatility of Frere's genius is well illustrated by the titles of the subjects on which he wrote articles or delivered lectures or read papers. Zanzibar, Livingstone, East Africa, the Persian Gulf, India as offering a Career for Men, Indian Public Opinion, the Architecture of Western India, the Suitability of Christianity to all Forms of Civilisation, Foreign

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Missions, England and Russia, the Turkish Empire, Central Africa and the Slave Trade, Madagascar, the Opium Traffic, the Scotch Land Question, Native Churches, Egypt—these are only some of the topics in the treatment of which he proved himself to be quite at home. His criticisms were never merely destructive: their chief usefulness was on their constructive side. To the last he was a learner as well as a teacher, despising nothing in the way of information, and his aptitude for detail never detracting from his breadth of view.

Such was the man whom his countrymen, having come to their right mind at last in their judgment of him, will for ever hold in honour as one of the greatest statesmen and one of the most truly good men commemorated in their annals. His rightness of judgment was based on a life lived with God. It was said of him that the Peace of God was in his face.

It was a consolation to Sir Bartle Frere, in the dark day of rebuke, when so many that should have stood by him failed and fell away from his side, that the two highest personages in the land showed that they, at least, were not unconscious of his deserts. At the time when the censure of the Imperial Government reached him in South Africa he was dissuaded from resigning office by the representations of those whose judgment he could trust. The strongest and most cogent appeal to his patriotism came from a quarter more exalted than the Secretary of State who censured him.

Such was the man. Such were his merits. His reward was misrepresentation, contumely, neglect. But the true recompense has come in time, though not in his time, and lies in the fact that the harvest which he sowed in tears will presently and richly be reaped in joy. It is difficult, and it would be idle, to suggest what exactly would be Frere's policy to-day in that great country which, since his tenure of office, has been in turn the hotbed of vile political intrigues and sordid financial schemes, and the theatre of some of the noblest deeds that enrich and illumine our history. The "trial of strength," as he prophesied, has been forced upon us, and has taken the shape of a war hateful in its circumstances and hideous in its tale of human suffering.

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It needs but a hasty review of Frere's life to be assured, at least, of this, that with him the work, and not the workman, was the matter of supreme and final importance, and that he would consider his own long, bitter struggle and the clouded evening of his life as fully compensated for, if the day has really come (though he is not here to greet its dawn), the day of which he often spoke and in view of which he worked with heart and brain when every subject of the Sovereign should sleep as safe "in any part of the South African dominion as within the four seas of old England."

GEORGE ARTHUR.

P.S.—Since the above article was written, I have received permission from Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley to print the following letter, dated July 18, 1902:

"MY DEAR SIR GEORGE ARTHUR,—Many thanks for your interesting letter about Sir Bartle Frere's work in South Africa.

"Your uncle was a man of great ideas, but as is too often the case with those of lofty aspirations, he was misunderstood by his contemporaries.

"As I recall the history of that time, I feel that he and Lord Carnarvon were about the only statesmen who then clearly foresaw the great future of South Africa, and who then realised what the Dutch in South Africa were then aiming at. The leaders in public life at home are usually so wrapped up in the immediate interests of party politics that in time of profound peace few pay much attention to Colonial affairs.

"But Sir Bartle Frere was an exception. At all periods, a close observer of events as they occurred throughout our Empire beyond the seas, he quickly saw through the aims of the Dutch in South Africa, and realised what, if unchecked, those aims must lead to. Few to whom he preached, however, heeded his warnings. Many pooh-poohed his advice as that of an autocratic Anglo-Indian with views entirely outside and beyond the scope of 'Practical Politics.' In other words, his far-seeing grasp of the South African position was too wide for the narrow limits of party considerations and of party exigencies.

"All this is now changed. The South African Empire which Sir Bartle dreamt of and hoped for, and sought to build up, has been made a reality by our home and colonial soldiers, and by the persevering energy and statesmanship of Mr. Chamberlain.

"If ever the history of recent events be fully and honestly written, the names of your Uncle and of the present Colonial Secretary will be therein recorded as the founders of our South African Dominion. Holding these views, as one who was then somewhat 'behind the scenes,' it is only natural I should wish that some recognition should be made, even at this late hour, of the great services rendered by Sir Bartle Frere when he ruled over Cape Colony.

"He was then neglected; but in such a case it can never be too late to remedy the fault we then committed. The only question is, in what shape or fashion such a national reparation could best be made.

"Believe me to be, sincerely yours,

"*To* SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, Bart." "WOLSELEY."

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THE GOLDEN AGE OF EGYPT

"EGYPT had two thousand years' start before Europe awoke." So a great Egyptologist tells us, and the statement is under the mark. At least four thousand years before our era the Egyptians were accomplished architects and builders, and possessed ripe astronomical knowledge. The world has never seen structures equal to the Great Pyramid and the Temple of Khafra, each the grandest of its kind. The internal construction of the Pyramid shows a knowledge of scientific principles, in the treatment of enormous masses, combined with perfect workmanship, that has never been reached in modern times. These unrivalled monuments are actually more impressive in their massive symmetry from the total absence of decoration. Any ornamental additions would only have detracted from their dignity. The Egyptians, having achieved these successful works, seem to have attempted no others on the same grand lines in later ages. They built many pyramids and temples, but on a diminishing scale both of magnitude and merit. Egypt must have lost taste and talent for raising structures of stone, solid to the core, closely fitted without cement, composed, even in the most hidden parts, of enormous masses of polished granite. The latest pyramids of all were meretricious shams of unburnt bricks, merely veneered with a plating of polished limestone. And then, as might be expected, they ceased to command respect, and so pyramid-building went out of fashion.

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But as cylopean building waned, decorative art came upon the scene. In the Twelfth Dynasty rock-hewn tombs, their walls covered with paintings and hieroglyphic records treated with artistic effect, became the vogue, mainly for persons of high rank. The tombs at BENI HASAN are the best examples preserved to us of this period. Pillars had to be left to support the roof, and these, instead of being of the simple square form of the Fourth Dynasty, had their angles cut off, and appeared with eight or sixteen sides, thus gaining lightness and elegance. This undoubtedly suggested the Doric column, which, two thousand years later, the Greeks carried to perfection in their temples. Thus the germs of European decorative architecture had their origin in Egypt, in the Twelfth Dynasty, about 2778 B.C.

The earlier dynasties seem to have confined their efforts to erecting one great monument for each king, with smaller tombs around it for the royal family. The times had so changed, however, in the Twelfth Dynasty, that every great man had his tomb, which was beautified architecturally outside, and also decorated within. The ceilings were painted with elegant designs, so fitting and so beautiful that the patterns were long afterwards exactly copied in Hellenic art. The tomb at ORCHOMENOS, in Greece, was decorated, about 1000 B.C., with an elaborate design copied from one of the early Egyptian tombs; the origin is unmistakable.

During the Twelfth Dynasty, decorated scarabs came much into use, evidently worn by all classes, as they are found by thousands. The earlier scarabs were only used for royal names and titles. Dr. Petrie has clearly shown,[1] that the ingeniously interwoven designs on these scarabs led the way for all such scroll patterns, ultimately producing an entirely new style of decoration. Ornamental woven fabrics came into use at this time, in which the weaver, attempting to imitate scroll patterns, only achieved squared designs such as the "Walls of Troy," as curves could not be produced by the loom. Thus the Greek

[1] Petrie's "Egyptian Decorative Art" (Methuen).

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Rock-Tomb at Beni Hasan. (Twelfth Dynasty.)

Rock-Tomb of Khnumhotep, Beni Hasan.

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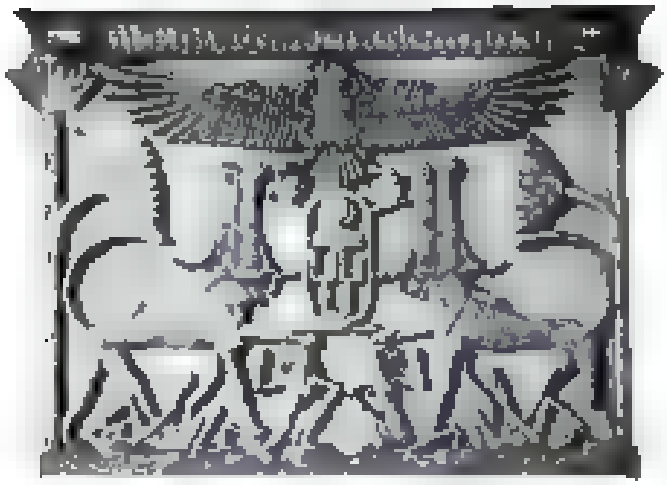

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guilloche, the wave pattern and continuous scrolls, as well as the "key fret ornament," had their origin in early Egyptian designs. Egyptian art, as it became popularised for the many in the extended use of scarabs, was no doubt applied to jewellery and trinkets of every kind for personal adornment for all classes. However, the only specimens of decorated jewellery that have come down to us from this early period are from the jewel caskets of two princesses of the Twelfth Dynasty, found at Dahshur, by De Morgan, in 1894. The workmanship of these articles is superb. They show the most refined taste, inlaid precious stones being so skilfully inserted, that at first sight the colours seem to be enamel work. There were hundreds of tombs in the royal cemetery at Dahshur, and possibly all were originally full of similar treasures. But the place had been often plundered, every important tomb had been violated, and these two only had escaped robbery.

This was, literally and metaphorically, a Golden Age. When two young princesses possessed jewellery, now valued at £70,000, what must have been the riches of their Court! And this era produced a decorative art from which, long after, the Greeks learned theirs. The purest style of Hellenic architecture, too, was suggested by that of the Twelfth Dynasty. This wonderful Twelfth Dynasty was, even for the fellahin, a halcyon time. At Beni Hasan, on the rocky walls of the tomb of Ameny (a great viceroy under USERTESEN I.), we find the following statement proudly made: "In years of famine I made the people live, I ploughed the fields for them, there was not a hungry man in the land. . . . When the Nile rose, producing wheat and barley and all things, arrears were not exacted." The words are almost the same as in Lord Cromer's Reports of the Irrigation Department during the late years of "Bad Niles," when he states with evident satisfaction that not a soul perished from want in a trying time, and all rent was remitted.

Literature was cultivated, and some of their historical tales and romances have survived. Professor Petrie has published a number of these old-world stories, all of which are most inter-

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esting.[1] One of them relates "The Adventures of Sa'nehat," who was evidently a prince of royal birth, exiled for many years, as royal princes have been in later days. The account of his adventures in foreign lands is wonderfully realistic, and bears the stamp of simple truth. At length he makes peace with his king (he was probably a son of USERTESEN I.), and is welcomed with favour, a sort of royal prodigal, the princesses coming out to meet him with timbrels and dances. It carries us back to primitive society, and is quite an interesting and affecting tale.

Of the poetry of this age we have some fragments. The king was an object of worship, as the representative of God upon earth. Here is a verse of a hymn of praise to USERTESEN III. from a papyrus found in the Fayum at Illahun by Dr. Petrie. I have ventured to borrow it from Petrie's "History of Egypt," vol. i.

1. Twice joyful are the gods,
thou hast established their offerings.
2. Twice joyful are thy princes,
thou hast formed their boundaries.
3. Twice joyful are thy ancestors before thee,
thou hast increased their portions.
4. Twice joyful is Egypt at thy strong arm,
thou hast guarded the ancient order.
5. Twice joyful are the aged with thy administration,
thou hast widened their possessions.
6. Twice joyful are the two regions with thy valour,
thou hast caused them to flourish.
7. Twice joyful are thy young men of support,
thou hast caused them to flourish.
8. Twice joyful are thy veterans,
thou hast caused them to be vigorous.

. . . . .

10. Twice joyful be thou O, Horus! widening thy boundary,
mayest thou renew an eternity of life!

There are several stanzas, each with a different refrain, and this, one of the oldest poems in the world, was written nearly two thousand years before the sweet singer of Israel penned his

[1] Petrie's "Egyptian Tales" (Methuen).

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The Obelisk, Heliopolis, showing Cities and Cartouches of Usertesen I

One block of syenite. It was brought from the quarries of Assouan.

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immortal verse, and probably a thousand years before the days of Homer.

Not only was this the Golden Age of Art and Literature, but the kings seem to have really cared for their people; rich and poor alike received encouragement and protection. These beneficent rulers of the Twelfth Dynasty were also great Irrigation Engineers. The development of the Fayum province, an oasis won from the desert, was their work, and possibly the great canal, two hundred miles long, which still performs its useful office, was made by them.[1] The land of Egypt was flourishing, and its overflowing population needed an outlet. These great Irrigation Works thus provided a new province, which to-day is still the most fertile land in Upper Egypt. Herodotos visited the Fayum 450 B.C., and describes the wonderful ancient system of irrigation and the artificial reservoir, then known as Lake Moeris, constructed to store up the waters of High Nile. To encourage the permanence of the new district and testify to its importance, two of the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty made their pyramids in the Fayum, erected colossal portrait-statues of themselves, and built the great temple called the Labyrinth. Of all these structures the indefatigable Petrie found remains, and has published several volumes recounting his discoveries. As to the Irrigation, the Regulator, where the Bahr Yusuf enters the Fayum province, is still at work, carried on under the ancient method of five thousand years ago. Major Hanbury Brown, R.E., in his interesting work "The Fayum of To-Day," says that this, and the ancient system of water-wheels, are in many instances so good that his engineers found they could not improve on them.

The temples built by the kings of the Twelfth Dynasty were more remarkable for their exquisite decoration than for imposing size. Nothing remains but fragments, the buildings themselves all disappeared in the troublesome times of the

[1] This canal is called Bahr Yūsuf—"The Water of Joseph." The Arabs tell us it was made by the Hebrew patriarch. But he probably only repaired it, as more than fifteen hundred years before his time it was in existence.

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barbaric Hyksos, who held the land in bondage for five hundred years. But everywhere remains of these temples are found, buried under the inferior structures of the Eighteenth Dynasty. At Koptos, Dr. Petrie dug up a slab of USERTESEN's temple, with a portrait of the king, beautifully carved. It was found face downward under the foundation of a temple of Thothmes III.

The pyramid field of Dahshur, explored by De Morgan, has yielded wonderful relics of the Twelfth Dynasty. A short way south of it are the scanty remains of the two pyramids of Lisht. These have recently been explored and the southern one proved to have been the work of USERTESEN I. Eight colossal statues of the king, seated, were found lying on their sides, in a sort of court beside the pyramid. They are of the finest sculpture, in white stone, and originally were elaborately painted. But the Nile is now twenty feet higher than in the old days, and infiltration has removed the colours. Many other carved stones and statues were found; all are now in the Cairo Museum. No signs of USERTESEN's tomb were found. These remains had evidently formed part of a superb temple attached to the pyramid.

At Karnak this year (1902) M. Legrain unearthed a number of carved blocks, bearing the cartouche of USERTESEN I., buried deep under a temple of Thothmes. These were all exquisitely engraved, and had been broken up when in a perfect state. The superiority of the early work over that of more than a thousand years later is very evident.

USERTESEN I. founded or restored the great temple of the University of Heliopolis, the On of the Bible. Dr. Petrie tells us of an ancient leathern roll which gives an account of the ceremony, and that the king himself held the cord in laying out the foundations. Here Moses learnt all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and it continued its teaching work down to the time of Plato, who studied there for some time. Every vestige of the temple buildings has disappeared, the stone having been carried off to build Roman BABYLON, Arab FOSTAT, or modern CAIRO. Nought remains of the once great university

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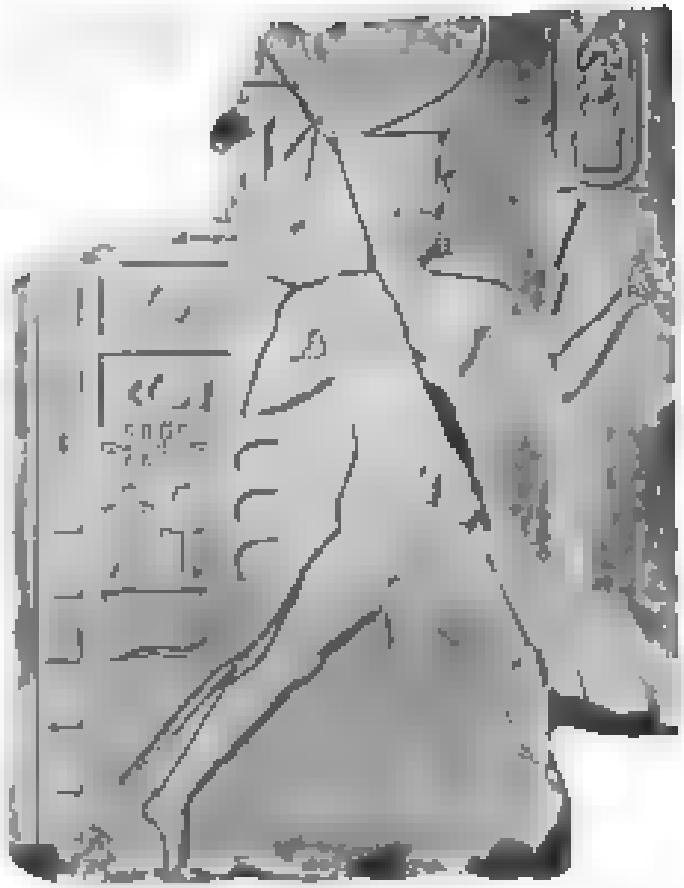

Akhenaten I dancing before Aten (*found by Dr Petrie at Karnak, now at University College, London*).

Carved blocks with cartouche of Akhenaten I (*found at Karnak by M. Legrain, 1907*).

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town save the Obelisk of USERTESEN I., still bearing his name and titles in excellent carved relief. It is the oldest obelisk, and, at the same time, the most ancient inscribed royal monument in the world. It was perfect, with its golden apex flashing in the sun, in 1200 A.D., as described by El Latif, the Arab chronicler.

Fragments of buildings of the Twelfth Dynasty kings have been discovered on nearly every ancient site in Egypt, and as far as the Sudan, inscriptions are found recording the conquests of USERTESEN I., who was always regarded as the first conqueror of Ethiopia.

This, the Golden Age of old Egypt, seems to me by far the most fascinating period of its history. Its memorials are rare, but always of deep interest. In my little collection there are scarabs of AMENEMHAT I., USERTESEN I., and their successors. Of cylinders, I have one which is unique. It bears the cartouches of USERTESEN II. and AMENEMHAT III., the two kings who, departing from the usual custom, placed their pyramids in the new province they had won from the Libyan desert. This combination of insignia is remarkable, for these kings did not reign in succession. The intermediate king, USERTESEN III., did not trouble himself with the Fayum. The seal was doubtless the sign-manual of a governor of the district, having on it the titles of the two kings who had formed the new province; it is well engraved, in steatite. I have a very curious revolving bead of Amenemhat I., with his name AMENEMHAT spelt out by being cut through the coating of lime covering a curious nodule of flint, pierced naturally, so that it can revolve on a spindle. I have other cylinders of these kings—AMENEMHAT II. and USERTESEN III.—all differing in design, and found on various occasions in different parts of Egypt.

A unique memorial of this remarkable dynasty—a literally golden relic of the Golden Age of Egypt—has recently come into my possession. It is the signet ring of USERTESEN I., in solid gold, as fresh and perfect as when made for the royal use.

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Most fortunately, the native who first discovered this treasure did not consign it to the melting-pot, as has too often happened when objects in precious metals fell into native hands.

At the time it was brought to my notice I was journeying with Professor Sayce, whose theory was that the ring had been used in its royal owner's time, as a foundation deposit, and to this was due its remarkable state of preservation. But doctors differ in their opinions, for Professor Petrie, to whom I afterwards showed the ring, at once said that the natives must have found the mummy of USERTESEN. In his opinion, so valuable an article would not be used as a foundation deposit—such deposits being generally, he explained, small models of objects, and seldom of intrinsic value. The king's signet—for such this was—would be worn by him during life, and would be placed on his finger in his coffin. Therefore, the reappearance of USERTESEN'S signet may denote the finding of USERTESEN'S tomb.

No royal mummies of the Twelfth Dynasty have yet been discovered, so far as we know. Perhaps they were taken out of their pyramids long ago, in sudden panic of war or of invasion, and hidden away for safety in some distant desert or mountain gorge, by their pious guardians. Each pyramid had its appointed hereditary guardian whose office continued for many centuries. And now the place of concealment of mummies of the Twelfth Dynasty may have been discovered. All the royal mummies of the Eighteenth Dynasty, now in Cairo Museum, were thus hidden away for safety in ancient times, and so were lost to the world for two or three thousand years. A family of Arabs discovered about a hundred of them, all huddled together in a shaft near Thebes in 1871. The thieves managed to keep their secret for several years, until they had made away with all the rich decorations of the mummies, and no doubt melted down the golden ornaments.

It is wonderful that the royal signet of the king who erected the Obelisk of Heliopolis, should be preserved to our day. It is the oldest royal ring known, for it is twelve hundred years earlier than that of Thothmes, found by Dr. Petrie at Gurob, in the Fayum. The ring of USERTESEN, as becomes a relic

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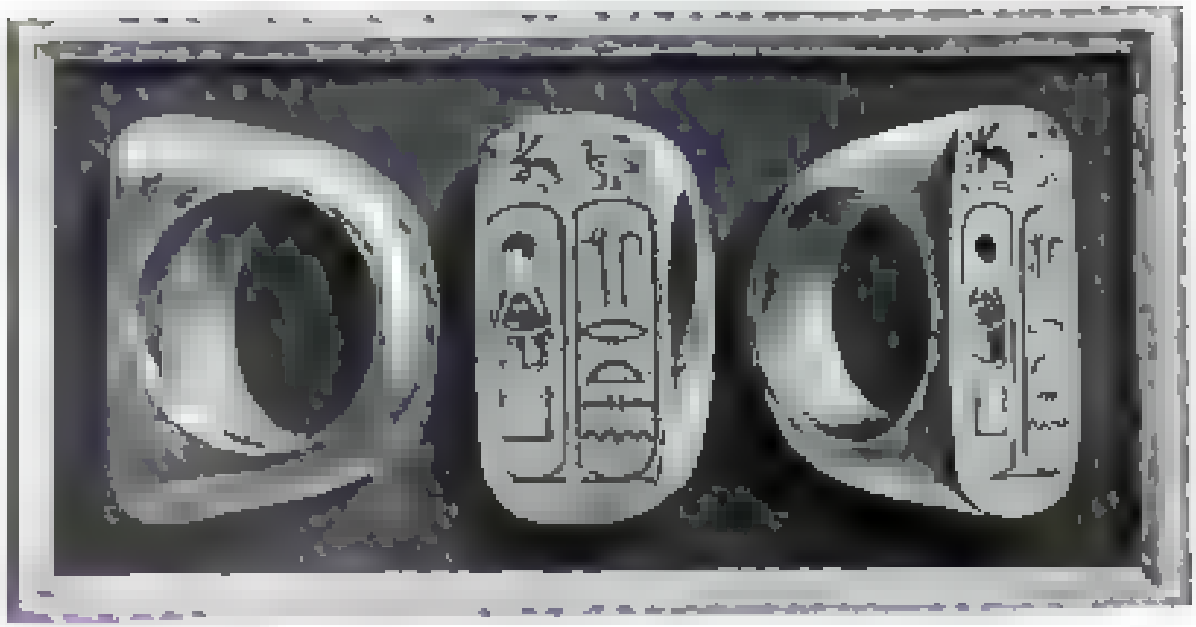

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of the Golden Age, is of pure solid gold, weighing 678 grains. The cartouches [1] (and the kingly titles above them) on the Ring of USERTESEN are similar to those on his Obelisk at Heliopolis, on the statues from Lisht, on the slabs from Koptos and Karnak, and on cylinders and scarabs of the same monarch.

The translation of the titles and royal names is as follows:

SETEN BYTY. King of Upper and Lower Egypt. KHEPER·KA·RA. SA RA. Son of the Sun. USERTESEN.

The royal titles were those applied to the kings of Egypt generally. The first one (*Seten byty*) refers to the union of Upper and Lower Egypt under one sovereign, the Water plant typifying the river Nile and its banks, while the Bee is the emblem of the cultivated Delta. The second royal title, "Sa Ra," refers to the king's position as representative of the Deity upon earth, "*Son of the Sun*," the Goose being the word "SON," the circle representing "RA," the SUN. The two royal names within the ovals are clearly spelled out in hieroglyphic signs. Each name had also originally a distinctive meaning, but many of these are lost to us.

In Dr. Petrie's "History of Egypt," vol. i. p. 164, mention is made of a jeweller's Weight of the Twelfth Dynasty, which is preserved in Vienna, and he alludes to a similar one in another collection, possibly both belonging to a set of royal standard weights. The Weight in Vienna had evidently been a standard for weighing gold, as Dr. Petrie works out. This interesting plaque bears the royal cartouche of USERTESEN, also the name of its owner, one HORMERA, who had apparently been the royal goldsmith. Thus it is possible that we know the name of the maker of the SIGNET RING of USERTESEN.

JOHN WARD.

[1] *Cartouche* is the term for the signs enclosed within an oval line. This arrangement was only permitted to be used for royal personages. The hieroglyphs above the ovals express the royal titles.

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MR. MARCONI'S RECENT INVENTION

BY the communication made to the Royal Society on June 10, 1902, Mr. Marconi has placed himself, beyond all cavil, in the foremost rank of scientific inventors, and there can be no doubt of the enthusiastic and ungrudging admiration with which his new invention has been received by scientific men. It seldom happens that any particular application of scientific principles is altogether the work of one man. Inventions are rarely sudden, but for the most part grow from insignificant beginnings, and there are but few to which many minds have not contributed. Wireless telegraphy has been no exception. The work of Marconi was preceded, and necessarily preceded, by that of Henry and of Lord Kelvin, of Maxwell and of Hertz, of Branly and of Lodge; and Mr. Marconi has perhaps till now been regarded less as an original inventor than as (what may rank far higher) an enthusiastic and indefatigable worker of indomitable courage who had set himself a task of such obvious difficulty as few scientific men had thought it worth their while to face.

The principal obstacle to the advance of wireless telegraphy has hitherto been bound up with the imperfectly understood and imperfectly controllable nature of a fundamental phenomenon on which the whole thing has depended. The receiver of any wireless message is a long vertical wire whose upper end is insulated and lower end connected with the earth or sea—

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not continuous, but broken in the middle by the insertion of a little glass tube containing a heap of loosely packed metallic filings. This little heap of filings constitutes the "coherer" of Branly. It has a remarkable property. Under ordinary circumstances it has little or no electrical conductivity, and if the terminals of a voltaic cell or battery of cells are connected to the two sides of the heap, no appreciable current will flow. The filings are in fact not really in electric contact with each other but separated, probably, by excessively thin films of non-conducting air. But when electric oscillations, such as are started by a sudden spark-discharge into a similar wire at the distant transmitting station, travel through space up to the long wire, then, if this wire be properly tuned to the oscillations, the electricity in it is set surging up and down, and the separating films are broken down and a true electric contact is established between the filings, so that the local battery connected to the two sides of the heap can now send a current round the local receiving instrument. This current is, however, immediately interrupted again by the action of a mechanical "tapper" which, by shaking, dislocates the connections of the filings. Thus the method of wireless telegraphy is that the sender by means of his spark-discharges, controls from a distance the conductivity of the receiver's circuit and enables the receiver's own battery to give local signals of the "permissions" accorded to it. These permitted, but locally produced signals constitute the message.

All depends on the "coherer"—*i.e.*, on a loose heap of metallic filings; and therein has lain the weakness of the whole system. For it will be easily understood that the mechanical shaking or tapping of the heap does not always produce exactly the same amount of dislocation, so that the electrical conductivity of the coherer is a variable and uncertain quantity, and this interferes with the proper tuning of the receiving wire so as to make it readily respond as a resonator to the electric oscillations which reach it.

The need of removing this difficulty has long been recog-

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nised as an open challenge by electricians. Mr. Marconi has at last succeeded where all others have failed, and he has succeeded, not through a chance discovery, but by a reasoned application of facts and principles already known; by taking, in fact, a logical step which was open to every one to take who had the knowledge of the facts.

He has replaced the coherer by a "magnetic detector," in which he takes advantage of the fact that the responsiveness of iron to a magnetising force is much more immediate when its molecules are influenced by electric surgings in their neighbourhood. If a piece of iron is subjected to a slowly changing magnetising force caused, for example, by the alternate slow approach and recession of a magnetic pole then the magnetisation of the iron follows the changes in the magnetising force; *not immediately*, however, but after an interval, and to this lagging behind on the part of the iron Professor Ewing has given the name of Magnetic Hysteresis. The amount of lag, or lateness, depends on the quality of the iron. The molecules of the iron swing only slowly into their new positions, as if hindered by the drag of a viscous fluid. It had also been shown by Gerosa, Finzi and others that the hindrance was much diminished and the response to the magnetising force was much more immediate if electric surgings were maintained in the neighbourhood of the iron. Also should be mentioned here the well-known fact that any sudden change in the magnetic condition of a bar of iron produces in any coil of wire wrapped round it (technically termed a "secondary" coil) a correspondingly intense and sudden induced current.

By reflecting on these facts Mr. Marconi has been led to interpose in the middle of the long receiving wire, instead of a coherer, a fine insulated copper wire coiled in a single layer round a bar or bundle of iron wires which was subjected to a slowly varying magnetic force, by the slow rotation in front of it of a horseshoe magnet whose N. and S. poles alternately approach and recede from the ends of the bar. When a signal arrives the rapid electrical surgings set up in this wire influence the

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freedom of motion of the molecules of the iron and the magnetic state of the bar suddenly jumps so as to correspond more closely to the changed magnetic force. Each such jump produces an induced current in a second, flat, "secondary" coil wrapped round the bar, and connected to a telephone or other suitable receiver of the message. If the rotating magnet be removed or its rotation stopped the signals are no longer recorded.

The method thus reached by a beautiful chain of reasoning appears to be a complete success; it gets rid of the uncertainties of the coherer, and carries with it the enormous advantage that the receiving wire is now continuous and of constant resistance, so that its adjustment, or "tuning" (on which its sensitiveness as an electric resonator and the possibility of isolating messages depends), can be effected far more accurately and more easily than was previously possible.

On the old system the transmitter by means of his arbitrary spark-discharges was able to control the conductivity, for a local electric current, of a heap of filings hundreds of miles away. On the new one, by means of the same sparks, he controls the mobility of the molecules of an equally or still more distant bar of iron so as to enable them to leap to new positions under the influence of a local magnetising force.

A. M. WORTHINGTON.

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RODIN

THE value of a work of art is proved by its success, and by its success alone. What it means to each man individually as an experience, that is its worth for him. As yet there has been discovered no theory comprehension of which brings success, no law obedience to which must suffice. The life that kindles is not understood.

Reason may and should teach us to respect the success of works of art with other men, even when for us they fail, in proportion as those with whom they succeed offer to us the guarantees of a marked increase in vitality or refinement or nobility drawn from their commerce with such works. It is human to desire to imitate the admirations of great men, of genuine and of successful men; but though we thus perform our duty to the race by adding our individual reverence and respect to the awe with which it worships all forces that have fostered its greatest and most signal souls, we have not shared in the success of a work of art until we too have undergone its quickening and transforming influence—have had our senses bathed in felicity, our minds cleared and freshened, our imaginations enkindled and lifted up.

Rodin's success has been very markedly success with individuals; though it be now not a little swelled by the deference, insensible or ignorant, of hypocritical admirers, yet it rests in a very signal degree on the fact that his works have been real and intimate experiences to a large number of gifted men. In such success with gifted persons originated that reverence now

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consecrated to our received classics; and, when a new success of this kind appears to cut athwart the classical tradition, we need to remember, more than at another time, how that tradition arose; for it is a misuse and degradation of those monumental achievements—our all too scanty sign-posts on the dark roads of the æsthetic country—to ignore their origin, how they were planted, who set them up. Only by the instinctive submission before it of quick and delicate natures has any work grown to be a classic. Though now all—or most men—bow before they feel, it was those who felt and bowed when none expected it of them, who did the work: nor have we any other test of the soundness of their judgment beyond the corroboration it receives from new generations of those who take after them in their capacity for overwhelming impressions. Any theory of æsthetics which forgets that the mastering experiences of finely gifted men are for it what facts are to a scientific hypothesis, will lose its way, will hinder, will blind.

It is beside the point to say that Michael Angelo thought poorly of Flemish art if we have evidence that it has quickened, inspired, and constrained the love of a large number of distinguished souls. It is to degrade art to the level of a theological dogma, to attempt to nail one living admiration to the cross of an authority, even the highest, for "it is impossible to Thought a greater than itself to know"; and therefore the pedant will that strikes the nail is the only authority really appealed to; though in anger it deluge us with citations and traditional reports, its own black brows and foaming lips are the only god its cruel deed propitiates. Let us appeal to authority, but not the authority of words, sentences, and formulas. The authority we must appeal to is the awe which Michael Angelo creates: Does this countermand the decrees of Durer and Rembrandt within you? For you does Phidias ostracise Rodin? And not what each reports of the matter should satisfy us that it is really so; nay, we must watch and see and judge others by ourselves; then shall we know if we have anything in common, or if the only relation between us is one brought about by locality and

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accident. The power which is recognised in an æsthetic success, that is beauty; and wherever that power is there also is beauty, though wit and word fail to define it; real and present to all whom it concerns, behold it live.

When an artist of the importance of M. Rodin is recognised to be working among us, it is a great gain if we can regard him reasonably, with as little bias as possible. Many there will be, doubtless, to constitute themselves the bitter enemies of an innovator of such power; many again whose ardent and ingenuous dispositions will render them his infatuated adulators; but not a few also who recognise that with neither of these two classes does reason often dwell, for both are opposed to free discussion because they desire to see the artist's position settled according to the dictates of their passion; yet it will not lie with either to award to Rodin his final rank, but with slow-moving time.

Where prejudice does not reign what are the difficulties in the way of accepting Rodin, or of condemning him? These questions I would attempt to answer. One objection made to his work I shall set aside, for having seen by far the greatest quantity of it, I can honestly say I have never seen drawing, maquette or finished work, of which the intention appeared to be lewd or improper. I have seen works of art of which the intention was obviously lewd or lascivious, by a great many artists, among whose number there are the very greatest and most reverenced names; but by Rodin I have seen nothing against which I could bring this charge. He has represented lustful, like other passion, but never so far as I am aware other than seriously, without the least suspicion of a desire to incite or entice.

That adroit art critic, Mr. D. S. MacColl, who charmed us all at the Rodin dinner by the hazard and dexterity of his speech on French art, and who may have seemed to figure as the voice of our unfortunate country in this matter—Mr. MacColl has had, or so it appears to me, the misfortune to confuse the points at issue in regard to so much of the greatest living

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sculptor's work as is still seriously contested.[1] He proceeds by dividing sculpture into two schools, that of "still life" and that which strives "to add to form the equivalent of movement, character, and passion." As far as I am able to follow him, all good sculpture, whether Greek, Gothic, of the Renaissance, or of recent years, belongs to the latter school, though there is some mediocre sculpture unspecified, presumably in the former; or does this portentous division really only amount to saying that bad sculpture is not good? And if so, I think, the ignorant might suppose that the sculpture which decorated the last Paris Exhibition (those nymphs tumbling in clouds, shouting through trumpets, and chaotically confused with wings and drapery), could hardly deserve the name of "still-life sculpture"; rather might they deem them to have emanated from the influence and to form the school of Rodin, for he has abundantly bestowed upon us clouds of marble in whose pillowy cavities amorous nudities coil and toy; for such sculpture shares with Rodin's a rapacity for movement, and a delight in proving that though, as Solomon says "God made man upright," he has been under no compulsion to retain that decorous position. But Mr. MacColl will assure them that he was speaking chiefly of the means used to express movement, and that a topsy-turvy naked lady may be produced on what he calls "still-life" principles; but let us hear him further. "The effort by a system of exaggerations and sacrifices to give to the still-life element in drawing a co-efficient of action, passion, and emotion," is "the leaven," he tells us, with which artists like Rodin have been thoroughly leavened. But surely I am right when I point out that the sculpture of the Paris exhibition also substitutes exaggeration and sacrifice for mechanical exactitude. Its most marked characteristic was the way it developed certain features of limb and body and suppressed others; these nymphs were far less like real women or even casts from life than many among M. Rodin's works; and certainly the object of these exaggerations and sacrifices was

[1] See also his paper in the *Saturday Review* for May 17, 1902.

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to create an air of animation and movement. In truth I know not where we shall find the school of still life: bad sculpture is often lifeless, but, on the other hand, it is frequently boisterous. What Mr. MacColl had, I imagine, desired to demonstrate, was that artists like Goya and Rodin are governed by temperament to an unusual degree. And, therefore, they do not so much desire to see with reason's eyes as to express what their own eyes have inflicted upon them, often with ruthless severity. For them the vividness of an impression tends to become its sole value; yet though such vividness is of prime importance to quicken mechanical methods and inert means of expression, so that without it no æsthetic success seems possible, still, as the proper function of art is the service of beauty, more is necessary; and in so far as artists tend to be so absorbed in expression as to undervalue beauty of subject-matter and propriety of address, they must drift towards eccentricity.

Now it is quite safe to say that all true art has employed, more or less systematically, sacrifice and exaggeration, whether its aim has been to represent movement or repose; there is diversity only in what things are sacrificed and what have stress laid on them; therefore it is as meaningless to make this the distinction of one school as it is unnecessary to inform us that bad sculpture is not good. Such criticism, indeed, is merely "worth examining, inasmuch as it is a fair sample of a class of critical dicta everywhere current at the present day, having a philosophical form and air but no basis in fact," and I must beg the reader to bear with me while I examine yet another of these inflated phrases, which, by being pricked, may help us to come at ideas of real importance.

"Call, if you like, the still-life of a beautiful form regarded purely as human ornament the centre: the moment you depart from that, one side or the other [*sic*], to render degrees of human feeling in the moved shape [*sic*] and allow that to affect your modelling, you are embarked on the eccentric course." Was this written without thought or with a smile? For no one, so far as I am aware, ever has liked to call

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"the still-life of a beautiful form, &c.," the centre. Eccentricity and centrality are not opposed in this manner; but, as I suppose these terms to have been best employed hitherto, centrality is applied to a character that yields instinctive service to the most enduring demands of the human spirit; eccentricity to one which disowns or discards some or all of those demands which humanity seems ever bound to attempt the satisfaction of the moment it has earned a little leisure by even the partial satisfaction of its more pressing appetites. Cleanliness, in regard to which Hokusai was eccentric; manners, in regard to which Turner was eccentric; knowledge, in regard to which Keats's well-known saying about the rainbow was eccentric; virtue, in regard to which Verlaine was eccentric; beauty, in respect of which our whole modern civilisation is eccentric. Cleanliness, manners, knowledge, virtue, beauty, these things are aimed at wherever life becomes organised, and in proportion as one passes through the suburbs and approaches the centre of civilised life are aimed at with success. This is why London is still suburban, and why ancient Athens remains in so great a degree the centre of civilisation. London appears to the mind's eye a filthy place as compared with Athens; Lord Salisbury cannot be pictured, advantageously, standing beside Pericles; and in something of the same way Rodin's work may suffer when compared with that of Phidias; but the onus of this rests with us all, and the life we lead, rather than with Lord Salisbury and Rodin.

Perhaps enough is now said to give us as good a notion of what is usually meant by eccentricity as any definition could, and to convince us besides that Mr. MacColl is quite wrong when he assumes that motion and emotion in themselves can be regarded as eccentric, or that the representation of them in sculpture can or has been seriously so regarded. No, the Laocoon fails where the Metopes of the Parthenon succeed; for, with all its ability, it does not convince us of its propriety, but is at once perceived to possess what beauty it has on a lower plane. It is very noteworthy how frequently gifted men

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have been eccentric, and this not only in their life but in their conceptions, so that our race may easily seem to have suffered almost as much by the violence of their reckless sallies in attempting to widen its empire, as it has gained from the inspiration of their energetic example, or by the territories which, as a result of their frequent disasters, have at length been made known. Mr. MacColl admiringly refers to Rodin's "unmatched readiness to go with Nature where she goes," a phrase that very well presents the fallacy that lies at the core of that anarchy everywhere prevalent in journalistic art criticism to-day. Mr. Santayana has dealt a death-blow to these notions, which I cannot now give the space to apply to the present case, more especially as on a former occasion[1] I fitted his arguments to Sir Walter Armstrong's futilities; and besides, it has been evident to all serious thinkers for ages that the object which humanity has at heart is not to go with Nature her way, but to conquer her, and force her to come with it the way it aspires to go.

> Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends;
> Nature and man can never be fast friends,
> Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave!

Lastly, the attempt made by Mr. MacColl to drive in all those who demur before the "Balzac," appeared to me not only out of place in a speech on such an occasion, when all sections of Rodin's admirers were supposed to be gathered together with one accord, not only wanting in delicacy, but based on false assumptions. Surely he should not have ignored that the question asked about the "Balzac" where it is discussed seriously, is not, as he assumed, whether Rodin has the right to express movement and feeling by any means which lie in his power; but whether the movement and feeling which he has expressed are suitable for a public monument; or, again, can marble lend itself to such a treatment of form and on that colossal scale? Indeed, does not the pose seem a little

[1] See the MONTHLY REVIEW for April 1901.

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theatrical for a public monument, and would that treatment not have seemed happier in a statuette? I have dealt at this length with Mr. MacColl's airiness, because, as I have said before, he may well have seemed to figure as the voice of our unfortunate country in this matter, and I hoped that there were among us a sufficient number of those who conceive of these things in a different spirit to make a protest both desirable and welcome.

With the logic and methods by which works of art are produced the public is not concerned, and it helps to underline the suburban note of our art criticism when it indulges in a pseudo-scientific jargon like this. "Thus we get the rhythm A.B.B.A., and the balancing volumes set up a corresponding play of planes." The public is merely concerned with beauty, that is, the power which a work of art possesses of affecting it profoundly and delightfully. The critic's sole business, when he speaks in public, is to call our attention to the works that possess this power and help us to lay hold on those which possess it in a very high degree. Art succeeds, as far as the public is concerned, when it creates an atmosphere exhilarating, refining, or elevating. The technical discussion of works of art in public is indecorous. Such things should be the secrets of the professions and crafts, and guarded with jealousy from the profane ear.

Reynolds, to whom all who write about art in English would do well to go to school, Reynolds says in his discourse on Gainsborough, "we have the sanction of all mankind in preferring genius in a lower rank of art, to feebleness and insipidity in the highest." Instead of labouring for anarchy by denying that one subject has more dignity than another, or asserting that the presentation of vice and disease are as delightful as the presentation of health and virtue, how much wiser would it be to quote from one of those rare souls whose thought resulted in comprehension, and say to any who pedantically insist on the necessary superiority of even a feeble imitation of central masterpieces, "we have the sanction of all

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mankind in preferring genius in a lower rank of art to feebleness and insipidity in the highest." And I think we may see why mankind thus approves whatever shares in a touch of genius with its power of felicitous expression, since, in his loneliness, disheartened by the constant failure of voices to effectively reach him, man recognises that nothing is more re-creative than this unerring and engaging capture of his most intimate comprehension, even though the communication itself should seem worse than trivial. Yes, indeed, the life that kindles is far from being understood. But this is not to say that, when noble, weighty, and beautiful subject-matter is conveyed to him by genius, he does not, or should not, prefer it. All is not equal in nature for human eyes, nor can even genius render squalor the equivalent of beauty, disease of health, or vice of virtue; yet as precious as health, virtue and beauty are is this genial potency for communion, and even affection for its best is perceived to require genius.

But it is claimed for Rodin that he has produced not only works of genius but works of the very highest rank. In my opinion he has. Art moves us both profoundly and delightfully when it creates an Olympian world freed from our daily chains; but it moves us even more powerfully when it shows us the human promise of health and beauty battling with the extreme misery of our conditions, succumbing to them, but dying hard; when it shows them to us respited, breathing, and straightening up, illuminated by a gleam of sunshine on that sombre background; or when it shows them to us purified and ennobled by endurance, fulfilled or carrying with confidence the assurance of fulfilment out from among us. There are works of Rodin which may, if any tragedy can, purge us by subjecting us, freed from personal bias, to the emotions of terror and pity—that may exhilarate us, against the odds, as Œdipus and Othello exhilarate us. Life is so essential to human beauty and victory, that he who imparts such an intense life to every form he creates, who presents age and pain and despair as unalterably alive, is

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for us especially, since he has lived in our times, the lord and revealer of beauty.

I fear to be misunderstood in what I have just written, for it is not alone the main position of human life in regard to circumstance, the representation of which constitutes tragic beauty; the main facts of life's situation are indeed necessary to produce terror or pathos, but beauty they do not suffice for; they constitute but one out of three necessary factors in tragic art. There are besides, the beauties proper to the tools and materials used as a means of expression; without these there is no art of any kind. Lastly, there are those beauties which every living form, however squalid or degraded, shares with all natural objects: the play of light and shadow, the subtle or forcible gradations arising in the aspect of a form in consequence of its structure and surface. These last beauties belong inalienably to life over and above what it may tell of the woes and indignities it has undergone, or of the frustration of its native hopes and aspirations.

All these beauties must be seized in any work that ventures upon the dangerous field where harmonies, allied to those of tragedy, alone can reign; the profoundly absorbing field of our sorrows. For centrality in this field a spirit is demanded akin to that of those through whose eyes humanity has chosen to gaze upon its misfortunes. Rembrandt alone has illustrated the gospels; all other painters, by comparison with him, stop short in theological purlieus. He alone makes misery live like the beggar-maid in the robes of a queen; of tatters he makes more lovely lace, of worn leather fairer than tinselled slippers; for him, as for Rodin, age-bowed backs, toil-wrung limbs, and failure-deadened faces have had the patience of that most choice artificer Time lavished upon them, and are daily cherished and caressed by the god of light.

Turner, a man of the people, unsupported by the traditions of social rank or professional esteem, when he had painted a greater number of landscapes, classical by their dignity and power, than had before existed in the world, entered on a wilderness of

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experiments, an endless journey from which he never returned. Yet those works of his last years are not only proof of the unmatched deftness of his hand and the insatiable curiosity of his eye, they serve, like the voyage of a less fortunate Columbus, to remind us how the call of the undiscovered and unknown is answered by courage and devotion in the realm of beauty as elsewhere. If Rodin has now embarked on such a voyage, as to some of us it may seem probable that he has, we must remember that he also grew up unsupported by the traditions of social rank and professional esteem; that for his eyes, too, the constructive framework of accredited ideas appeared chiefly as an offensive fortress, which he had to storm and take, and if he regards it now with the indifference of a conqueror, and though he should never return to it with other eyes, yet his departure may still mean for us all that Turner's does. The latent anarchy of his professed theories is very different both in its origin and result from that of our anchorless and unseaworthy journalists.

I apprehend, besides, that all the praise that Reynolds, when speaking to art students, bestowed on Gainsborough's habits of work is due to Rodin. His patience, ingenuity, and solicitude never wearied in experimenting with a view to the discovery of new beauties, both with his finished works and works in all degrees of completion, using them as Gainsborough used "broken stones, dried herbs, and pieces of glass" to frame a "kind of model landscapes," using them to discover new arrangements and compositions for future groups and reliefs; and though we might wish that so much of this had not been made public, yet we have to blame the lack of taste and dignity of a journalistic age for this, while we can acknowledge that it bears witness to "the love which he had to his art; to which, indeed, his whole mind appears to have been devoted, and to which everything was referred," for "we certainly know that his passion was not the acquirement of riches but excellence in his art, and to enjoy that honourable fame which is sure to attend it." I am afraid Reynolds went a little too far

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when he said "sure," and the countrymen of Alfred Stevens may have to resign themselves to substituting "which ought to attend it."

Of late years Rodin has produced a goodly number of works of convenience. We may regret that there should be this class of works to be discounted, but we can scarcely blame him, since obviously all the money so gained is employed on the production of works which command at the very least our respect for their sincerity.

Certainly we have no right to scoff at him as Mr. MacColl has thought proper to scoff[1] at our great veteran artist Watts for devoting so much of his work to the illustration of well-meant allegories. I venture to assert that none of those allegories are more futile than a certain colossal hand of the Creator, which Rodin has represented holding up a lump of marble in the hollow of which a little Adam cuddles his Eve; or more pretentious than a certain column of cloud and rock and half evolved nymphs surmounted by a Corinthian capital, on the top of which a head is tilted forward as in brooding, and which Rodin has entitled "The Poet and Life"; for false literary motive and lack of constructive propriety it would be hard to surpass either of these. And perhaps their marketableness, however valid as an excuse, is not really so honourable as the well-meant solicitude of Watts for the edification of his fellow creatures. Yet it is not for us to reproach Rodin or Watts with these things, which the evident misery of the life in which too many of us contentedly idle, has wrung from the one in pity, from the other in seeking the wherewithal to continue his serious work. Be it ours to revere these open-handed creators who have bestowed on their respective nations so many and such priceless possessions, and both of whom have lived down swarms of petty decriers, and now only from time to time suffer some captious onslaught which teases us rather than them.

T. Sturge Moore.

[1] See the *Saturday Review* for May 24, 1902.

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A PORTRAIT OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

THOSE great men of the past, whose names and fame are commonly remembered among us, do not all enjoy a like prestige. Some are remembered for their writings, some for their deeds, some by the accident of the position they held upon the human stage—very few for their characters, their life, for having been the men they were. Who forms in his mind a picture of Plato as a man of flesh and blood? Who does not so think of Socrates? The one is lost in his writings; the other still lives, a picturable personality. Among the great men we so picture, Francis of Assisi is still one of the most alive. His sermons are forgotten, but not the way he spoke. The manner of his living, the kind of things he said, his attitude towards other men, his view of life, his line of conduct, how he looked, what he wore, how he bore himself, the effect his personality produced on others—all these aspects of the living man are as discoverable to-day as if he were living among us. Why this should be the case is not hard to say. Francis in his life-time affected his contemporaries not so much by his notions as by his personality. He had such a winning way with him that most men yielded to the spell of his presence. When they left him they talked not about his ideas, but about him. They told one another what he had looked like, what kind of a person he was, what he had done rather than what he had said. His actions gained him a following; he did not set

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out to enlist followers to enable him to act. His order formed itself in spite of him.

Hence we possess personal descriptions of Francis, and countless contemporary tales of what he did, and how he behaved, written down at a time when such chronicling of an individual's doings was rare. He even described himself. The most detailed literary portrait of Francis is that written by his follower, Thomas of Celano, who says that

> he was of a cheerful countenance and kindly expression, neither shy nor bold. He was rather below middle height, his head of medium size and round; the face at once long and projecting; the forehead small and flat; the eyes of medium size, black, and candid; the hair black; the eyebrows straight; the nose thin, symmetrical, and straight; the ears small and protruding; the temples flat. His speech was kindly, yet ardent and incisive; his voice strong, sweet, clear, and resonant; his teeth close, regular, and white; lips well-formed and fine; beard, black and straggly; neck thin; shoulders straight; arms short; hands delicate; fingers long, with nails projecting; legs thin; feet small; skin delicate; and very little flesh.

There are details enough here to enable us to picture the man, to some extent at any rate, as his fellows saw him. The literary art of the day was powerfully affected by the Franciscan movement. Under that influence it became descriptive; it paid attention to the aspect of nature and of man; it descended to details; it found a new interest in the external world. Franciscan poetry was one of the results of this impulse. Another result was the Franciscan legend such as we find it in the "Little Flowers of St. Francis," or the Christian story as told in the fascinating *Meditationes Vitæ Christi*.

The literary art then was far ahead of the pictorial in Italy. Italian painters contemporary with St. Francis were a poor lot. Some of them carried on late classical Roman traditions. The best were Greeks, trained in the Byzantine schools, who came to exercise their art in Italy; and the best of these Greeks at that time was one Melormus, whose works are all destroyed or gone—forgotten. The fact that he painted a portrait of St. Francis was noted some years ago by

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Professor Thode, the historian of Franciscan art, in his excellent book.[1]

Wadding, in his well-known "Annales Minorum,"[2] after quoting Thomas of Celano's description of the saint, which is translated above, continues:

Pisanus and Ridolphus transcribe with slight changes this same description of the holy man; and it is confirmed by the old portraits of him by Melormus, a Greek painter, who was most famous at that time. He painted them at the command of the Count of Monte Acuto while the holy man was motionless in prayer.

This must have happened in the year 1212, when St. Francis stayed in the house of the said Count at Florence.

Professor Thode at the time of writing could find no trace of this picture or of any copies of it. Such copies at one time existed in considerable numbers, for St. Francis' admirers were fond of possessing a portrait of him. Thode knew of the former existence of one such copy that was recorded as being at Bergamo in 1775, but had disappeared. Attention having thus been called to this lost portrait of St. Francis by Melormus, it has been carefully looked for but the original has not been discovered. It no doubt represented the saint without a nimbus and without the *stigmata*. The copies made after Francis' death and canonisation would have both these additions. Such copies have been found. One is in my own possession. A better one is in the gallery of Pisa, and a photograph of that accompanies this notice. Possibly, it may enable some reader to point out one of the lost originals, for it is clear that Melormus painted several.

Evidently it is not a good portrait, nor is it, perhaps, even a good copy; but it manifests something, at any rate, of the Byzantine character of the original, and it is plainly the likeness of a definite person, not a mere invention. My own copy,

[1] *Franz von Assisi und die Anfänge der Kunst der Renaissance in Italien* (von Henry Thode. Berlin: 1885), p. 84. His reference to Wadding is incorrect. It should be i. 122, not i. 212.

[2] "Rome," 1731, fol., vol. i. p. 122.

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Copy (now at Pisa) of the last portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, painted by *Melanzone* in 1512

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Original from

which is in very bad condition, shows the figure of the saint down to the waist, and the left hand holding the book. It also makes the face somewhat broader. In both Francis is seen blessing, as was his wont when he met a person or entered a house. It must be admitted that the cheerful countenance and kindly expression mentioned by Thomas of Celano are wanting, but here are the long face, the small forehead, the black eyes and hair, the thin, symmetrical, straight nose, the well-formed, fine lips, the straggly black beard, the thin neck, and the long fingers, which we are told belonged to Francis.

All the other so-called portraits of St. Francis which exist differ *in toto* both from this one and from the description. Gradually, as time went on, an imaginary St. Francis was constructed by Italian painters till a typical likeness emerged. But that typical likeness does not resemble the man as he actually was. One can easily recognise the Francis of Italian art, just as one can recognise the Peter or the Paul; but the typical Francis of the painters was no more like the real Francis than were the typical Peter and Paul like the real Peter and Paul. In the image here photographed we possess a dim likeness of the real Francis. With a little goodwill it is even possible to think that one beholds through it a semblance of the shadow of the man himself.

MARTIN CONWAY.

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RODOLPHE TÖPFFER:

DRAUGHTSMAN, HUMORIST, AND SCHOOLMASTER

IN the sentimental "thirties" there cannot have been many people, among the admirers of a certain Genevan schoolmaster, who foresaw that his fame would be carried down, not by the handful of short stories of a sentimentality quite in keeping with the taste of the time, but by half a dozen oblong volumes of tales in which the vehicle of caricature was used with all the felicity of a genuine impromptu. M. Vieuxbois, M. Crépin, and the rest, seem to have been created before the eyes of their author's pupils to beguile the long winter evenings, and their adventures to have been literally invented on the spur of the moment. But for an incurable affection of the eyesight, Rodolphe Töpffer or Topffer—he seems not to have been quite sure himself whether he preferred his name spelt with or without the dots—would have been a professional painter, like his father before him; we may guess that his taste would have been for landscape, and that his colouring would have been inferior to his drawing. The grounds for this assumption are not merely that the single example of his work in colour to be found in the British Museum is very far below the level of his outline work, but that in a couple of delightful volumes of "Réflexions et Menus-Propos d'un Peintre Génevois," he shows unmistakable preference for the art of

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design as compared with that of colour. These reflections, which set out to be an essay on the art of drawing in Indian ink, were put together in Töpffer's spare time during no less than twelve years, and were then not finished. They treat of things in general and the painter's art in particular, in a rambling, desultory style that has a distinct charm of its own. Surely the art that consists in concealing all semblance of premeditation has never been more skilfully used since the days of Sterne, a writer whom Töpffer closely resembles in spite of certain great differences. Southey's "Doctor," that massive masterpiece of digression, cannot compare with Töpffer's work in this direction, and the Swiss schoolmaster has some of Sterne's charming way of disarming criticism by naïve confession. Here is his preface to the first of the seven books of the *Réflexions:*

> Je fais un traité du lavis à l'encre de Chine. Ceci en est le premier livre. Il était fini quand je me suis aperçu qu'il n'y était question ni de lavis ni d'encre de Chine. Mai je ne puis manquer d'en parler dans les livres qui vont suivre. En attendant, je dépose celui-ci dans mes menus-propos; c'est le coffre où je jette toutes mes paperasses. De là, il ira plus tard rejoindre ses frères, à moins que ceux-ci ne viennent l'y joindre.

The first four books of the series were contributed to the "Bibliothèque universelle de Genève," and won for the author the friendship of Xavier de Maistre, who recognised a kindred spirit, and encouraged Töpffer to give himself up more completely to literature. It was characteristic of the writer of the "Voyage autour de ma chambre," that he sent Töpffer a stick of veritable *encre de Chine*, and generously acknowledged the younger man as his literary disciple and heir.

Rodolphe Töpffer was born at Geneva in 1799, and soon after 1820, when he spent some time in Paris, began his career as a schoolmaster; his first essay in literature was made in 1826, when he published a criticism on an exhibition of pictures at Geneva, following it up with articles which were afterwards incorporated in the "Réflexions," already mentioned. The

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Academy of his native place appointed him professor of *belles-lettres* in 1832, and he died in 1846.

In the present day Töpffer's literary work seems hardly worthy of the admiration bestowed on it by such men as De Maistre and Sainte-Beuve, the latter of whom wrote a long eulogy, which was reprinted as a preface to the posthumous editions of Töpffer's last work, a very sentimental novel, "Rosa et Gertrude." The eminent critic was right as far as contemporary opinion went, for not only this, but Töpffer's earlier essays in fiction, enjoyed a surprising degree of success. They were translated into English and German, and the British Museum, though very poor in the books by which the author's name best deserves to be remembered, is rich in his merely literary productions. One of his most charming books is the "Voyages en Zigzag," an evidently authentic account of the journeys which he undertook every summer, from 1827 to 1842, in company with his pupils and Madame Töpffer. No wonder that when such pleasant walking-tours were arranged for the summer, and such amusing picture-books were brought into existence before their very eyes in the winter evenings, the pupils were reluctant to go home for the holidays. The account of the summer tours, like the volume of short stories collected under the title of "Nouvelles Génevoises," is illustrated by many vignettes in the text and full-page engravings after the author's own designs. Although the full-page illustrations have not as a rule the same spontaneity as the smaller pictures, there is a charming design called *Une Halte*, which shows us a picnic luncheon by the side of a mountain stream; Töpffer himself lies on one bank, with another man, probably a guide, smoking beside him; on the opposite bank Madame Töpffer, in a poke-bonnet and ample cloak, is seen unpacking a somewhat attenuated ham from a large clothes-basket, from which have already been taken numerous round loaves of bread of immense size and plenty of bottles of wine. The provisions have evidently been brought on the backs of two donkeys who graze behind the schoolmaster and the guide.

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The boys, of whom there are seventeen in all, get water from the stream, and it is a comfort to see that neither they nor their master are obliged to wear the top-hat, which goes with the strictest propriety through the alpine scenes of "Nouvelles Génevoises." This collection of stories includes all Töpffer's other literary works except "Rosa et Gertrude," "La Presbytère," the "Réflexions," and a posthumous volume of "Mélanges." The first of the series, "La Bibliothèque de mon Oncle," is one of the most charming, though it has not much in it by way of story, and in most of the others it is clear that story-telling for its own sake did not appeal very strongly to Töpffer. This autobiographical sketch, as it seems to be, shows, what Töpffer's best works most rarely show, a feeling for human beauty, in the youth whose regular if effeminate features, and long hair, are represented in every sort of circumstance. "L'Héritage" and "La Traversée" obtained the admiration of Saint-Beuve; in "Le Grand Saint-Bernard" and "La Peur" there is a fantastic touch not unworthy of Hoffmann; but "Elise et Widmer" is a terribly sentimental affair.

The reproduction and publication of the caricature-stories was insisted on by an earlier admirer of Töpffer's than either Sainte-Beuve or Xavier de Maistre, no less a person than Goethe, who chanced to see the originals of some of them soon after they were finished. Five books, "Vieux-Bois," "Jabot," "Festus," "Pencil," and "Crépin," were reproduced by the author himself, and were subsequently published by Aubert, of Paris; another, "M. Cryptogame," was issued in 1845, by Dubochet, of Paris, but was much more roughly reproduced. On the covers of some of the volumes appear the names of other caricature-stories, as we may suppose, but there is no reason to assume that they are genuine works of Töpffer, although a "Histoire d'Albert," and an "Essai sur la Physiognomie," are mentioned in De La Rive's notice of the author prefixed to "Rosa et Gertrude." Töpffer has a special felicity in drawing, whether by word or line, a certain most agreeable type of old

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gentleman who goes through life full of curiosity and anxiety to improve himself, yet as unsuspicious and innocent as a child. M. Bernier, the Genevan pastor, who, in "Rosa et Gertrude," befriends the two heroines in a succession of misfortunes, and who tells their melancholy story, is of the same race as M. Prévère of "La Presbytère," and the elderly heroes who encounter such surprising adventures in the caricature-books. It may be that M. Pencil, whose acquaintance I have not the honour to possess, is of another type; but all the rest have a strong family likeness, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that they are of the lineage of Uncle Toby, the race that in later years has produced M. Jérome Coignard and M. Bergeret. M. Jabot at the ball; M. Vieuxbois, ever ardent in the pursuit of the stout, but elusive, "objet aimé"; M. Crépin with his children; M. Fadet, the master of deportment, and more than one of the various tutors engaged by M. Crépin; M. Festus, eagerly undertaking his "voyage d'instruction"; and M. Cryptogame, as anxious to escape the toils of matrimony as M. Vieuxbois is to enter them—all of these have the same keenness in the pursuit of their desires, and the same guileless, open minds.

The shortest, but not the least amusing of the set of books, is, "l'histoire véritable de M. Jabot, et comme quoi, rien que par ses manières comme il faut, et sa bonne tenue, il sut réussir dans le monde." It contains the adventures of the gentleman at a ball, and, after every one of them, like the refrain of a ballad, M. Jabot "se remet en position." An admirable incident of conversation is inscribed, "M. Jabot croit avoir témoigné par sa pose autant que par un léger jeu de physionomie, qu'il saisit à merveille la pensée d'une dame qui s'embrouille." The face of the puzzled lady is admirable, though a mistake seems to have been made with her chin; the hero's attentive attitude is inimitable. When the galop begins, M. Jabot, having no partner, tries to obliterate himself, but he backs into a violoncellist with sad results. A few minutes afterwards, he backs again, this time into a tray full of glasses of negus; he obligingly gets on a chair to snuff a candle, the chair is whirled

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away, and he is left hanging on the wall by his wrist; after recovering himself, he is somehow entangled with the dancers and is carried round the room in the course of the galop. He becomes involved in various differences of opinion with other guests, and finds himself engaged to fight five duels; subsequently he buys three dogs, which bring about an acquaintance with a marquise in the next room, who owns a fat pug. The adventures of the neighbours and their dogs are very diverting, and the well-behaved M. Jabot is at last made happy with his marquise.

If M. Jabot, "qui se remet en position," has given one phrase to the French language, M. Vieuxbois, "qui change de linge" continually, has provided another allusion which even now is not uncommonly met with. This habit of changing his linen is indulged in after each of his many attempts at suicide, for whenever anything goes wrong in the course of his love affair with a nameless "objet aimé," life becomes intolerable to M. Vieuxbois, and with great determination he proceeds to make away with himself (see the first of our illustrations). Playing the violoncello and retiring into desert places are among the less summary methods to which he occasionally resorts; and at times he is permitted by the author to carry off "l'objet aimé" for some little distance. Many misadventures by land and water befall the lovers; there is a hated rival for the lady's hand, who is worse than drowned, for he gets entangled in a mill-wheel, with which he revolves for many pages together, being always represented in the course of his revolution on each page successively, just to keep the reader in mind that he is still going round.

Töpffer's experiences as a schoolmaster gave him plenty of material, and it is perhaps this which makes one of the funniest of the books also the most bulky. Long before the eleven sons of M. Crépin have finished the education they derive from a number of preceptors, the reader has begun to wonder how many more pictures there are still to be looked at. Mme. Crépin is easily persuaded to engage a master of deport-

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ment, the priceless M. Fadet, for the elder boys, while their father prefers M. Bonichon's method of teaching by experiments in natural science, which offend the cook sadly. The success of M. Fadet's lessons is so conspicuous that all the elder Crépins behave with exemplary propriety. They have been told that when any "incongruité" takes place in company, one should feign to admire the view; one day their father sneezes into the soup at dinner, whereupon these well-mannered lads rush with one accord to the window and gaze from it in the exact attitude they have learnt from the master, who remains at table with the gratified parents. The latter part of the book is taken up with the study of phrenology under a Professor Craniose, who, like most of his predecessors, comes to a bad end; Fadet, for example, ties his cravat so tightly that he chokes. The figure of Fadet is one of the most successful in all Töpffer's gallery; he is dapper, faultlessly dressed, and has a lock of hair trained perpendicularly from his head, curving over in front, and untouched by all that he goes through. Even in the agonies of death the lock remains as it has always been. Mme. Crépin's long feathers make a suitable counterpart to M. Fadet's curl.

It might be maintained that more things happen in "Dr. Festus" than in any of the other books. It is like a novel by Smollett in its redundancy of adventure and in the character of one or two of them, which are perhaps a little highly spiced for the present age. He starts on mule-back for a "grand voyage d'instruction," but the saddle slips round with him and he finishes his ride in such a position that he obtains no material for the book he intends to write concerning what he observes. Throughout the book the poor doctor is carried, now in a lady's box, now in the trunk of a tree, now in a telescope, and again in a sack, from one adventure to another, finally returning home with nothing but a shirt to his back. His journey in the tree-trunk is the subject of the second of our illustrations. There is a "milord anglais" who is separated from "milady" for a great part of the story, and for a consider-

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able time divested also of his raiment; there is a delightful "maire," who is forced to disguise himself in a variety of costumes belonging to one sex or the other, while his own official uniform is worn by nearly all the other characters, including milady; and the uniform is always followed about by a "force armée," consisting of a very awkward squad of two diverting persons who, on one occasion, present arms "avec une étonnante précision" to the uniform as it dangles on a tree, being for the moment unoccupied by any wearer. Even when Dr. Festus with it on him is launched to a prodigious distance in the air, owing to his having attached himself to the sail of a windmill, "la force armée suit l'habit." The aerial gyrations of the three bring about a very pleasant skit on the astronomical professors of several nations.

M. Cryptogame is an entomologist, who at an early stage of the story becomes convinced that the fair "Elvire, agée de 86 ans," will not make him happy. He is represented writing her a letter of eternal farewell, sitting with a remarkably knowing smile, with two butterflies pinned on the top of his tall hat, and a net beside him. Elvire finds the letter, and tries various cajolements to regain him, including the singing of the "grand air de *Didon*"; he embarks for the New World, but finds Elvire on the same vessel. After several efforts to escape, he proposes a game of blind-man's buff, in the course of which he plunges into the sea, Elvire after him, the captain after her, followed by the crew, the live-stock, and, lastly, the rats, "par esprit d'imitation." An Algerian brig captures the empty ship, and rescues every one except M. Cryptogame, who takes refuge on an island, which of course turns out to be a whale. In the interior of the whale he finds "un docteur qui pêche à la ligne dans le courant digestif"; and before long a new batch of human beings is washed down, among them a "belle provençale" of very ample proportions, whom Cryptogame proceeds to marry; but the subsequent festivities so upset the whale's digestion that most of the party are cast into the sea once more, and are saved by a Neapolitan ship, leaving the bridegroom and the piscatorial

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doctor inside. The whale is harpooned within the Arctic circle, and on emerging into the unaccustomed climate, the two companions freeze into solid blocks. Some Norwegian whale-fishers, taking the doctor and M. Cryptogame on board their ship, meet and capture the Algerian brig that contains Elvire, who, like the Moorish crew, has also been frozen; she and they are passed up a most diverting rope-ladder from one vessel to the other, as the captors think they will be able to sell the frozen crew to great advantage in Spain to the "entrepreneurs d'auto-da-fé." Elvire's behaviour as soon as she begins to thaw is very remarkable: she is seized by an old Turk, but catching him by the beard, she twirls him round her head, and finally flings him into the sea; and M. Cryptogame and the doctor, now melted, are compelled to wear turbans instead of hats, the entomologist appearing with his eternal pair of butterflies pinned outside his turban. Elvire has one of her constitutional "crises," induced by the doctor's admiration, and she starts in pursuit of the faithless Cryptogame round a mast; by degrees the whole *personnel* of the ship is hurrying round the mast with the animals (not forgetting the rats) at their heels, till the rotary motion is at length imparted to the very ship. This marine wonder is observed from the shores of Africa by the dey of Algiers, who puts all his wise men to death for not knowing what the spinning ship is; shortly afterwards a general conflagration and the escape of the dey's lions drive the whole nation into the sea, and the extent of the disaster is indicated by a picture of a great number of turbans floating on the surface of the water. Once more M. Cryptogame, Elvire, and the doctor are picked up, this time by the Neapolitan ship containing the "belle provençale," who, on seeing her bridegroom, "lui saute au cou." The discovery of M. Cryptogame's marriage brings on the "fin malheureuse d'Elvire, qui à l'ouïe de ces seules paroles, éclate de jalousie et de rage." The final revelation of the Provençale as a widow with eight fine-grown children does not appear to blight M. Cryptogame's prospect of happiness.

In spite of the wildly impossible and too numerous adven-

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tures of M. Cryptogame, his biography cannot compare with those of Vieuxbois or Jabot, and even these might have been more effective than they are if their author had possessed just one more gift, that of planning a story from beginning to end. All Töpffer's work suffers from the same fault, a fault which is of course easy to excuse in books that were veritable impromptus. In "Rosa et Gertrude," the miseries of the girls are piled up as if to fill out the required amount of space; but there is no adequate reason why they should ever have been subjected to such trials, and their troubles are so unrelieved that the book is not very easy reading. Several of the short stories have good ideas, but very few are carried out with any great degree of skill. It is in the planning of his story, not in the details, that Töpffer falls short. Many a sentence of M. Bernier's is admirably just and finely felt; but the lack of the story-teller's skill cannot be concealed, and the appeal of the author's work as a whole is mainly to the young, or to those whose sense of humour is robust enough to carry them through a whole series of unconnected adventures.

As a draughtsman, his skill in rendering various expressions while keeping the likeness of his character is very remarkable, and one always feels that he has managed to "hit off" exactly what he has imagined. He is a master of line, and every touch tells; he has the feeling for landscape, and all his books abound in charming little bits of scenery, though few have so elaborate a design as that of the illustration reproduced above, in which M. Festus is carried in the trunk of a tree. It is obvious that the hind wheels of the cart do not run quite true with the front wheels, and the purist in matters of drawing may often find similar fault, but the whole scene is treated with the hand of a genuine lover of nature, and a strong instinct for the charms of a typically French landscape.

Individual tastes in humour differ perhaps more widely than in anything else; and it is worse than useless to try to persuade

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people that a thing is funny if they do not see it for themselves. It may have been a sense of this wide difference which made Töpffer prefix to all his caricature-stories the same preface: "Va, petit livre, et choisis ton monde; car, aux choses folles, qui ne rit pas, bâille; qui ne se livre pas, résiste; qui raisonne, se méprend, et qui veut rester grave en est maître."

J. A. Fuller Maitland.

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WEST IRISH FOLK BALLADS

I HAD often been asked, and often wondered, why our Irish people, so rich in the instinct and the temperament of poetry, should be comparatively poor in songs and ballads. For, except the political ballads of '48, and the "Come all ye's" of streets and markets of to-day, there are but few songs in the English tongue that can be said to belong to the people. And I only knew the Irish ballads in translations, and fine as are some of the translations of Callinan, Walsh, Ferguson, and, above all, Mangan, they have lost so much of the folk quality in the change of language that they hardly give the impression of having come straight from peasant lips.

I am sorry to confess that it was only a few years ago, when Douglas Hyde published his literal translations of Connaught love-songs, that I realised that while I had been searching from year to year the columns of nationalist papers for some word of poetic promise, the people about me had been keeping up the lyrical tradition that existed in Ireland before Chaucer's time, and were still singing of love and sorrow and the lesser incidents of life in the language that has been pushed by degrees nearer and nearer to the steep western seaboard, the edge of the world. "Eyes have we but we see not, ears have we but we do not understand;" many besides myself who have spent a lifetime in Ireland must make this confession.

The ballads to be gathered now are but the remnants of a once great lyric literature. The rest was swept away

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in this last century, in the merciless sweeping away of the Irish tongue and of all that was bound up with it, by England's will, by Ireland's need, by blind official pedantry.

To give an idea of the ballads of to-day, I will not quote from the translations of Douglas Hyde or Dr. Sigerson, for these can be read in their books; I will give instead a few of the more homely ballads still sung and composed by the people and, as far as I know, not hitherto translated.

Those I have heard since I have begun to look for them in the cottages are for the most part sad, but not long ago I heard a girl sing a merry one, in a joyful, mocking tone, about a boy on the mountain, who neglected the girls of his village to run after a strange girl from Galway, and the girls of the village were vexed, and they made a song about him. And he went to Galway after her, and there she laughed at him, and said he had never gone to school or to the priest, and she would have nothing to do with him. So then he went back to the village and asked the smith's daughter to marry him, but she said she would not and that he might go back to the strange girl from Galway. Another song I have heard was a lament over a boy and a girl who had run away to America, and on the way the ship went down. And when they were going down they began to be sorry that they were not married, and to say that if the priest had been at home when they went away they would have been married, but they hoped that when they were drowned it would be the same with them as if they were married. And I heard another lament made for three boys who had lately been drowned in Galway Bay. It is the mother who is making it, and she tells how she lost her husband, the father of her three boys, and then she married again and they went to sea and were drowned, and she wouldn't mind about the others so much but it is the eldest boy, Peter, she is fretting for. And I have heard one song that had a great many verses and was about "a poet that was dying, and he confessing his sins."

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The first ballad I will quote is about sorrow and defeat and death, for sorrow is never far from song in Ireland, and the names best praised and kept in memory are of those

> Lonely antagonists of destiny
> That went down mournful under many spears;
> Who soon as we are born are straight our friends,
> And live in simple music, country songs,
> And mournful ballads by the winter fire.[1]

In this simple lament, the type of a great many, only the first name of the young man it was made for is given. It is likely the people of his own place know still to what family he belonged, but I have only heard he was "some Connaught man that was hanged in Galway," and it is made clear it was for some political crime he was hanged, by the suggestion that if he had been tried nearer his own home "in the place he had a right to be," the issue would have been different, and by the allusion to "the Galls," the English.

It was bound fast here you saw him and you wondered to see him, our fair-haired Donough, and he after being condemned. There was a little white cap on him in place of a hat, and a hempen rope in place of a neckcloth.

I am after walking here all through the night, like a young lamb in a great flock of sheep; my breast open, my hair loosened out; and how did I find my brother but stretched out before me!

The first place I cried my fill was at the top of the lake; the second place was at the foot of the gallows; the third place was at the head of your dead body, among the Galls, and my own head as if cut in two.

If you were with me in the place you had a right to be, down in Sligo or down in Ballinrobe, it is the gallows would be broken, it is the rope would be cut; and fair-haired Donough going home by the path.

O fair-haired Donough, it is not the gallows was fitting for you, but to be going to the barn, to be threshing out the straw; to be turning the plough to the right hand and to the left; to be putting the red side of the soil uppermost.

O fair-haired Donough, O dear brother! It is well I know who it was took you away from me; drinking from the cup, putting a light to the pipe, and walking in the dew in the cover of the night.

O Michael Malley, O scourge of misfortune! My brother was no calf of a

[1] Stephen Phillips.

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vagabond cow, but a well-shaped boy on a height or a hillside, to knock a low pleasant sound out of a hurling stick.

And fair-haired Donough, is not that the pity, you that would carry well a spur or a boot; I would put clothes in the fashion on you from cloth that would be lasting; I would send you out like a gentleman's son.

O Michael Malley, may your sons never be in one another's company; may your daughters never ask a marriage portion of you; the two ends of the table are empty, the house is filled, and fair-haired Donough, my brother, is stretched out.

There is a marriage portion coming home for Donough; but it is not cattle nor sheep nor horses, but tobacco and pipes and white candles, and it will not be begrudged to them that will use it.

The idea of the "marriage portion," the provision for the wake, being brought home for the dead boy, gives this lament a touch of extreme pathos.

It is chiefly in Aran, and on the opposite Connemara coast, that Irish ballads are still being made as well as sung. The little rock islands of Aran are fit strongholds for the threatened language, breakwaters of Europe, taking as they do the first onset of an ocean "that hath no limits nearer than America." The fishermen go out in their thin canvas curraghs to win a living from the Atlantic, or painfully carry loads of sand and seaweed to make the likeness of an earth plot on the bare rock. The Irish coast seems far away, the setting sun very near. When a sea fog blots out the mainland for a day, a feeling grows that the island may have slipped anchor, and have drifted into unfamiliar seas. And the fishermen are not the only dwellers upon the islands; they are the home, the chosen resting-place of "the Others," the fairies, the fallen angels, the mighty *Sidhe*. From here they sweep across the sea, invisible, or taking at pleasure the form of a cloud, of a full-rigged ship, of a company of policemen, of a flock of gulls. Sometimes they only play with mortals, sometimes they help them. But often, often, the fatal touch is given to the first-born child, or to the young man in his strength, or the girl in her beauty, or the young mother in her pride, and the call is heard to leave the familiar fireside life for the whirling, vain, unresting life of the irresistible host.

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It is perhaps because of the very mistiness and dreaminess of their surroundings, the almost unearthly silences, the fantasy of story and of legend that lies about them, that the people of Aran and the Galway coast seem almost to shrink from imaginative subjects in their fireside songs, and choose rather to dwell upon the incidents of daily life. It is in the songs of the fat green plains of Munster that the depths of passion and heights of idealism have been found.

It is at weddings that songs are most in use in the West, even the saddest not being thought out of place, or at the evening cottage gathering, while the pipe, lighted at the turf fire, is passed from one hand to another. Here is one that is a great favourite, though very simple, and somewhat rugged in metre, but it touches on the chief interests of a coast dweller's or an islander's life, emigration, death by drowning, the land jealousy. It is called "a sorrowful song that Bridget O'Malley made." She tells in it of her troubles at the Boston factory, of her lasting sorrow for her drowned brothers, and her as lasting anger against her sister's husband. She sent it home from America, for Aran, as the people say, is "a nursery for America," and they are not afraid of the voyage or the busy, noisy life, but only hope they may come back at last to be buried in the "clean graveyard" at home.

Do you remember, neighbours, the day I left the white strand? I did not find any one to give me advice, or to tell me not to go. But with the help of God, as I have my health, and the help of the King of Grace, whichever State I will go to, I will never turn back again.

Do you remember, girls, that day long ago when I was sick, and when the priest said, and the doctor, that with care I would come through? I got up after, I went to work at the factory, until Sullivan wrote a letter that put me down a step.

And Bab O'Donell rose up, and put a shawl about her; she went to the office till she got work for me to do; there was never a woman I was with that would not shake hands with me; now I am at work again, and no thanks to Sullivan.

It is a great shame to look down on Ireland, and I think myself it is not right; for the potatoes are growing in the gardens there, and the women

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milking the cows. That is not the way in Boston, but you may earn it or leave it there; and if the man earns a dollar, the woman will be out drinking it.

My curse on the curraghs, and my blessing on the boats; my curse on that hooker that did the treachery; for it was she snapped away my four brothers from me, and best they were that ever could be found. But what does Kelly care, so long as himself is in their place?

My grief on you my brothers, that did not come again to land; I would have put a boarded coffin on you out of the hand of the carpenter; the young women of the village would have keened you, and your people and your friends; and is it not Bridgid O'Malley you left miserable in the world?

It is very lonely after Pat and Tom I am, and in great trouble for them, to say nothing of my fair-haired Martin that was drowned long ago; I have no sister, and I have no other brother, no mother, my father weak and bent down, and O God, what wonder for him!

My curse on my sister's husband; for it was he made the boat; my own curse again on himself and on his tribe. He married my sister on me, and he sent my brothers to death on me, and he came himself into the farm that belonged to my father and my mother!

Another little emigration song, very simple and charming, tells of the return of a brother from America. He finds his pretty brown sister, his "cailin deas donn," gathering rushes in a field, but she does not know him, and after they have exchanged words of greeting he asks where her brother is, and she says, "Beyond the sea." Then he asks if she would know him again, and she says she would surely; and he asks by what sign, and she tells of a mark on his white neck. When she finds it is her brother who is there and speaking to her, she cries out, "Kill me on the spot," meaning that she is ready to die with joy.

This is the lament of a woman whose bridegroom was drowned as he was rowing the priest home on the wedding-day:

I am a widow and a maid, and I very young; did you hear my great grief, that my treasure was drowned? If I had been in the boat that day, and my hand on the rope, my word to you, O'Reilly, it is I would have saved your sorrow.

Do you remember the day the street was full of riders, and of priests and friars and all talking of the wedding-feast. The fiddle was there in the middle,

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and the harp answering to it; and twelve mannerly women to bring my love to his bed.

But you were of those three that went across to Kilcomin ferrying Father Peter, who was three and eighty years old; if you came back within a month itself, I would be well content; but is it not a pity I to be lonely, and my first love in the waves.

I would not begrudge you, O'Reilly, to be kinsman to a king; white bright courts around you, and you lying at your ease; a quiet well learned lady to be settling out your pillow; but it is a fine thing you to die from me, when I had given you my love entirely.

It is no wonder a broken heart to be with your father and your mother; the white-breasted mother that crooned you, and you a baby; your wedded wife, O thousand treasures, that never set out your bed, and the day you went to Trabawn, how well it failed you to come home.

Your eyes are with the eels and your lips with the crabs; and your two white hands under the sharp rule of the salmon. Five pounds I would give to him who would find my true love. Ohone! it is you are a sharp grief to young Mary ny Curtain!

Some men and women who were drowned in the river Corrib on their way to a fair at Galway in the year 1820 have their names still remembered in a ballad. Mary Ruane, "that you would stand in a fair to look at, the best dressed woman in the place;" John Cosgrave, "the best a woman ever reared; your mother thought that if a hundred were drowned your swimming would take the sway." But the boat went down, and "when I got up early on Friday, I heard the keening and the clapping of hands with the women that were drowsy and tired after the night there without doing anything but laying out the dead."

Here is a little song of daily life in which a girl laments the wanderings and the covetous hunger of her cow:

It is following after the white cow I spent last night; and indeed all I got by it was the bones of an old goose.

It's what she is wanting, is the three islands of Aran for herself, Erisbeg that is in Maimen, and the glens of Maam Cross; all round about Oughterard, and the hills that are below it; John Blake's farm where she often does be bellowing; and as far as Ballinamuca, where the long grass is growing; and it's in the wood of Barna she'd want to spend her life.

And when I was sore with walking through the dark hours of the night,

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it's the water-guard came crying after her, and he maybe with a bit of her i his mouth!

The little sarcastic hit at the coastguard, who may himself have stolen the cow he joins in the search for, is characteristic of Aran humour. The comic song, as we know it, is unknown on the islands. The nearest to it I have heard there is about the awkward meeting of two suitors, a carpenter and a country lad, at their sweetheart's house, and of the clever management of her mother, who promised to give her to the one who sang the best song, and how the country lad won her. There is another that I thought was meant to make laughter, the lament of a girl for her "beautiful comb" that had been carried off by her lover, whom she had refused to marry "until we take a little more out of our youth," and invites instead to "come with me to Eochaill reaping the yellow harvest." Then he steals the comb, and the mother gives her wise advice how to get it back. "He will go this road to-morrow, and let you welcome him. Settle down a wooden chair in the middle of the house, snatch the hat from his head, and do not give him any ease until you get back the beautiful comb that was high on the back of your head." But an Aran man has told me, "No, this is a very serious song; it was meant to praise the girl, and to tell what a loss she had in the comb."

Douglas Hyde, who is almost a folk poet, the people have adopted so many of his songs, has caught the sarcastic touch in this "love-song":

"O sweet queen to whom I gave my love; O dear queen the flower of fine women; listen to my keening, and look on my case. As you are the woman I desire, free me from death."

He speaks so humbly; humble entirely. Without mercy or pity she looks on him with contempt. She puts mispleading in her cold answer; there was a drop of poison wrapped in every quiet word.

"O man wanting sense, put from you your share of love; it is bold you are entirely to say such a thing as that. You will not get hate from me, you will not get love from me; you will not get anything at all but indifference for ever."

I was myself the same night at the house of drink, and I saw the man,

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and he under the table. Laid down by the strength of wine, and without a twist in him itself. It was she did that much with the talk of her mouth.

But I am told that the song that makes most mirth is "The Carrageen," the day-dream of an old woman, too old to carry out her purpose, of all she will buy when she has gathered a harvest of the Carrageen moss, used by invalids:

If I had two oars and a little boat of my own, I would go pulling the Carrageen, I would dry it up in the sun; I would bring a load of it to Galway, it would go away in the train, to pay the rent to Robinson, and what is over would be my own.

It is long I am hearing talk of the Carrageen, and I never knew what it was. If I spent the last spring-tide at it, and I to take care of myself, I would buy a gown and a long cloak and a wide little shawl; that and a dress-cap, with frills on every side like feathers.

(This is what the Calleac said that was over a hundred years old.)

I lost the last spring-tide with it, and I went into sharp danger.

I did not know what the Carrageen was, or anything at all like it; but I will have tobacco from this out if I lose the half of my fingers!

This is a song addressed by a fisherman to his little boat, his "curragh-kin":

There goes my curragh-kin, it is she will get the prize; she will be to-night in America, and back again with the tide. . . .

I put pins of oak in her, and oars of red pine, and I made her ready for sailing; for she is the six-oared curragh-kin that never gave heed to the storm, and it is she will be coming to land, when the sailing-boats will be lost.

There was a man came from England to buy my little boat from me; he offered me twenty guineas for her, there were many looking on. If he would offer me as much again, and a guinea over and above, he would not get my curragh-kin till she goes out and kills the shark.

For a shark will sometimes flounder into the fishing-nets and tear his way out, and even a whale is sometimes seen off the coast. I remember an Aran man beginning some story he was telling me, "I was going down that path one time with the priest and a few others, for a whale had come ashore, and the jaw-bones of it were wanted, to make the piers of a gate."

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As for the love-songs of our coast and island people, they seem to be for the most part a little artificial in manner, a little over-strained in metaphor, so that they seem a little passionless, perhaps so giving rise to the Scotch Gaelic saying, "as loveless as an Irishman." Love of country, *Tir-grad*, is, I think, the real passion, and bound up with it are love of home, of family, love of God. Constancy and affection in marriage are the rule, yet marriage "for love" is all but unknown, marriage is a matter of common-sense arrangement between heads of families. As Mr. Yeats puts it, the peasant's "dream has never been entangled by reality."

However this may be, my Aran friends tell me "the people do not care for love-songs, they would rather have any others"; and new love-songs do not seem to be made up from time to time by lovers, as laments are by those who cry over their dead. Yet when a love-song breaks now and then from the stiff tradition, and gives some local or personal touch, it seems to be welcome enough. Classical allusion, joined to native exaggeration, has been the breath of all Irish poets since Naoise addressed Deirdre as a woman "brighter than the sun," and it has made the love-song a little monotonous and unreal at last.

The girl of the songs, with her dew-grey eye and long amber hair, is always likened to Venus, to Juno, to Deirdre. "I think she is nine times nicer than Deirdre," says Raftery, "or I may say Helen, the affliction of the Greeks"; and he writes of another country girl that she is "beyond Venus, in spite of all Homer wrote on her appearance, and Cassandra also, and Io that bewitched Mars; beyond Minerva, and Juno the king's wife"; and he wishes "they might be brought face to face with her, that they might be confused." "She comes to me like a star through the mist, her hair is golden and goes down to her shoes; her breast is the colour of white sugar, or like bleached bone on the card-table; her neck is whiter than the froth of the flood, or the swan coming from swimming. . . . If France

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and Spain belonged to me, I'd give them up to be along with you," and he gives "a thousand praises to God that I didn't lose my wits on account of her." Raftery puts some touch of distinction into each one of his songs, but monotony brings weariness when lesser poets, echoing the voices of so many generations, repeat the same goddesses, and the same exaggerations, and the same amber hair.

There is more of an original touch than is usual in this Aran song, Bridgid na Casad:

Bridgid's kiss was sweeter than the whole of the waters of Lough Erne; or the first wheaten flour worked with fresh honey into dough; there are streams of bees' honey on every part of the mountain, there is brown sugar thrown on all you take, Bridgid, in your hand.

It is not more likely for water to change than for the mind of a woman, and is it not a young man without courage will not run the chance nine times? It's not nicer than you the swan is when he comes to the shore swimming; it's not nicer than you the thrush is, and he singing from tree to tree.

And here is another, homely in the beginning, and suddenly rising to great exaggeration:

Late on the evening of last Monday, and it raining, I chanced to come into Seagan's and I sat down; it is there I saw her near me in the corner of the hearth; and her laugh was better to me than to have her eyes down; her hair was shining like the wool of a sheep, and brighter than the swan swimming. It is then I asked who owned her, and it is with Frank Conneely she was.

It is a good house belongs to Frank Conneely, the people say that do be going to it; plenty of whisky and punch going round, and food without stint for a man to get. And it is what I think, the girl is learned, for she has knowledge of books and of the pen, and a schoolmaster coming to teach her every day.

The troop is on the sea, sailing eternally, and looking always, always, on my Nora Bán. Is it not a great sin, she to be on a bare mountain, and not to be dressed in white silk, and the King of the French coming to the island for her, from France or from Germany?

Is it not nice the jewel looked at the races and at the church in Barna? She took the sway there as far as the big town. Is she not the nice flower with the white breast, the comeliness of a woman; and the sun of summer pleased with her, shining on her at every side, and hundreds of men in love with her.

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It is I would like to run through the hills with her, and to go the roads with her, and it is I would put a cloak around my Nora Bán.

The very *naïveté*, the simplicity, of these ballads make one feel that the peasants who make and sing them may be trembling on the edge of a great discovery, and that some day, perhaps very soon, one born among them will put their half articulate, eternal sorrows and laments and yearnings into words that will be their expression for ever, as was done for the Hebrew people when the sorrow of exile was put into the hundred and thirty-seventh psalm, and the sorrow of death into the lament for Saul and Jonathan, and the yearning of love into what was once known as "the ballad of ballads," the Song of Solomon.

I have one ballad at least to give that shows, even in my bare prose translation, how near that day may be, if the language that holds the soul of our West Irish people can be saved from the "West Briton" destroyer. There are some verses in it that attain to the intensity of great poetry, though I think less by the creation of one than by the selection of many minds; the peasants who have sung or recited many songs from one generation to another having instinctively sifted away by degrees what was trivial, and kept only the best, for it is in this way the foundations of literature are laid. I first heard of this ballad from the south, but when I showed it to an Aran man he said it was well known there, and that his mother had often sung it to him when he was a child. It is called "The Grief of a Girl's Heart."

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you, and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market-days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird throughout the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

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You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them; and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird, and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O, Donall og, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady; I would milk the cow, I would bring help to you; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ohone, and it's not with hunger, or with wanting food or drink or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse. He did not come to me, he made nothing of me, and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O aya! my mother, give myself to him! and give him all that you have in the world; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come east and west looking for me.

My mother said to me, not to be talking with you, to-day or to-morrow, or on the Sunday. It was a bad time she took for telling me that, it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe; or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me, you have taken the west from me, you have taken what is before me and what is behind me; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me!

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

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A BURNEY FRIENDSHIP

With Unpublished Letters from Madame D'Arblay and Dr. Burney to Mrs. Waddington

II

THE last public act of Burke, before going out of office in 1783, was to present his old friend, Dr. Burney, with the organistship of Chelsea College. The Doctor, who was in full practice as a fashionable music-master, did not retire to Chelsea till 1790, when he was sixty-four years of age. At this time he gave up teaching, but continued his literary labours, producing a "Life of Metastasio" in three volumes, and writing all the musical articles for Rees' new "Cyclopædia." His charm of manner and conversation had attracted round him an immense circle of acquaintance, musical, literary and fashionable, insomuch that his leisure time, as long as his strength allowed, was taken up with social duties—calls, correspondence, and attendance at parties or concerts. It will be remembered, in proof of his fascination, that Dr. Burney was believed to be the only man to whom Dr. Johnson had ever pronounced the words, "I beg your pardon, sir." "My heart," declared Johnson on another occasion, "goes forth to meet Burney. I question if there be in the world another such man for mind, intelligence, and manners as Dr. Burney."

Mrs. Waddington has preserved several letters addressed to her by Dr. Burney between the years 1805 and 1807. These

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characteristic epistles contain, besides information about himself and his family, various allusions to the music and musicians of his day. The vivacity with which they are written prove that neither years nor infirmities had power to dim the spirits of the popular historian of music. From the following letter, dated May 7, 1805, we learn that Dr. Burney had been commissioned to choose a grand piano for his correspondent, who was about to pay one of her rare visits to London:

It was my full intention to have had the honour and pleasure of writing you a long letter to-day, after being at Broadwood's yesterday, and choosing the best of three large pianofortes of long compass both ways, conditionally; not to take it up if a better one comes out of the workshop before your arrival in town. I likewise intended touching upon several other particulars in last letter to Fanny Phillips; but coming home from a dinner and music at Mrs. Crewe's at near one o'clock this morning, I found on my table such a number of letters and notes that required immediate answers, I shall be obliged by the early departure of our post to write in the laconic style of Pennant and Briggs to the only person for whom I wished, in the midst of present hurries, to amplify and treat at large some dear reminiscences of past times. When I tell you that I have nearly finished my laborious and arduous undertaking for the new Cyclopedia, and that I am no longer an A.B.C.-darian, and yet talk of hurry, you will wonder what occupies my perturbed and active spirit now. But the truth is that during the present springtide of London visitants and dissipation, the poor octogenarian, in gratitude when he is able to go out, cannot resist, as he ought, the kind invitations of friends to dinners, concerts and conversaziones:

> "For blind as a beetle, and deaf as a post,
> Their shot and their powder is totally lost."

I am sorry your stay in the capital is likely to be so short, for in spite of the ill-humour of politicians and afflicting events in the West Indies,[1] London was never more gay, festivities more frequent, or the houses of the great and affluent more crowded on nights of being at *home* than at present.

I have not had leisure to read the "Hints Towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess"; but I have seen it at Mrs. Ord's, who read to me a few pages, which are well written, and replete with wisdom and purity of sentiment. The part she read, during the short time I could stay that was not interrupted by visitors of tastes in literature different from our own, or with no taste at all,

[1] The temporary successes of Villeneuve and the Toulon fleet.

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was the characters of my favourite authors and moralists, Addison and Johnson, which are nicely discriminated. Mrs. Ord was somewhat of your opinion that Hannah More was the author, which I thought myself was likely. Yet there was an enlargement and even a force, I thought sometimes, that inclined me to doubt of the work coming from my old blue-stocking friend, H. M.,[1] who, I think of late is inclined to overshoot the mark in exacting from the gay too much obedience to her dictates, and too many sacrifices at once, by which she gains too little. In point of health, from *high living* to total abstinence from what a patient has been long habituated is dangerous—as Armstrong says—"By slow degrees the Ark was won; by slow degrees Hercules grew strong."

And have you not observed, dear Madam, that if any man of real merit is *avantageur*, conceited or affected, and asks more admiration than is his due, the world is at war with him, and grants him too little. And I am not sure that a princess, presumptive heiress to the sovereignty of this country, should, like a private individual, be kept in total ignorance of the wickedness and worthlessness of the generality of mankind, but particularly such as surround monarchs, and have ten thousand plans of availing themselves of their ignorance of their private lives. Let such a person be made acquainted with the existence of vice and immorality, and taught to detest and abhor them, and be guarded against imposition and counterfeits. I have not a moment more left to pursue this subject, which perhaps I ought not to do till I have read all the work in question, in which perhaps the author has shown the consequences of a prince whose excessive piety and ignorance of the world rendered his life miserable, like that of our poor Harry VIth, and his reign and kingdom full of the most dire events. The politicians and revolutionary spirits of the present times, it is to be feared, will not submit to be governed by a saint. What effect have the virtues of our present mild, beneficent and religious prince had on his turbulent subjects? God bless you, dear Madam. Fanny Phillips will answer the rest of your letter. Pray believe me with the most sincere regard and friendship,

Yours most affectionately,

CHAS. BURNEY.

The following undated letter from Dr. Burney's granddaughter, Fanny Phillips,[2] to Mrs. Waddington, which may be attributed to this period, contains an extract from one of the infrequent communications that found their way from Passy to Chelsea:

I should not thus long have appeared ungrateful for my dear Mrs. Waddington's permission to write to her, but that till now I have had nothing

[1] Hannah More was the author of the book in question.

[2] Daughter of Susan Phillips, Fanny Burney's favourite sister.

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interesting to communicate. But that excuse for a long silence no longer remains, since we have received a most kind and consolatory letter from my dearest Aunt D'Arblay. Her paper is almost entirely filled with so interesting an account of darling little Alex that I cannot forbear to copy it, from a certainty that my dearest Mrs. Waddington will sympathise with the feelings of his dear mother.

We had always intended Alex for a pupil of his uncle,[1] but our long and enforced absence from England compelled new projects; we had purported doing for him whatever we could entirely *chez nous*. M. D'Arblay began him in the rudiments of mathematics, and he made a progress in arithmetic really surprising, but his little head worked so constantly that he solved and invented difficulties in the night, instead of sleeping, and alarmed for his health, his father was forced to remit this species of instruction, but Latin, French, writing and geography went on smoothly, while history, English, and to the best of my ability, religion, fell to my share. We had every reason to be content with our little scholar, and to own the truth, we were not ashamed of the bantling: but as he grew older, we observed in him so strong a love of learning, so passionate a desire for improvement, and so decided a taste for literature, that we grew discontented with *ourselves* from the effect of growing more than contented with *him*. It then appeared to us that we could not do him justice; we could by no means, however, consent to relinquish entirely our home system; we therefore prevailed on the *chef* of the principal *école* of Passy to receive him for three hours every morning. The master of his particular class took a fancy to him so great that he called him a Phœnix alike for facility and application, and after studying only ten months he finished the *vacance* by receiving at the grand yearly gala of the examination of scholars, and distribution of prizes at the public *salle*, such marks of distinction as drew tears—not bitter ones—from the eyes of your two D'Arblays; and I know not that my dear father's would have been perfectly dry had he seen his little godson called upon by the head-master to receive in the midst of a *salle* of seven hundred spectators the first prize for *bonne conduite*, which was Thomson's "Seasons" in French prose; and then called by the *sous-prefet* to receive upon his little head a crown of oak-leaves. Then such applause! Afterwards he had the same ceremony for first prize for mythology, then the first for version, and lastly for themes. Much more could I add, but must remit to my next opportunity.

With the following letter, dated February 5, 1806, Dr. Burney encloses two sets of original verses on his friend Mrs. Crewe, whose husband had just received a peerage:

[1] Charles Burney, held to be the best Greek scholar in England, after Porson and Parr.

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My VERY DEAR MADAM,—I fret so much, and mentally scourge myself for not writing more frequently "as you've no notion," as Miss de Rolla[1] would have said. But time, or, indeed, energy to write a letter worth postage has not of late been among my possessions. My long recumbent position in or on the bed, while nursing my Malvern mishap,[2] has so enfeebled me that I totter about like a Darby without a Joan, and am become so *nesh* that every breath of fresh air brings back my cough. I have been out but one evening since my confinement of two months. But do ladies who have blessed the world with twins do double duty in the straw and in the Church? *Je n'en sais rien.* The single time I went out was to sacred music at Hanover Square, which I thought next to being *churched*. But I have been coughing ever since, so my piety was not accepted as a *purification*.

Have you ever been at the performance of *La Buona Figliuola*?[3] Impossible, dear madam, while Lovatini[4] was here; but you probably know the music, which is charming, particularly the opening of the duet, *La Baroness amabile*, which Lovatini, forgetting his Buffo character, opened in the most sweet and sublime character of *cantabile*. Now if I had as sweet a voice, and equal powers of taste and expression as Lovatini, I would address the opening of this duet to my dear friend the *ci-devant* Mrs. Crewe, now a *Baroness*. Mrs. Crewe was promised a peerage during Mr. Fox's former administration, had he remained in power a little longer. About eight years ago, when the Duke of Portland was in power, it was talked of again, at which time I scribbled the rhymes No. 1, supposing that being ennobled would add little to her celebrity. But now the deed is done, I have hitched into rhyme the same thought in a different measure, No. 2, and given it to Miss Crewe to put in the Album at Crewe Hall, where I have already *made my mark*; and where there are verses and mottoes by all the wits of fashion that have visited Crewe Hall for more than twenty years. . . .

Not a word have I received from your loving and beloved friend, Madame D'Arblay, of a subsequent date to the 5th of May, 1805. She has, I am certain, valid reasons for not writing to a country against which her husband's sovereign is *si acharné*. In May next there will be three-fourths of her pension due; as you give me hopes of visiting the capital again in that month, I shall visit you with as much hilarity as I used to go a'Maying in the days of my youth; and I shall be very happy if Mr. Waddington should be sufficiently

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[1] Was Dr. Burney thinking of Miss Larolles, the voluble lady in *Cecilia*?

[2] There is no mention of this accident in Madame D'Arblay's memoir of her father.

[3] A favourite opera by Piccinni.

[4] Giovanni Lovatini, an admirable tenor singer, who appeared in London in *La Buona Figliuola* as early as 1767.

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recovered to be consulted on the most safe and speedy mode of transferring it to Passy.

God bless you, dearest Madam. If I thought an octogenarian might speak out, and tell his passion without offence, I should assure you that you have ever been at the pinnacle of my admiration and affection; but "I never says nothing to nobody" that is likely to disturb the peace of fond husbands, therefore adieu, dear Madam. There can be no harm, I hope, in assuring you that I have the honour, with the highest regard and friendship, *d'être à toute épreuve*,

Yours most faithfully,
CHAS. BURNEY.

Mrs. Crewe was the daughter of Dr. Burney's early friend and patron, Mr. Fulke Greville, and was generally allowed to be one of the most beautiful women of her time. She married Mr. Crewe in 1776, and for many years entertained the most distinguished of her contemporaries at Crewe Hall, Cheshire, and at her villa at Hampstead. Reynolds painted three portraits of her, Sheridan dedicated *The School for Scandal* to her, and Fox, who was one of her warmest admirers, wrote some lines in her praise, which were printed at the Strawberry Hill Press. Even when she was a middle-aged matron with grown-up children, Miss Burney says that she "uglified" everybody near her, and that her son looked like her elder brother. It seems to have been almost entirely on his wife's account that Mr. Crewe was raised to the peerage in 1806.[1] One specimen of Dr. Burney's verses will probably be sufficient for the reader. The following were inspired by "The Report of Mrs. Crewe's Advancement to the Nobility":

"By Beauty lifted high in youth,
In riper years by faith and truth;
By love Parental next we see
Her title to nobility.
And of another step secure,
From Friendship warm, sincere and pure.
By Nature kindly thus endowed,
Exalted far above the crowd,

[1] In the same year Mr. Fox bestowed a pension of £300 a year on Dr. Burney, at the instance of Mrs. Crewe and Mr. Windham.

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Possessed of virtues of the mind,
And all that captivates mankind;
His Majesty (God bless him) ne'er
Had less to do to deck the fair:
With such ingredients well-prepared
All regal influence might be spared;
Her virtues only had to wait
His fiat to consolidate,
And tell the world what friends well knew,
That honours long had been her due."

At the end of 1806 Dr. Burney suffered from attacks of feverishness and nervous debility, which drove him to Bath in the beginning of 1807. In February of that year he writes from South Parade a long letter on the subject of a musical *protégée* of Mrs. Waddington's, whom he had been asked to patronise. Incidentally, he gives expression to some of his own views on the art in which he was, theoretically at least, one of the leading experts of his day.

My dear Madam,—I implicitly and as speedily as possible complied with your wishes concerning Miss Richards. I sent a note to her father, to acquaint him that I had been honoured with a note from my respected friend, Mrs. Waddington, expressing an earnest wish that I would entreat them to call upon me at my apartment, to converse with them on the present state of music in London and Bath, and to arrange a meeting either at Mr. Richards' house, or elsewhere, at which there was a good instrument, to afford me the pleasure of hearing Miss Richards perform. Unluckily I have no instrument, nor had Fanny Phillips. Mr. Richards' habitation, I was told, is very distant from mine and out of my heat, as I only walk upon my African parade when the sun shines, and never ride but in a chair to the old Corporation Bath, mobbled up with flannel nine times round me, having been warned to beware of cold as my greatest enemy. Yet fortunately hearing from my friend, Lady Crewe, who has been here three weeks within two doors of me, that Mr. and Miss Richards attended her nieces, the Miss Grevilles, where there was an excellent pianoforte, and being invited to dine with Mr. Greville, the father of these young ladies, I begged Lady Crewe to contrive that after dinner I might hear Miss Richards, when the Miss Grevilles had exhibited their performances as *principiants*. And all this was brought about very naturally. So that I can now assure you, dear Madam, that Miss Richards' performance gave me a twofold satisfaction and pleasure: first, as your *protégée*, and secondly, from the gratification I still receive from hearing good music well performed. Miss Richards

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played a concerto by Dupuis,[1] in which he has introduced every species of difficulty which he could devise; detached, and, indeed, unconnected with any pleasing theme; but effects are produced truly wonderful, of hand as well as of imagination. And the precision of Miss Richards' execution of these difficulties, and the quiet and unaffected manner in which she sits at the instrument pleased and equally gratified my eye and ear. The second movement has the merit of a pleasing subject, which is never forgotten nor disguised by difficult accompaniments. Yet there are difficulties *par ci par là* to show the *hand;* and what is still better, pathetic passages of expression to manifest feeling of the *heart.* Miss Richards is a very modest and pleasing girl, apart from her musical talents, which are such that I think I may venture to say the concerto she played so well is full of difficulties which not one student on the pianoforte in a thousand will ever vanquish. Her father was engaged at a concert, and could not come to Mr. Greville's in the evening, but when he called upon me with his daughter, we had a long, and luckily uninterrupted discussion of musical subjects; and I have conversed with none of the musical people of Bath who seem so enlarged in their ideas of good modern music as Mr. Richards. The rest are *not up to* Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Dr. Harington,[2] a learned and ingenious man, who has written and set several humourous catches and glees very successfully, seems now to to have become (*entre nous*) a *Methodistical* musician, and to like nothing but *Salmodia.*

In the summer of 1807 Mrs. Waddington, accompanied by her eldest daughter, Frances, paid another visit to London. She seems to have written to inform Dr. Burney of her arrival, but omitted to give him her address.

You promised to come and *jaser* with your old broken-down admirer [he writes on July 13], but you did not tell a body where you were to be found; though it is but a useless inquiry, as it is not the fashion to let in visitors of a morning, unless to dull old-fashioned folks, when one may rather be said to be *taken in* than *let in,* and so loth to part with you that there is an end put to the rest of the unanswered morning calls. At length, wishing to convey to you some signs of life, I inquired of our dear Mrs. Ord's servant the place of your residence, who believed that you were in Half Moon Street. Now let me tell you that if a slice of bride-cake has not been sent you by the *ci-devant* Fanny Phillips,[3] it must be ascribed to her not knowing where to send it. For this blessed morning the Gordian knot was tied,

[1] Thomas Dupuis, organist of the Chapel Royal.

[2] Dr. Henry Harington, who was in practice as a physician at Bath. He published a volume of glees and catches in 1797, and a sacred dirge for Passion Week in 1801.

[3] Fanny Phillips married Mr. Raper on July 13, 1807.

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"And the happy, happy pair
Are gone the Lord knows where."

Tuesday morn. 5 o'clock. To-day I am to be honoured with a visit from the *rinomata virtuosa* Catalani,[1] who, having been told that *il vecchio Storico della Musica* could not go to the Opera, or any public place, very obligingly said that she would go to me, and fixed on Friday last with Lady Bruce, who negotiated the business. But hearing from Lord Bruce that though, such was my curiosity, I should be but too happy in seeing and hearing the witchcraft at any time that was most convenient to herself, yet if she had a morning to bestow on me, it would best agree with my invalidity—why then, says the enchantress, we'll change the day, and on Tuesday next go to him with great pleasure at two o'clock. None are to be present, but Lord and Lady Bruce, her *caro sposo*, and Sapio, or some Italian to accompany her.

To-morrow Lady Crewe fetches me to her new *villeggiatura* at Paddington —I have to pack and pay—and on Thursday go to Bulstrode, where I hope to arrive before the deluges of rain that are due to us after so long a drowth, shall chill the air and render the paradisaical garden impracticable. The Duke (of Portland) will not himself be there till the end of August. I shall have the whole chateau to myself, and its gracious Lord has desired I will take what servants and company I please.

In a different hand a note is added to this letter to the effect that:

Dr. Burney has just received from an American gentleman come from Paris, a very long and satisfactory letter from his daughter, Madame D'Arblay, who is well.

Mrs. Waddington appears to have replied to this letter with a proposal that she should pay Dr. Burney a visit at Bulstrode. The house would be especially interesting to her from the fact that Mrs. Delany spent so large a portion of her later years there with her friend the Dowager Duchess of Portland. At Bulstrode, again, Mrs. Waddington's parents, whose engagement had been opposed by the bride's family, had been married, the Duchess having interested herself in the romance, and wrung a reluctant consent to the match from the

[1] Catalani, who was born in 1779, made her *début* in London in December 1806, at the then enormous salary of £2000 a year. In 1807 her earnings, from all sources, are said to have been over £16,000. She was married to M. Valabreques, of the French Embassy at Lisbon.

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head of the family, Mr. Granville of Calwich. Dr. Burney's next letter was written the day after the last, July 14, and shows the writer in some embarrassment about his boasted permission to take what company he pleased to Bulstrode.

You can have no conception [he begins] of the hurry, confusion, fears of offending, difficulty of extricating myself from a thousand ties and manacles—in short, *emancipating* myself from cares, kindred, and what I think duties to my partial friends, before I can leave my home for a few days—*mais ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*—and when I have turned my back on my Lares, I soon tranquillise and accommodate myself to circumstances. Your letter concerning Bulstrode was written in a hand so different from your usual autograph, which shames the graphic art, that I threw it aside, and did not open it for some hours. Miss Fielding called when I expected every moment to be fetched to Paddington by Lady Crewe to see her new villa. Her carriage came a few minutes after Miss Fielding's departure, and I did not open your letter till my return, when our post was gone. You may be sure, dear Madam, that I shall be glad to see you at all times and in all places. I know not which part of the house, which is under repairs, alterations and additions, I shall be in. I thought I should have had all that's left to myself, but Lady Crewe tells me that Lady Charlotte and Lady Mary are going thither directly, which I was glad to hear, for they are always good to me, and as far as I shall be able to enjoy their company, will enliven the place. I know that the housekeeper and domestics will be very civil and attentive. I shall hope to have a quiet, warm and comfortable sick-room, detached from all form, and when his Grace comes, from greatness. But come and try how it is. My enjoyment of the most delightful of all gardens will depend on the weather, and my recovery of strength.

You do not like the Catalani as well as the Billington. I think we narrow our pleasure by *l'esprit de comparaison*—the tone of Mrs. Billington's voice and her brilliancy of execution are unrivalled as far as her *genre* goes. The Catalani's style is so different, not only from the Banti[1] and Billington, but all others, that I try to forget all singers but the single one I am hearing—and seek for *beauties* where there is a fund of real merit, while others are trying to find *fault*. A greater variety of *riffieramenti* I never heard, nor is she wholly without grace and pathos. And then her *person, manners* and *good humour* are such as to captivate more than her vocal powers. Indeed, she has been so obliging to me that if I were to seek for faults in her voice and performance, it would very ill-become me to point them out, and stigmatise her to the public.

[1] The Banti, a soprano with a wonderful voice but very little science, sang in London in 1778 and 1799. In 1802 she was replaced by the popular favourite, Mrs. Billington.

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If I had time to write a dissertation on her performance, there is a variety sufficient for a volume of remarks.

"Praising is harder than finding fault." Was there ever a singer, a poet, a painter or an architect that escaped criticism? Her price and applause are envied by professors. Naldi,[1] whose merit consists in acting more than singing, meets with nothing but praise and admiration, and what is his voice but a *bow-wow*? His causticity, in speaking of the Catalani's gains, is truly Italian. Of her price of £200 for each performance, he says, "She has a fine benefit every night," and the great expense of her public and private performances, he says, is "a new tax on the United Kingdom." All this is natural. She is as much in the right to receive as the professors and public to find fault. *C'est dans l'ordre.* I have always said that the salaries given to Mrs. Billington and the Catalani would ruin the opera. No great performer will ever come for less, and to be able to grant such salaries to one performer, all the rest must be miserable and miserably paid. Dancing, composition, decorations and machinery must be starved.[2] How I run on! and packing and domestic arrangements not half done! . . .

Adieu, dear Madam,

CHAS. BURNEY

At the end of 1807 Dr. Burney had a paralytic attack, which greatly enfeebled him, though he lived nearly seven years longer. He had no energy left to write garrulous, gossiping letters to his friend at Llanover, and the only other scrap in his handwriting among Mrs. Waddington's papers, is the following brief note, dated June 1808, which describes the routine of his invalid existence:

MY DEAREST MADAM,—The Median and Persian laws by which I at present exist, are the following: I never quit my bower till twelve o'clock, when, in tolerable weather, I take an old lady's drive about Hyde Park, and in summer, walk in Kensington Gardens till near two; then devote the third hour to calling on dear friends who interested themselves about my health during my confinement by personal inquiries at my door without being let in; and since the few warm days that succeeded our Nova Zembla frigidity, set me up, and

[1] Giuseppe Naldi, born 1770, sang in London from 1806 to 1819. He is described as an excellent actor, with a weak, uncertain voice. He was killed in 1820 by the bursting of a new cooking-stove, with which his friend Garcia was experimenting.

[2] Dr. Burney's prophecy of the evil results of the "star" system have been more than fulfilled.

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enabled me to go into my parlour, or *chambre d'audience*, I gave notice to the elect ladies on my list that I should be visible from three to five o'clock, after which I dine, read, or hear reading, and write or dictate letters, but never more will be out in the open air after sunset. But I have a trick of waking at sunrise, and if not in acute pain, read or write in bed till ten or eleven o'clock. Such is the monotonous life of your very old and affectionate servant,

CHARLES BURNEY.

It was not until 1812 that Madame D'Arblay obtained permission from Napoleon's ministers (the Emperor was on the march towards Moscow) to return to England with her son. She was anxious to place the young Alexander at Cambridge, and also to see her father before he died. She brought with her the partly finished manuscript of her last novel, "The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties," which was published on March 28, 1814. A few days earlier Madame D'Arblay wrote to Mrs. Waddington:

The newspapers will tell you that the 28th is to be my day of trial. All is entirely done, and waiting only the sewing and stitching. I have nothing more to do with it, and hardly a moment even for alarm, much as there is *de quoi*, but my whole soul is occupied with Paris! not with *what* will be the catastrophe, but with *which way* and *how* it will be brought about, with regard to the inhabitants. My own best friend has a martial presence of mind that makes me fear less for him than I should for any other human being, in case of difficulties that are personal; but he will be only one of an immense cluster, and must run all risks with those by whom he is surrounded. And the terrors of my female friends—some of the sweetest women in the world—affect me without measure. M. D'Arblay ceases not a moment regretting M. de Narbonne[1]—all his late letters written since that event name no other subject. I am astonished beyond all words at the manner in which that event has been borne here by one who I thought devoted to his very shadow. But let me enter into no other subj——

I was stopt by the guns.

I am in a state of frightful agitation relative to news. News of every turn and colour shakes me now in such dread uncertainty——

Midnight. Imagine my gratification—I was stopt again to receive a letter announcing that M. D'Arblay was very well in Paris the 18th of February. This news seems quite recent, and has relieved me unexpectedly. An English lady has written it at his desire to Mr Reeves of the Alien Office. Nothing,

[1] M. de Narbonne died at Torgau in November 1813.

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therefore, can be more satisfactory. Yet what difficulties must there be of passing letters when, even so, a month is taken up for the delivery of a billet from Paris to London, though the Government receive their packets in three or four days! I am breathless now with expectation for the declaration to be made on the opening of Parliament relative to peace or war.[1]

That I do not write to Madame de S(tael) is not *prudery*, as you suspect, but *prudence*, and more than prudence, *far more*. I should delight to let her know how truly and cordially I admire, nay, am enchanted with her work—and will try to do so through the Lockes—or by some means that won't involve me in personal renewals at this tremendous epoch.

You must lock up four vols. of the "Wanderer"; that is Mrs. Locke's plan not to peep—and write a letter for every volume.

Adieu, dearest Mary.

The winter of 1809–10 had been spent by Mrs. Waddington and her daughters at Edinburgh, where the family had seen much of the literary society of the town, and made friends with Scott, Jeffrey, Archibald Alison and other celebrities. Shortly after "The Wanderer" appeared, Mrs. Waddington wrote to the all-powerful editor of the *Edinburgh Review* to plead for a kindly notice of the novel, which had been treated with scant mercy by other critics. That Jeffrey had a high opinion of Mrs. Waddington's literary judgment is proved by his letters to her, some of which are contained in the same packet as the Burney epistles. On March 28, 1812, for example, he had written in answer to some observations she had made on books of the day:

As for Allison,[2] its review, which you call abuse, is the best I ever wrote on a matter of free speculation, and Burke and Price are both wrong. This is one of the few things I am sure about, and I really have a strong desire to convert you to the right faith. For Madame de Stael, I have never seen her "L'Allemagne" yet, and never asked for it. You see what a savage I am. Moreover, I do not greatly admire her, and I do not tolerate idolatry.[3]

[1] When Parliament met on March 29, it was announced that the negotiations with Napoleon had been broken off. Paris was already in the hands of the Allies, but the news had not yet reached England.

[2] Jeffrey had written a long exposition in the *Edinburgh Review* of Archibald Alison's "Essays on Taste," which he greatly admired. The paper was afterwards expanded into an article on Beauty for the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

[3] Madame de Stael was one of Mrs. Waddington's literary idols.

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"Comme" is clever, and upon the strength of your recommendation I shall get the other immediately, and review it candidly, if I find I have anything to say about it. I envy you the gift you have of admiring, but it would wear me out—and do you not sometimes suffer the agony of seeing your idols deposed by some weakness?

There are some wild poems published here by a lad of the name of Wilson [1] —a seraph of the Lake School—and very amiable. Lord Byron has also published a quarto of a strange sort of gloomy misanthropical poetry [2]—*but* powerful and vigorous. I have thoughts of reviewing both.

In reply to Mrs. Waddington's petition on behalf of Madame D'Arblay, Jeffrey writes on May 17, 1814:

I don't know what to say to you about "The Wanderer." The cry is pretty general against it, and among judicious and good people as well as others. There is no disguising the fact, and I am afraid there is only one way of accounting for it—not that the judges are—but that the work is—bad. If a popular work—I mean a work intended to please and instruct general readers—is generally disliked, how can it be a good work? There is no getting over that. Yet you must know that I like the book better than anybody I meet with here—and better than anybody almost that I have heard of but you. I think it has great faults, but I do not think it *very much* inferior to her earlier works, the faults of which seem to be forgotten in order to contrast their excellence with the faults of this, which is worse written than they are, and a little more diffuse, but has the same merits of brilliant colouring, decided character and occasional elegance. Now I can't tell whether I shall review it or not, nor can I promise to speak of it as you do, if I should. Gently and favourably I certainly shall speak, because I have the highest veneration for the personal character of the author; but I must speak what I think. I do not think it is quite pretty in her not to say a word in that long foolish preface of Miss Edgeworth or Madame de Stael, and to praise herself so directly. The last may be partly simplicity of character; the first looks petty.

Jeffrey reviewed the book in February 1815, but the greater part of his article is taken up with a dissertation on the novel of manners in general. Coming to Miss Burney's work in particular, he points out the absurdities of the plot, observing that in the conduct of a story she never excelled, while her characters are equally superficial and confined.

[1] Better known as Christopher North. His "Isle of Palms" was published early in 1812.

[2] The first two cantos of "Childe Harolde."

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We are sorry [he concludes] to speak so disadvantageously of the work of so excellent and favourite a writer; and the more so as we perceive no decay of talent, but only a perversion of it.

It is curious that Jeffrey finds no fault with the style of the "Wanderer," which Macaulay aptly described as a "barbarous patois," a sort of "broken Johnsonese," and compared to the perorations of Exeter Hall and the leading articles of the *Morning Post*.

Fortunately for herself, Madame D'Arblay, as she assures Mrs. Waddington, was unable to read a single review of her book, her whole attention having been taken up with the last illness of her father, who died on April 12, 1814, at the age of eighty-eight. Early in 1815 she rejoined her husband, who had been reinstated in full military rank, in Paris, but on the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba and march on the capital, she fled to Brussels, where she remained till after the Battle of Waterloo. In October 1815, she returned to England with General D'Arblay, whose health had suffered from the exertions of the last few years, and settled at Bath.

Meanwhile events were moving rapidly for the Waddington family, who spent the winter of 1815–16 at Rome. Here Frances, the eldest daughter, became engaged to Bunsen, then a young student, and was married to him in July 1817. In the same month Emily, the second daughter, was married to Colonel Manby, a union that was cut short by her death in 1819. Mr. and Mrs. Waddington returned to Llanover in the summer of 1817, with their youngest daughter Augusta, afterwards Lady Llanover. On February 11, 1818, Madame D'Arblay writes to inform Mrs. Waddington of the death of her brother Charles.

This loss is a bitter—bitter sorrow to me, and will remain so through my life. My dear Brother was indeed dear to me—and to Him, after his *closest* Family, I am well convinced I was all he most prized—both in opinion and affection—upon Earth. And he had a confidence in me such as he had in no other human being. His letters, full of trust, love, or pleasantry, were arriving continually. Heavily I mourn him, and shall mourn him through life

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—yet . . . I need not tell my dear Mary this loss, however severe, bears no species of comparison with that every way irreparable one that shattered not only my mind but my very faculties on the opening of this century.[1] By faculties I do not mean my reason—that was not moved, but my energies—my very wishes for energy—dear, equally or rather surpassingly dear as were the inmates of my Home and of my Heart that I still, God be thanked, preserve! But I had them *with* Her—therefore they could not *replace*, though they could —did—*console* the deprivation. . . .

Alexander came home to us for three days only last week—academical business has carried him back already to Cambridge; but, to my inexpressible gratification, and to the exulting pleasure of his father, he is a wrangler, and a High Wrangler, this year's superiority to all that has preceded it considered. He is the tenth, where there are twenty-eight. The first ten this year are nominated High Wranglers. What a joy to me! Dreadfully did his poor father require this cordial. His illness was so augmented, and his sufferings so intense, that we have been obliged to have recourse to new medical aid.

General D'Arblay's health grew rapidly worse, and he died at Bath in May 1818.

The last of Madame D'Arblay's letters that has been preserved by Mrs. Waddington is dated 11 Bolton Street, Berkeley Square, July 1821. The correspondence had evidently languished in the preceding years, owing in some measure to Mrs. Waddington's annoyance at Madame D'Arblay's delay in complying with her request for the return of her letters. She seems to have been aware that her friend was preparing her memoirs and correspondence for publication.

It was indeed a sad length of time that had elapsed—in your own words, since you had written to me [begins Madame D'Arblay], when *in December* I received a letter in answer to my last in July 1820; though in July I, even I, with my poor, tardy, and reluctant pen, had written twice *by return of post* to two letters that expressed urgency; notwithstanding *till* July *not one word*, in that whole 1820—and for how long I remember not of 1819—had reached me from my erst, most kind, most anxious, most tender, and most indulgent correspondent. The change, indeed, has been in unison with the period, melancholy, uncongenial!—I deem it attributable—according to your own confession from Rome—to my not burning or returning all your letters—and from that avowal, which robbed their profusion of its charm, I mentally relinquished them—and have only waited for opportunity to collect in order to destroy or restore them.

[1] The death of her favourite sister, Susan Phillips.

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Should you ask why I did not quiet your mind by this assurance, I answer, that *to quiet your mind*, from the lamented period of its first and early distresses, as far as I have had the power, has ever been a soothing and favourite object to my own; but to give you this promise prematurely I thought would produce the contrary effect; for to say I would *collect* your letters, was to inform you that they were dispersed; and would that have given you quiet? No, my dear anxious friend, no, to have known they were, some at Calais, with our books from the Custom-house; some at Paris, with our remaining chattels, some, nay most, at Richmond, with Mrs. Broome[1]—and the rest in sundry trunks and packages, with my other goods—to have known this would have harassed you trebly, and plunged your affrighted imagination into every magazine, newspaper and gossiping pamphlet for at least a quarter of the present century. Yet was this a dispersion that imperious and cruel circumstances had rendered unavoidable, and such as had involved them in the same intricacies that encircled my own manuscripts that I held most sacred. Now, however, that I can give you a solemn assurance *That All Are Collected*, and safe, and under my own immediate Lock and Key, I take once more my pen, to give you this only comfort it is in my power to bestow.

Do not, however, infer, my forever dear—though I *think* estranged Mary! that I have done nothing consonant to your wishes till I could comply with them wholly; on the contrary, I took the most solid and essential measures to obviate any future mischief or disturbance to you upon the arrival of that epoch which takes your manuscripts from my care and protection—and I will now copy the paragraph which proves my real attention to your wishes, and which, in case of accidents—as every day is uncertain of its morrow, will keep a satisfactory claim in your hands.

COPY.

"Extract from the Will of Frances Burney, Widow!! of Lieutenant-General Comte Alexander Jean Baptist Richard D'Arblay. . . . In like manner, I desire my son to return to my dear, early, partial friend, Georgiana Mary Ann Waddington, Great-niece of my venerated Mrs. Delany, All and Every Letter or Paper in her handwriting that may be found in my possession after my decease unread and unexamined. They are endorsed, For Mrs. Waddington. I beg my son will deliver them to her, or her Commission immediately after my Funeral.

"Witness my Hand,

"FRANCES D'ARBLAY."

To write this was among the first *devoirs* I compelled myself to fulfil, when able to fulfil any, after the dread laceration that tore from my tortured heart its Companion, its Confidant, its Partner in all, on whose unsullied Honour,

[1] *Née* Charlotte Burney, Fanny's youngest sister.

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Delicacy and Sympathy I had implicitly relied, for the just disposition of whatever might remain of mine, in case, by sudden dissolution, I had been called away first. But the First Call has been His, and every moment of my solitary leisure, in the absence of my son, that my poor care and grief-worn eyes will permit, has, from that desolating 18th of May, been invariably consigned to the examination, arrangement, selection or destruction of Letters, Documents and Manuscripts of every description in my possession. But the hoards are so immense, and my interruptions are so long, from my enfeebled and aching sight, and weakened and wearied spirits, joined to the frequently disabling effect of one line—one word, in stopping my investigations, that my progress is still but small on the *whole*, though the *parts* that I have done with are countless! for it is not only all my own letters from my many friends, or written by myself, and fallen back to me by deathful rights, conjugal, filial, or sisterly—with all my own innumerable personal manuscripts, but all of every sort that belonged to the most honoured of Partners, the most revered of Parents, and the most darling of Sisters—making altogether four collections of such enormous magnitude that even were I much younger and much healthier than I am, I could not expect to go through with them. But I have completed a general list of them, and I am taking in succession from that list those I regard as most sacred, or those concerning which I have confidential reasons for being most anxious. *Yours* are included under this last class, and I am *now* reading, and as well as I can, sorting them for *you*, or for the *Flames*. They are indescribably interesting, even yet! and so touchingly tender, and so fondly trusting, that, oh my dear Mary!—you can never look over them, I *think*, without a recurrence to those feelings which made you for so many years hold to your heart's core as the dearest of your Friends

Your ever truly affectionate,

F. D'Arblay.

P.S.—You know now that your letters are safe, and are your own, but do not, therefore, dearest Mary, "die," but rather live "in peace"—with me especially I entreat.

It seems improbable that any regular correspondence was kept up between the two friends during the remaining nineteen years of Madame D'Arblay's life. Perhaps Mrs. Waddington was afraid of adding to the labours so grandiloquently described in the foregoing letter; perhaps she was not altogether satisfied of her friend's discretion. The "Memoir of Dr. Burney," published by his daughter in 1832 appears to have found but little favour in the sight of the Waddington family, while Madame D'Arblay's own "Diary and Correspondence," which was

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published between 1842 and 1846, was even less to their taste. Mrs. Waddington, who became a widow in 1828, survived her friend just ten years, dying in February 1850. Her youngest daughter, Augusta, who married Mr. Hall (afterwards Lord Llanover) in1823, edited the "Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany," which appeared in 1861. In this work there are some not very flattering editorial allusions to Madame D'Arblay. Since Lady Llanover obtained her first-hand information on the period and the persons dealt with in the book from her mother, it must be inferred that Mrs. Waddington's regard for her old friend had been somewhat diminished by the vanity and egoism which add to the unconscious entertainment of Fanny's invaluable "Diary."

GEORGE PASTON.

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MARAMA: THE MOON-GOD

A SOUTH SEA LEGEND

ENAMOURED of dark Ina's naked breasts,
Pale Marama, the Moon-God, dreaming leant
Low from his grey canoe whose eager sail
Bore him, too swiftly, past her island home.

For as his venturing prow athwart the night
Flung cloudy spray, he lingered and he saw
Dark Ina droop and falter, faint with love,
Deep in the arms of earth-born Tangata.

And Marama, with all the blossom-stars,
Fadeless and perfect, for his hand to pluck,
Yet felt his chill blood startled into warmth
And knew he loved this little nestling flower,
Dewy with youth and tremulous with all
The wonder and the strangeness of the world,
Whose doom was but a brief, tempestuous day,
A little loving and a long, long death.

He knew the stars were like a jewel-chain,
Fadeless and perfect, swung across the years;
And yet he loved this little nestling flower—
Glistening on earth a moment like a tear—
A wonder born to blossom and to fade,
And like a withered leaf flicker to death.

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One night to meet her lover Ina went,
Her eyes a-dream, her hair a dusky cloud
Starred with the red hibiscus, and her lips
And limbs and long slim body ripe for love.

The breeze, warm-scented as her lover's breath,
Whispered and went, and on the moon-laved beach
The wavelets pouted and complained. The dark
Was passionate, mysterious, a-throb,
And all the air with love was magical.

She listened for his coming at the pool
Filled with old dreams, brimming with memories
Of words most wondrous, and of silences
More wonderful. Lo! how the palms above
Retold the murmur of their long farewells.

Sudden a radiance blazed about the maid,
And every fern-frond gleamed, a silver thing,
And creek and pool were molten. At her side
Flamed shimmering the Moon-God, Marama!

"I love you," he was saying, and his voice
Was low and sweet with sighs, and infinite
In tenderness, and grave and soft with tears.
(It seemed the echo of some sweet old tune
She just remembered she had long forgot.)

"I love you, Ina; for my heart is thrilled
With strange unwonted warmth, and all my world,
That seemed a bowl of flame, a crescent fire,
Is cold and desolate and lone and cold.
And all the stars are cold; and I shall die
Unless you give me all your bosom's dower
Of warm, warm love!

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"Dark Ina, lean to me,
And I shall throne you in the spacious night
To shame the changeless stars with the rich bloom
Of your brief life—nay, you shall never cease,
But at this budding morning of your day
Remain for ever; your young heart shall send
A flush of Spring-time through eternity."

Dark Ina trembled towards him. (It was sweet—
This half-remembered music long forgot.)
And Marama, the Moon-God, pleaded still,

"Your earth-born lover, Tangata, must fall
And waver down to darkness like a leaf
Plucked by the quiet hand of passing Death."

Her Tangata! Across the swirling strain
Of vague and haunting music broke the word,
A clashing discord; and she stood erect.

"I love him," said she simply, "and he loves.
What talk is this of alien things? We love."

But Marama still pleaded, and his voice
Was low and sweet with sighs, and infinite
In tenderness, and grave and soft with tears.
"I love you, Ina."

(Now, ah! now, she knew
The meaning of the strain. It was the song
Of love that drifts for ever down the years,
Its every note a sigh, within whose strands
Is woven all the passion of the earth—
All that was ever uttered to a maid,
And all the endless sweet unutterable.)

And so she trembled towards him, and he drew
Her slowly in his arms, and like a flame

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Swaying and floating in a restless air
The two moved ever upward through the dark.

And Tangata, bereft, sought all that night;
And stumbled through long years in search of her.

But Marama was kind, and Ina learnt
To love his patient tenderness. He taught
Her all the traffic of his silver world.
She smoothed the shining clouds across the sky
With patient hands, or petulantly flung
Into the blue the flying wisps of white
That chase the scudding sunbeams over the hills;
And in the twilight noiselessly she drew
The filmy veil of night about the earth,
With mother-words hushing the world to sleep.

But after many years her lonely heart
Whispered for Tangata; and to his land
Of silver cold the Moon-God brought the man.

The lovers met, and sighed; for love was dead.
Still Ina was as flawless as a flower
Breaking to blossom; but the years that passed
Unseen, soft-footed, in that place of gods,
In the man's frame had dug their talons deep,
And he stood grey and gnarled, as if his soul
Had shaken off the soft effeminate garb
Of youth—the cunning dye of hair and lip,
The padded curve of throat and limb—wherewith
Life decks us out for our brief journey. Now
He stood forth proudly, naked in his strength,
Tense, watchful, valiant, every muscle tried,
A runner stripped and ready for the race—
The last great race with Death. And so they stood,
The mortal and immortal changing looks.

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Then Tangata bent low; for love was dead.
She was a goddess, distant as a star;
But, flashing like drowned faces on the stream
Of his disordered thoughts, swirled memories
Of moonlit nights, the ever-questing creek,
The pool dream-haunted, the remembering palms,
That murmured still the lovers' long farewells.

He sighed; Man's pitiable lot was his:
To see the dawn flare ruddy from the hills,
The beacon of a day he will not know;
To taste the perfect promise of the bud
That will not bloom for him; to dream—and die.

But ah! the gods might reach the golden end,
Go singing from the first kiss to the last—
Each perfect moment sweeping to the next,
More perfect! "O, this narrow life!" he cried.

But Ina caught him to her with a moan,
"O comfort me, for I have cast away
My heritage! For ever I have done
With hopes and fears; I may not even dream.
For I know all that is and is to be.
There are no shadows on my soul; no mist
Dims my far gaze; and pitilessly clear
The narrow vistas of the years sweep out
To cold infinity. As with a wall
The future shuts me in; there is no room
For aspirations or despairs when all
Appointed Time is mine this hour.

But you,
Poor starveling dwellers in the dusk below,
May wrap your little lives about with dreams,
May sigh and wish and wonder. And your life,
That flickers painfully and glooms again,

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Is lit with wild impossibilities
And glorified with madly-thronging hopes.

For you are born swathed in the cloud of night,
And dream through some sweet hours of fantasy,
And die in rosy mists. Out from the dark,
Pulsing with strange uncertainties you come;
And, with your heart's quest still unsatisfied,
Into the dark again. You have your dreams,
Your royal yearnings and your rich despairs,
That fleck this sombre life of yours with hues
Of sunset splendour. Ah! you mortals pluck
A glory that the gods can never win!
This, Tangata, the wondrous heritage
I flung away with Death! O, comfort me!"

And Tangata was troubled; then he laid
His sorrow down, and said, "I may not love
The maiden; but the goddess I may serve."

And Ina with a sigh turned to her task.
And so for many busy years the two
Who once had kissed and trembled, silently
Laboured in loving service to the world,
Goddess and slave, until the appointed time
When Tangata must die. Then Ina said,
"Sweet is the red hibiscus, but it fades;
And fair the palm-tree, but the palm must fall."

And Tangata sighed wearily; for now
His time had come, and he was tired of all,
And ready for the grapple with his foe
Down in the valleys of the dusk.

And calm
His answer. "Fair the palm-tree, but it falls;
And sweet the red hibiscus, but it fades.

Google

But palm and flower have heard the song of winds
From far-off dreamy islands faintly blown,
Bearing the mandate of a strange unrest
That stirred and wondered, stirred and would not die.
And palm and blossom doomed to fall and fade
Have felt the fragrant fingers of the rain
Caressing frond and petal with the touch
Of a blind soul that yearned for brotherhood—
All dumb things vaguely merging into one.

"So this poor futile life that too must fade
Is fragrant with your love and musical
With many memories—so it dies content.
And here in Marama's bright land no shade
Of Death may enter; therefore let me go
And meet my old antagonist on earth,
Down in the valleys of the dusk to run
My last great race."

He ceased; and Ina flung
Athwart the sky a many-coloured bow,
And Tangata, his old grey head erect,
Descended to the dusk. And to this day
That radiant span is bright with Ina's tears.

ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DANNY

LVII

THE DEVIL IN A BAG

THE Woman woke with a start. She sat stark upright, and hearkened. There were no longer voices in the hall; all about her was silence, loneliness, and invading night; and Danny gone.

"Christ keep me!" she cried to her heart, rose, and rushed to the hall to see.

There sat the Laird, a shadow in the dusk.

"Send Danny here to me!" he ordered hoarsely, ere she had entered.

"Is he not with your Honour, then?" gasped the Woman, her heart a-quake.

"If he was," said the Laird, harsh and hoarse, "should I send for him?"

"He is not with me," cried the Woman.

"Where then?" asked the Laird. "It was you took him out to safe-keep him while Widow Ogg was here."

"Is Widow Ogg gone then?" gasped the frightened Woman.

"An hour since!" said the Laird.

"Then God help your Honour!" cried the Woman, "for our man is gone too!" And she turned and fled.

"And is this your safe-keeping?" cried the Laird after her.

"Belike he has just gone to meet Robin home from the

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Google

street or bides him in the byre!" she screamed over her shoulder as she fled.

"Go and see, and bring me word *at once*," came the Laird's voice, pursuing from the hall.

The Woman scuttled back to the kitchen, huddled a shawl about her head, and was plunging forth into a night of storm and rain when the sound of uncertain feet hurrying towards her in the dark stayed her.

"Robin!" she cried. "Robin Crabbe!" and the old man trotted in, dripping, passed her unheeding, halted jerkily, and as jerkily sat down.

The Woman summed him up in a glance.

"You are fou! and you are fley'd![1] and ha' ye seen Danny?" she cried.

The old man seemed not to hear.

He sat drenched, leaning a little forward, his hands set stiffly on his knees, and breathed loudly through his nose.

The Woman took him and shook him by the shoulders fiercely.

"Hearken here!" she shouted as to one deaf. "*Danny is away! Our man is away!* There's been no sign seen of him since yon dark warlock-woman left the house an hour agone. Did ye meet him on your way back from getting drunk?"

Robin shook his head mistily.

"Na," he said, "na, na."

"Did ye meet any?" shouted the Woman, shaking him.

"None but the Devil," said the old man testily.

"The Devil!" cried the Woman.

"Just the Devil in a bag on his way to being drowned," repeated Robin.

"O you man!" screamed the Woman. "O ye dirty drouthy tyke!" And plunged into the night, where wind and rain battled murderously.

Robin left alone began suddenly to snigger, smacking his knees and telling himself a tale.

[1] Fley'd = scared.

Google

"I was just within the gates when the warlock that was bearing him fluster't into me. 'What's all that yelpin' and skelpin' under your arm?' I cries, and lays hands on her. 'It's the Devil I have in a bag!' she skrikes, 'just the Devil I have in a bag. Hands off! I'm away to drown him.' And the warlock was away on wings 'fore ever I could stay her."

He fell into sudden laughter at his adventure, and rose to his feet.

"The Devil's drowned by this!" he was saying, "the world's rid of the Father of Hell!" when the door burst open and the Woman was blown in, wind-battered and breathless.

"The storm's ower fierce!" she panted. "I couldna win to the byre."

In despair she turned to the old man, now going forth.

"See here!" she gasped, going across to him. "Our man is away—do you mark me? There's been seen no sign of him since yon dark woman left. Belike he bides over at the byre as whiles he does, when the rain's on—and him ower cannie to get a wet coat."

"At the byre," said Robin, "as whiles he does," and began to go forth.

"And if ye should find he's not there ye're to return and tell me," continued the Woman. "Mind now!"

"Oo aye," repeated Robin, nodding like a mandarin, "return to tell ye."

"Sure now?" cried the Woman, urgent at his heels.

"Certain sure now," said Robin, and stumbled forth into the night, nor returned.

LVIII

THIS SIDE THE GRAVE

NEXT day the Woman was down before it was well light, waiting Robin and the Warden home from their dawn-huntings on the hill.

Long she looked forth, but looked forth in vain; so she went

Google

back to her house-business, little distressed; for when the chase led the hunters far they would often be away till the heat of the day.

It was not indeed till noon that Robin appeared. The Woman, at work on her hearthstone, scanned him grimly.

"You are late!—and little wonder," she said, marking in the old man a certain familiar dilapidated air.

"Little, indeed!" said Robin sourly, "seeing I have been all this while biding Danny on Fir-Tree Knowe, and yet he has not come to me."

The Woman knelt bolt upright.

"Biding him?" she screamed.

"These fower hours," said Robin.

"When ye reached the byre last night, was he not there?" screamed the Woman.

"There!" said Robin, round-eyed. "I have not seen our man since our hunting yester's morn!"

The Woman rose from her knees, as one stabbed to the heart.

"Then the Lord have mercy on us!" she cried. "Our man is gone!"

She swung about and rattled down the passage.

Some while she was away, and came back, slow-footed, sodden.

Robin was awaiting her, gnawing his knuckles.

"What is it all?" he asked, afraid.

"It is just this," said the Woman. "It is your drunkenness has lost to us our man."

She sat down grey and gasping, and told him of Danny's disappearance, and of the promise that he (Robin) had made and not kept.

"I mind nothing o't," said poor Robin at the end.

"Ye'd not," said the Woman bitterly. "Ye was far ower fou."

"I was not that fou," Robin replied. "I'd been down the street to drink Widow Ogg God-speed, and maybe I'd had a

Google

sup o' drink, but no more. Then I came home, and I do think I'd a touch of the fever, for I'd an ill dream that I met the Devil in a bag on the way to being drowned."

"It was not the Devil that was drowned," replied the Woman; "it was Robin Crabbe—drowned in drink. And your drunkenness has lost to us our man."

Her hands were to her apron, and her apron to her face; and she began to rock.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!" unselfish still in her sorrow. "Missie, hear me and send comfort to his Honour this day! He was more than son to him—more than son."

"What said his Honour when ye tell't him?" asked Robin fearfully.

"He ne'er uttered," sobbed the Woman; "it was just past words for him! He was more than son to him—more than son."

"Belike he has just gone hunting as of old," said Robin, feigning a faint cheerfulness.

"Hunting!" scoffed the Woman. "He has not been night-hunting these fower years—not since the day his Honour took him on his knee in the hall and gar'd him not to. Na," she said, "na; it's yon dark warlock-woman has wrought her will upon my man; and he has gone, never more to return this side the grave."

She broke down utterly and began to sob.

"Never more will I let him out dawns to greet you," she keened. "Never more will you kill together now. Never will I put a kiss upon him—my wean to me! Never more will he wake his Honour of nights with his girnings, him talking to Missie in his sleep. Never more, I say, Robin Crabbe, this side the grave."

Robin regarded her a moment like a frightened child; then he drew a sudden breath and ran away at a little sodden trot.

"Where to?" cried the Woman, looking up with pouring eyes.

"To his Honour!" gulped Robin, trotting on.

Google

"Na!" cried the Woman, clutching him back. "It is *you* are responsible. It is *your* drunkenness has lost to us our man. He will be like to kill you."

Robin burst into sudden tears.

"I carena a boddle for his killings!" he cried. "It is my Danny I am troubled for," and trotted on.

Huddled against the door, an old quavering figure, he told of his drunkenness and the promise he had made and had not kept. No armour of insolence was now his, no rude nonchalance of demeanour. Shakily, and not without much sniffling up of tears, the old man told his tale without adornments; and there came no word of comment or rebuke.

With restless fingers on the handle Robin waited.

"Ha' ye nothing to say?" he asked at last, staring dimly across the hall; but no word answered his appeal.

"Will ye no scold at me?" he begged, choking. "Ye might!" he cried, and drew a step nearer, "just a bittie!" And then saw he was addressing an empty chair.

"The Laird's gone down the street," he cried, hope glimmering at his heart. "He has gone to have a word with Widow Ogg."

The Woman looked at the clock.

"He's ower late," she said, "our man will not return this side the grave."

LIX

SIMON DEAD AND GONE

THE people were watching in their doors when the great gates clanged. Only Widow Ogg, standing out in the street in the rain bonneted, did not hear. The carrier's cart was at her door; the man was loading fast, but not fast enough for her, when a still voice at her shoulder spoke.

"Let be," it said.

The widow leaped round, smothering a scream.

Google

The Laird stood beside her, gaunt and bleak and white.

"Your Honour's before your time!" cried the dark woman, and the fear was on her horrible to see. "I'd have been away by now, but I was just biding—biding—biding," she stammered and stuck in her speech.

"Biding who?" said the Laird.

"The doctor!" said the dark woman glibly. "Simon's none so well. He was taken last night. It came on him sore and sudden. I ne'er quitted his bedside the night through. One while I did fear he was dying—my son dear to me as my soul!" and she began to whimper in the old familiar way.

"He was dying, and yet you were for moving him in the rain!" said the Laird, "this son dear to you as your soul!"

"It was your Honour's orders!" cried the other. "It's little pity Mr. Heriot has ever shown to me or mine that I should think it like he'd spare us now."

"I'd see the lad," said the Laird briefly.

"Ye canna!" cried the widow, thrusting before him. "He's far ower sick."

"I must," said the Laird. "I've some skill in medicines."

"There's no need now!" cried the widow. "The lad's better."

"He can't be both," said the Laird, pushed past her, entered the sluttish room, and looked into the sleeping-hutch beyond. Then he turned.

"You mistake," he said. "The lad's not dying. If he's anything he's dead and—gone!" and he pointed to the empty bed.

He came back to her, tramping.

"I can feel for you," he said, "for I too have lost a son, dear to me as my soul—and gone as mysteriously as your dear lad has."

"I know nothing of him," said the widow, shivering. "And as to Simon he had the fever on him sore, as I tell 't your Honour; and he'll have just slipped out of bed and passed me while I was packin'; and the rain on, and him just in his sark!

Google

Oh," she cried, falling into the old whine, "I will be a childless woman the day! He'll have gone to his grave! he'll have gone to his grave!"

"Heart up!" said the Laird. "Here's his ghost back again." And at the moment in shuffled Simon, ragged, rain-draggled, battered.

"O minnie!" he sobbed, "I am come home a corp!" and he flung himself face downward on the bed.

"I tell't Mr. Heriot!" cried the widow, and pointed dramatically at the broken figure on the bed. "He has the fever; he is raving."

The Laird bent over him.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is just Joliff has killed me quite again!" blubbered the youth, wriggling on his face. "Yon muckle Englisher has murdered me sore."

The Laird plucked suddenly at the sufferer's shirt. It came forth from his trousers and the lad's bare back was discovered.

The Laird looked with interest.

"The lad is in pain, but not in danger," he said. "Yet he's too ill to quit this day, I'll order the carrier to unload."

He stalked forth, gave his orders to the carrier, and stood a long hour in the rain seeing them carried out, the people gathering in the street, heedless of the rain, to watch; then he came back to the widow.

"I am now going home in hope that my son may return to me, as yours has to you," he said.

"What if he was dead?" said the dark Woman, with dreadful grin in the gloom.

"If he is dead he will not return to me," said the Laird; "but I will return to you," and he tramped off through the people waiting without in the rain.

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LX

THE LAIRD RIDES SOUTH

ARRIVED home, the Laird sent for Robin.

The Woman was afraid for him, and implored him with tears not to go.

"It's the very way he was the night before he killed Simon Ogg's father!" she cried. "Do not go, Robin. He will be like to kill you."

"And I will thank him," said Robin, and went.

The Laird stood in the hall like a white Saul; and now there was no Danny David-wise to charm the dark spirit forth; but Robin stood by the door, too miserable far to be afraid.

"What do you know of one called Joliff?" asked the Laird.

"Joliath!" said Robin. "He is no better than a heathen—he is Engleesh; and man to him of Altyre."

"Altyre!" said the Laird. "It was from Altyre the warning came!" and lifted a yellow label from the table at his side.

"That cam' from her of Altyre," said Robin. "Him that inhabits there is married on a woman, and she is fair and has the fondness for Danny."

"How d'you ken that?" asked the Laird sharply.

"I was in Campbell-town at the Hire last back-end," said Robin, "and Danny was with me, and she came by in her chariot, and he saw her and followed after, crying to her like as it might be to Missie; and she stopped her carriage and got down and took him in her arms and put a kiss upon him before the people and slobberments, and yattered[1] over him, eye-wheedling him. And he talked to her as he would to Missie. And I jalouse she has a devil, and put a spell upon him because of his beauty."

"What like is this woman?" asked the Laird.

[1] Yattered = murmured.

Google

"She is like to nothing on earth," said Robin. "She is like to Missie in heaven, just decked out in the duds of the Scarlet Woman."

The Laird sat back with shut eyes.

"I will ride," said he.

Robin gaped upon him.

"Ride?" he gasped.

"I said ride," said the Laird. "Harness me Nebuchadnezzar."

"Neddy-cud-nebber!" screamed Robin. "He's not been out of the byre since Missie had him out, ten years since; he has a coat like a sheep."

"I will come round to the byre in one quarter and climb him there," said the Laird.

"But I tell ye!" gasped Robin.

"And I tell *you!*" said the Laird.

"Man!" cried Robin.

"You hear!" said the Laird, and closed his eyes.

Like one dazed Robin went.

. . . . . .

Twenty minutes later, for the first time since Missie's death, a horse's feet sounded on the gravel far down the drive.

The Woman in the kitchen heard the sound, and a wringer in her hand, scuttled round to the front-door to see.

Then she stood, hand to her brow, and looked with amazed eyes.

"The World's End's on us and a'!" she cried, and started furiously in pursuit.

"I'll gar you go horseback-riding, ye doited old ranty-go-round!" she screamed. "Are you daft quite? Will you go search him yourself? Come back! Come down! I order you! Is it no enough to lose the one, but the other must follow!"

The Laird jogged on, like an old white Quixote on a white Rosinante.

Google

The Woman saw the vanity of pursuit, and stopped.

"Oh," she wailed, "he is clean daft, and deaf and doited and a'!—him riding forth to war like Balaam on his cuddie, who should be in his bed on slops!"

She turned to Robin, who stood behind her, dull-eyed and miserable.

"Put out after him!" she ordered. "Rin, man! rin! Pull him off! Tell him I forbid him flat! Deborah Awe forbids him!—him and Neddy-cud-nebber going forth to search the highways and hedges with none to tend them!"

Robin made no move to obey.

"Are you a man?" cried the Woman. "Will you do nothing, and stand by and see his Honour riding to his death?"

"I care not," said Robin soddenly.

The Woman broke down and sobbed.

"You care not," she cried; "you that first lose Danny through your drunkenness, and then stand by on one leg and wipe your eye, while his Honour goes horseback-galloping to his end. You care not—why should you? I will lose them both, but what is that to you? It was to me Missie left him to mind him and mend him and gar him change his feet; it is me she will be sore on when we meet—why should you care?"

"I wish I were dead," said poor Robin.

"Robin Crabbe!" cried the other, shocked.

"I do so," said poor Robin.

"Then you have fallen far from grace," said the Woman. "Have you no gratitude to the good God who made you?"

"There is no God," said Robin brokenly. "Danny's dead; the Laird's daft; and I'm aff to get fou."

. . . . . .

The Woman spent a lonely day upon her knees in tears and prayers for the soul of her wee man departed; and in between whiles solicitously kept a-stirring a mess of meaty comfort against his return.

Google

And the Laird, like a great white icicle a-horse, rode south.

. . . . .

Toward nightfall Robin returned, to peer blindly into the kitchen.

"Is he home?" he asked.

"Home!" wailed the Woman. "Home! He will never be home this side the grave."

Robin turned dumbly.

"Woman!" he cried, "have you *no* heart of a woman?" And was stumbling forth into the dripping night to pour forth his heart's bitterness to Missie in the streaming heaven above, when the Woman caught and clutched him back.

"The Laird's gone, and Danny's gone; there's no need a third should go!" she cried wildly, and set him by the fire and nourished him with a comfortable mess of gruel, which she, motherly heart, had kept a stirring the day through.

"It was for our wee man!" she explained. "But he will never need it now this side the grave," yet put another pan upon the hob and kept it stirring.

. . . . .

At midnight on her way to bed, looking into the hall, the Woman found the Laird returned.

He sat there in the white of the moon, his cloak about him, his bonnet on his head, the grim eyes shut, like some dour soldier-monk whose vigil is passed, and seems to sleep in stone; and on his lips a strange white smile.

"Ha' ye any tidings?" screamed the Woman, and ran in on him.

He sat lost still in dreams, the smile upon his lips, nor seemed to hear.

"Do you hear me?" cried the Woman in his ear, and shook him. "Is Danny back?"

He stirred and came back from sleep.

"Not yet," he said. "I bide him here," and was falling away into his dreams.

Google

"Will he be back then?" cried the other urgently.

"Surely so," said the Laird, and nodded and nodded in his dream.

"How d'you ken that?"

"She tell't me."

"Who tell't ye?"

"Marjory," said the Laird, and sank back smiling into sleep.

The Woman ran to tell Robin.

"His Honour has trysted with Missie outbye!" she cried, pale with awe. "And our man will return—she tell't him, who tells true."

. . . . .

His cloak about his shoulders, the Laird sat white-headed in the night; and the dreams were on him.

At last, upon the stroke of one, it came to him, that for which he had waited since his home-coming; a crying in the night without.

Straightway he woke; and the dreams lifted.

He rose and tottered furiously across the hall; and already behind him down passages there was a hurry of shuffling feet and slamming of doors.

His fingers were hardly on the bolts of the outer door when two hands clapped upon him from behind.

"Away out of it!" yelled Robin, and thrust him aside.

"Is he there?" screamed the Woman, scuttling up from behind.

"Can I see through the door, Fool?" cried Robin, striving on his knees.

"Open it then!" she implored.

"Open it!" gurgled Robin. "And am I no' wrestling with it—and you—and the Devil—and a'?" and heaved the door wide.

In crawled a little shadowy misery.

Robin peered down.

"It's no' him!" he screamed, and flung up his face. "Where is my God?"

Google

"It's his wraith!" screamed the Woman. "Pity—pity upon us!"

Two anguished eyes turned up to them.

"It's himself!" screamed Robin. "Missie tell't true!" and fell back against the wall.

"My wean! My wean to me!" sobbed the Woman. "O Missie! O my wean!" and wrapt him up in tender arms, clouding him with kisses.

The Laird said nothing. He stood in the path of the Woman, with arms thrust forth.

"I have him," said the Woman jealously. "There is no need for you to fash."

"He is mine," said the Laird, and stood like a pillar in her path.

"Have him all to yourself then!" she snapped, and placed her treasure in his arms with a little bump.

Tenderly the Laird wrapped his cloak about the little knight, and marched upon hushed feet back to the hall.

"He is mine," said the Laird, and gathered him jealously in his arms. "He is mine," and marched away, the love upon his face.

LXI

ROBIN AND THE ENGLISHER

Far into the next day Danny slept, unlike himself.

"He sleeps late," said Robin, awaiting his battle-fellow at the kitchen door.

"Ay," said the ominous Woman, "and it will be well if it be not that sleep from which none wake."

At noon he did wake. Robin and the Woman watched him trailing miserably at the heels of the Laird.

"He is weary, is our man," said Robin uneasily.

"And it is not only weariness," replied the ominous Woman.

Google

Jael, the soot-and-sulphur cat, his enemy of old, crossed his track and cursed him deliberately, and Danny trailed on unheeding.

"It seems he canna see," said Robin, sucking a knuckle.

"He can see," said the Woman. "He winna."

The two were still at the door watching as the little knight trailed home an hour later.

"He seems less," said Robin.

"He is less," said the Woman, "and like to be. He has left his heart behind him in the wilderness."

"If that is all," said Robin, "I will soon mend him for you."

"Never!" said the Woman. "Male he is, for so GOD made him, but not man that he can pick a new heart from any dyke. It's yon dark warlock-woman has laid a ban upon him to take the power from him."

The Woman was right. Tender as ever, faithful still, and of perfect courtesy, the heart had died out of the little man as the sun dies out of the West.

Now no more he sallied forth, gay gallant in grey, on lonely enterprise against the heathen of the wilderness. Instead he draggled all day long at the Laird's heels, or lay wearied of life and listless in the hall. As of old he went his morning-round with Robin in the dew, but, now no longer alert to defy the thunder, he jogged palely at the old man's heels. Foumart might cross him, the scent of the otter rise like incense to his nostrils in the dawn, and he still plodded on, careless of insult.

"He has killed his last!" said Robin, returning home upon the second day, and sat down in the kitchen and sobbed.

"If that was all he would not die," cried the Woman. "He is not altogether man, is not my Danny. He can live for love as well as murder."

"That he can never!" gasped Robin. "Battle was his breath; blood his drink. He cares no more to kill; and he cares no more to live; and I aye tell't ye!"

"And I tell you!" cried the Woman. "I kenn't the way

Google

it would be. He's in just the very taking a lass was, once I kenn't, that was ill-wished by such another as yon dark warlock-woman. She just lived, yet lay like one dead. There was no power in her, yet nor scar on her to show for it. Then she just dwined and dwined and dwined—as does our man; and she seemed to little day by day—as does our man; until she died—as will our man." And she began to sob.

Robin fell back upon liquor, and a bottomless despair; and the Woman wrung her hands all day.

Of the three at that time the Laird seemed the least troubled. A dimness of dreams had fallen on him like a mist. For the most part he sat all day long in the hall, wrapped always in his cloak in a sort of waking sleep; and Danny lay at his feet, like one dead.

"Danny might die!" cried Robin bitterly, "and his Honour would still just sit and glower, and sit and glower."

"He is far away," said the Woman, "and faring further. He is just dreaming away, and away. Since Missie trysted him in the wilderness he thinks of little else. I have heard him talking of her in his sleep."

And indeed it almost seemed as if it was so. That very noon, as she looked into the hall to see how it fared with him, he woke, and stared across at her; and there was a letter in his hand.

"If any comes for me," he said, "I will see them."

"Who's like to come for ye?" cried the Woman astonished.

"Missie might," said the Laird, and was back again in sleep.

She toiled back to the kitchen.

"The Laird has had his call," she said to Robin. "That's a sure thing. He thinks Missie is coming from heaven for him."

"And if any comes from heaven for him, who more like than Missie?" said Robin dully.

At the moment there came a knock at the kitchen door, very low.

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The Woman sat down with quaking knees.

"Open!" she gasped, pale as her apron. "Open, Robin! If it was Missie come from heaven!"

Robin had risen, and had gone to the door.

The Woman waited with shut eyes.

There was a long silence, then Robin spoke: "This is no Missie from heaven," he said at last, deliberately. "This is an Englisher from Hell."

The Woman opened her eyes to see a huge sun-bearded stranger grinning in the door.

. . . . . .

In the yard the Englishman, a tender-fingered, sun-bearded man, sat on an old tree-stump, and Danny lay across his knees. The Woman was standing by, watching, as a mother watches her child in the surgeon's hands; while afar off in the wood-shed sat one upon his thumbs, his back upon the little group.

To him the Englishman looked up and called.

"Dos't know what's coom to this lad o' thine?" he asked.

He who sat upon his thumbs far off, with bowed back, answered nothing.

The Woman came across to him.

"The gentlemans is speaking to you," she said. "Why for do you not reply?"

"I have no Engleesh," said Robin, loudly. "Myself I am a Christian."

"Be ceevil for the sake of our man," urged the Woman, in hushed tones. "Maybe if you would reply to his questionings he could say what was amiss with our man."

"That would be fine indeed!" cried Robin, flaring. "I am to tell Joliath what is amiss with my man, and he will to go to his Honour——"

"Do you know, then, what is amiss with him?" interposed the Woman.

"I would not be like to know!" cried Robin bitterly, "I that have loved him and tended him, and been fellow to him these ten years."

Google

"If you know," cried the Woman sharply, "why have you not said?"

"I have not been askit," said Robin, tears in eyes.

"Do you wait to be askit," cried the angry Woman, "when Danny's a-dying, and we all seeking the cure?"

Robin rose and began to move away.

"If it is his Honour's wull to put the curing of Danny into the hands of paid foreign folk, it is not for me to interfere," he said.

"You was curing him fine!" jeered the Woman, "you that has been sitting sopping at the ale-house these two days, because you said Danny would die."

Robin came back to her with gleaming eyes.

"I will not shame you before your Philistine," he muttered in her ear, "you that are his concumbine for all the world to see. I will wait to smite you in your mouth of lies till he has gone."

"Hold away!" shrilled the Woman. "Go and dream dreams and get drunk—you and your Devils in a bag!"

"Talkin' o' bags!" called the Englishman after him, "see here! I've summat for yo' little man!" But Robin stumbled on blindly, and ran into the Laird entering the yard.

"Where to?" asked the Laird, pausing, and eyeing him sternly. "To the ale-house, to get drunker?"

Robin stood before him, a little ancient figure, with dim ringlets and greatly shaking face.

"There is one biding Mr. Heriot in the yard," he said, with shivering bitterness—"your Honour's Englisher, that you have paid to do for money what I would have done for love." And he turned and trotted off village-wards.

LXII

BAN AND COUNTER-BAN

NOONDAY folk were drinking in the alehouse when the great gates at the street-end clanged.

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The potman went to the door.

"God's sake!" he cried, and drew a whistling breath.

"What is it?" asked old Andra curiously.

"Whisht!" whispered the potman, motioning for silence. "It's his Honour."

"What of it?" cried young Cockie Menzie. "Who fears his Honour these days?"

"I do," whispered the potman, "when the wrath's on him."

"Is the wrath on him?" asked several, instantly sobered.

"He's marching down the street like the death wind," whispered the potman, withdrawing into the shadow of the door. "I'd be sorry for the soul that crossed his path this day."

A drinker rose, stole across the sanded floor, and peered forth. Another followed. Soon they were all gathered at the door, huddled man behind man, the last of them upon a chair; only Robin, drinking in the dimmest corner, stirred not.

The Laird was coming down the street alone—not the tall old tottering man of these later days, but one who marched striding, his mouth like a sword, his face like a thunder-cloud.

"What's yon on his arm?" whispered Andra.

"It looks like a death-clout," whispered another.

"It'll be the Englisher's bag," said Robin dully from the dimness.

The topers in the door watched.

"He'll ha' come to call for some one," muttered young Menzies.

"God help who'e'er it be!" whispered a second.

"It's Widow Ogg!" said all in one hushed breath, as the Laird turned into a garden and disappeared.

A moment later a sudden dreadful scream smote their ears.

"God's sake!" cried the potman, and staggered back.

"It's her death-scream!" said young Menzies, white as whey, but still holding his position at the door.

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"God rest her soul!" cried poor old Andra, shaken to the soul. "He's killed her, as he did her man."

"Ay," said dim Robin, "there's power in his Honour's arm yet."

"Here he comes forth!" cried the watcher at the door, and in mortal fear fell back with the others behind the bar.

The Laird swept by the open door, cold, grim, inexorable. A long minute passed, and no man spoke; then down the street there came a pattering of hurrying feet, and with it a whining, whimpering, wailing noise as of some forgotten ghost hunting ancient earth-haunts. Then the dead woman stood in the door.

Her hair was loose, and her face showed dusky through it.

"I'm a dead woman the day!" she hoarsed, and tottered across to the bar. "Give me drink. I'd wash my soul in fire!"

"What ails the body?" chattered the potman, pouring for her with trembling hand. "What ill has his Honour done ye?"

"He put his hand on me!" hoarsed the woman. "He put his curse on me!" and drank, greatly gulping. "I'll ne'er see another dawn! He cursed me; and here's my curse again!"

She gave her skirt a sudden hitch, sank upon bare knees in the sanded floor, and with dreadful face uplifted, and with foul hair loose about it, began to curse.

"May he never know rest in his bed or his grave! May his death come soon, and may it come slow! May the child of his heart be the cause of his end!"

She lurched, caught, recovered, lurched again, and tumbled in the sand, her hair about her dusky face like cobwebs.

"Ay," said a dim voice from the corner, "there's power in his Honour's arm yet."

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LXIII

HOW SIMON FAILED TO EARN A GUINEA

Later Robin hurried home to tell the Woman what had befallen Widow Ogg.

The Woman hearkened, callous seemingly as stone.

"Is she dead?" she asked at the end.

"Na," said Robin. "It seemed it was but a fit."

"I would she were," said the gaunt Woman, hate like a black flame in her eyes.

Robin looked up, surprised.

"And you the Christian!" he sneered.

"Go in to the Laird," said the Woman hardly. "He has a word for you."

Robin went in, and found the Laird sitting shrouded in the hall, and Danny like one dead at his feet.

Robin beheld his little battle-fellow lying listless there, and gulped.

"So your Honour's Englisher has cured our man fine!" sneered the old man, trembling on the brink of tears.

"He may not have told me the cure," said the Laird, "but he has told me the cause of the trouble, which is more than ever you did—Widow Ogg kidnapped him."

"Kidnapped him!" cried Robin, startled out of himself.

"In a bag," said the Laird, "and ran off home and bid Simon take and drown him then and there."

"And did the lad dare?" cried Robin, "he that has the fear of Danny on him worse than the fear of the Devil!"

"Just so," said the Laird, "and his minnie knowing it, told the soft lad it was not Danny, but the Devil was in the bag."

"The Devil in a bag!" cried Robin as in a dream.

"And if he drowned him he'd rid the world of a worthless fellow and get a guinea reward from the police," said the Laird; and continuing told how Simon had set off then and

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there, had run all night, till he came in the break of the morning to the wee lochan on Windyhope, and there had flung his burthen into the water; how it chanced that "your friend the Englisher" was not far, and hearing a strange outcry had come thundering up, to find Simon skipping like a madman on the bank, screaming that the Devil was drowned, and that he'd earned a guinea for ridding the world of the Father of Wickedness, and pointed to the bag moving faintly beneath the waters. The Englishman had waded in, fished up the bag, and loosed the mouth. Out had crawled Danny, more drowned than alive.

When Simon saw that:

"I aye kenn't he was the Devil!" he had screamed, and fled for his life; but the Englishman had pursued, caught, and half-killed him. Later, on returning to the lochan to minister to Danny, he had found the little man gone.

"The rest," said the Laird, "you know—except that I have been down to Widow Ogg—and she packs, she and Simon, before nightfall."

Robin listened dumbly as in a dream.

"And now we've found the cause of the trouble," said the Laird, "the question is, can we find the cure?"

"I would ask your Honour's Englisher," sneered Robin, coming to himself.

"I have," said the Laird, "and he says all Danny wants is heartening. Now, can you hearten him?"

"So it is to me your Honour turns in the latter end!" Robin cried passionately. "Cure him! who would cure him if I could not, who have been fellow to him in sorrow and sickness, and battle and murder, morning, noon and midday, these ten years? Cure him!" he cried with kindling bitterness, "if your Honour had come to me at the onset, there would have been no need to cure him at all."

"You would have made him whole before ever he was ill?" said the Laird.

"I would so," said Robin.

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"If you could do this before," said the Laid, curtly, "why have you not?"

"I was waiting till you had finished fooling with him," said Robin, shivering. "You and your foreigners and Engleesh," and was going out.

"Put a name to this cure of yours," said the Laird.

"I call it the killing cure," said Robin shortly.

The Laird looked at him.

"The killing cure?" he asked suspiciously.

"Killing is curing where Danny is concerned," retorted Robin. "And if I can entice him back to caring to kill, I can entice him back to caring to live."

"Mind then!" said the Laird, hard as iron, "no murder."

LXIV

THE KILLING CURE

That evening Robin began the cure, hope glowing at his heart. He sat upon a basket in the sun outside the wood-shed; Danny was on one knee, and on the other a wire cage prisoning as gallant an outlaw company as ever harried a poultry-yard.

Then the old man began to whisper in the little man's ear of the good and bloody days gone by, and ever shook the cage to stir the souls within; while Danny, listless-eyed, reached up a fond tongue to caress the cracked cheek above him. Kindling as he went, the old man swept the strings of memory, singing the glories of many a stricken field; until Danny, kindling too, thrust forth a long grey muzzle to the cage and sniffed.

Sweet in his nostrils was the scent of the gentlemen-banditti within, and memory-stirring. His soul came tiding back into his eyes. He waxed and waxed, until it seemed he was his ancient glowing self again.

Rising on Robin's knee, he thrust forth a massive paw, and

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tapped at the bars of the cage. Forthwith Robin set the cage upon the ground. Softly Danny leaped down, and cried to the gentlemen adventurers within to come forth and comfort him.

Then Robin clutched his champion by the neck and snatched him back, and thrust him forward, tarring him ever on.

Such was the noise of his urging that the Woman came clacking into the yard in her pattens to see.

"What is this rout and raging of the heathen?" cried she, hitching high her petticoats.

"It's the killing cure," Robin replied, thrusting, snatching. "Ho, the Danny! Ho, the man!"

"It is crueltee," said the Woman. "And it is a joy to you to make to suffer God's dumb creatures,"

"It is that," said honest Robin. "Ho, the Danny! Ho, the man!"

"Ah!" cried the Woman, with high petticoats, "you're a' one are men and vermin. Killin's the least of your cruelties."

"It's all in a good cause," cried Robin, thrusting, snatching.

"What cause?"

"The cause of curing Danny."

"You will never cure my man by heathen-murders and bloodinesses!" cried the Woman. "He is not as he once was, and as you still are. He has ceased to be a man; he has ceased to care for murder, he has come to be a Christian quite."

"Blethers!" said Robin, and shot forth a fat buck rat.

It was a ten-yard course to the drain. The rat had four of them, then came Danny, and the rat got home by a tail.

"Wh-o-o!" whistled Robin, and drew a long breath; for Danny had stopped as if struck.

Then he came back, not scurrying for the mouth of the trap as of old, alert for the next, but ploddingly.

Robin snatched up the cage.

"Ho, the Danny!" he shouted, flaming forth with war-cry to stir. "Ho, the Danny! ho, the man! Remember

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Jonathan and the passages of Michmash!" and shook forth on top of him a shower of rats—a left, and a right beneath his nose, and a wrench, such as of old his soul loved.

He turned not a hair's breadth aside for one of them.

"Danny, man!" whispered the old man, patting him as he passed.

For the first time in history the little knight snatched back his head and snapped.

The old man stood up and drew a shaking hand across his mouth: it was as if a son had struck him.

"Keep me!" gasped the Woman, and could say no more.

Danny trailed away. When he came to the gate he turned, looked at Robin, then trailed back to the old man's feet, lifted himself, and wagging a hopeless tail, licked the hand that he had snapped at; then he dropped, and trotted out of the yard, the most pathetic sea-grey misery that ever trailed a broken heart behind.

Twenty minutes later Robin and the Woman still stood in the yard.

"It was the pitifullest thing!" said the old man for the fiftieth time, while the tears coursed down his cheeks—"the pitifullest thing! 'Forgive me!' he said. 'It was none of me. Danny's dead.' And so," sobbed the old man, "he is."

"Where will he be?" asked the Woman, drying her own eyes.

"He'll none be far," said Robin. "He'll be lying his lone, and wearing his heart away because he will never kill more," and he turned off into the house to the Laird.

. . . . . .

That old man knew already. He had been at the window when there had passed before his eyes across the green a small, sad shadow in grey, trailing a broken heart behind.

As Robin entered he turned from his post at the window, and with bleak angered eyes.

"Much good you have done!" he cried.

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Robin looked at him.

"Kill him your own gate!" he sobbed, and flung forth.

. . . . .

All that evening and on into the dusk Danny was away. He shunned the house, and he shunned all company. Man-like, as the Woman said, he preferred to break his heart alone.

Towards nightfall, at the time of that deep stillness that often falls between the sleeping of the day and the waking of the night, the beetles twanging in the hush, and everywhere the scent and stir of night stealing forth from the hidden places of the dark, Robin was on the hill where the birch-woods march with the moors, searching a vagrant hen, who had stolen her nest up there.

On Fir-tree Knowe, on the western face of Lammermore, in that same spot where in dear summer evenings of the long-ago Missie had been wont to come, she and her young knight, to watch the shadows stealing over the land, pale Burnwater, and afar the sea, like a spear of gold barring the gate of earth, lay the mourner, grey head between grey paws, watching the glory gather in the West and fade away.

Robin stood afar off and watched him, nor for awhile could speak.

"Come, then, mannie!" he called at last, his heart full of tears.

The little knight rose, and trailed across to him, weary, sad, and small, the dying glory of the sunset in his eyes; and Robin, sniffling, lifted him in fond arms, and kissed him there, where none were by to see but God and the pale evening star. Then the two set off together through the falling night like a pair of lovers made one after many years.

. . . . .

It was Danny found her they sought in a dry ditch among the bracken at the edge of the wood. She would not stir for him, clucking curses at him; but Robin caught her deftly by the legs, counted the eggs, and then replaced her; and as he did so, and saw Danny watching him with tired eyes, he called

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to mind the day when the ancestress of that same lady-hen had mothered a mixed brood, and Danny, happening on them in the wood, had slain the little pheasants, nor touched the chickens, and what then had come of it—Missie's white anger, the Woman's glee, and his own exertions to save Danny from instant death.

"It was 'Mind, no murder!' then," gulped the old man, tramping down the hill. "And it's 'Mind, no murder!' still. But now," he said, with misty eyes on the grey shadow before him in the dark, "I do think there will be never more any murders to mind."

A shadow, faint as a ghost's, fell across his feet.

"*What then of my murdered minnie?*" whispered a voice a of that ghost in his ear.

(*To be continued.*)

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WRITERS IN THE "MONTHLY REVIEW"

FROM OCTOBER 1900 TO SEPTEMBER 1902

Abdur-Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan
Archer, William
Atkinson, A.R. (*Member of the New Zealand House of Representatives*)
Ady, Mrs. (Julia Cartwright)
Atkins, J. B.
Atteridge, A. Hilliard

Berching, The Rev. Professor H. C.
Bell, Mrs. Hugh
Bellairs, Lieut. Carlyon, R.N.
Binyon, Laurence
Bowlby, A. A., F.R.C.S.
Baillie-Grohman, W. A.
Bell, Miss G. L.
Bindloss, Harold
Bain, R. Nisbet
Bishop, Mrs.
Brereton, Cloudesley
Brooks, Sydney
Bridges, Robert
Bourassa, Henri (*Member of the Canadian Parliament*)
Brand, Hon. R. H.
Bright, Charles, F.R.S.E.
Bigelow, Poultney
Bill, Charles, M.P.
Bowles, G. Stewart

Clowes, Sir W. Laird
Coleridge, Miss M. E.
Colquhoun, A. R.
Corbett, Julian S.
Calderon, G. L.
Childers, Erskine
Cholmondeley, Miss Mary
Colomb, Sir J. C. R., K.C.M.G., M.P.
Cook, Theodore Andrea
Cooper, Edward H.
Carlisle, The Earl of
Cecil, Algernon

De Maulde la Clavière, R.
Du Cane, Major-Gen. Sir E., K.C.B.
Dell, Robert E.
De Thierry, C.
De la Mare, W. J. (Walter Ramal)
De Saussure, César

Evans, Arthur J.
Ellis, Havelock

Fry, Roger E.
Fremantle, Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund, G.C.B.
Fuller-Maitland, J. A.
Ford, Percival
Finberg, Alexander J.
Farrelly, M. J., LL.D.
Fyfe, H. Hamilton

Grey, Henry M.
Griffin, Professor W. Hall
Garnett, Edward
Gorky, Maksim
Greenwood, Frederick
Garrett, F. Edmund
Gerothwohl, Maurice A.
Green, Owen M.
Gerard, The Rev. Father, S.J.

Holmes, C. J.
Hope, Anthony
Hamilton, Lord Ernest

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Hart-Davis, Capt. H. V.
Hayashi, His Excellency Viscount
Hodgkin, Thomas, D.C.L.
Hogarth, D. G.
Housman, Laurence
Hartland, E. Sidney
Hutchinson, Horace G.
Haldane, Rt. Honble. R. B., K.C., M.P.
Horne, H. P.
Hardy, Thomas

Irwin, Sidney T.
Iddesleigh, The Earl of

Johnson, Mrs. H. Barham

Kinloch, Alexander
Kemp-Welch, Mrs.
Kershaw, John B. C.
Kipling, Rudyard

Laughton, Professor J. K.
Lang, Andrew
Legge, J. G.
Lawless, Hon. Emily
Lucas, E. V.
Long, R. E. C.

Martens, F. de
Meynell, Mrs.
Macritchie, David
Maude, Lt.-Col. F. N., late R.E.
Meredith, George
Macfarlane, H.
Mardon, Evelyn J.
Moore, T. Sturge
Mallock, W. H.
Machray, Robert
Malleson, Major, R.A.
Miller, Sir Alex. E., K.C., C.S.I.
Macpherson, William C.
Morrison, Arthur

Nelson, The Earl
Neville, Ralph, Q.C.
Newbolt, Henry
Neuman, B. Paul

Ollivant, Alfred

Phillimore, Mrs.
Peile, Rev. J. H. F.
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Quiller-Couch, A. T.

Rosebery, The Earl of, K.G.
Roscoe, Sir Henry E.
Round, J. Horace
Reid, G. Archdall, M.B., C.M., F.R.S.E.
Rose, J. Holland
Ross, Janet
Robinson, Major-Gen. C. W., C.B.
Ricardo, Halsey

Sichel, Miss E.
Shirlaw, Mathew, Mus.Bac. Edin.
Stephen, Sir Leslie, K.C.B.
Streatfeild, R. A.
Symons, Arthur
Street, G. S.
Strutt, Edward C.
Schooling, J. Holt
Sayce, Rev. Professor A. H.

Turner, Professor H. H.
Thomson, H. C.
Taylor, Benjamin
Thompson, Francis
Thurston, Rev. Father H., S.J.
Tovey, Donald F.

Villari, L.

Waterhouse, Paul
Wilkinson, Spenser
Williams, Basil
Waldstein, Professor C.
Warren, T. H., President of Magdalen College, Oxford
Wedgwood, The Hon. Mrs.
Wolff, Henry W.
Woodhead, Professor G. Sims, M.D.
Woods, Margaret L.
Watkins, Frank (*Member of the late Transvaal Volksraad*)
Wilson, H. W.
Worsfold, W. Basil
Ward, John, F.S.A.

Yeats, W. B.
Younghusband, Capt. F. E., C.I.E.

To these must be added "Anon," "Galeatus," "Auditor," "The Author of 'Pro Christo et Ecclesia,'" "The Writer of an Englishwoman's Love-letters," and the author of "The Loss of the Cobra," besides the writers, eleven in number, who have contributed editorial articles, and the reviewers of books, "On the Line."

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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NOVEMBER 1902

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN AND THE GREAT COMMONWEALTH Page 1

ON THE LINE 10

A YEAR OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT——SYDNEY BROOKS 31

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND——SIR ALEXANDER MILLER, K.C., C.S.I. 48

THE HORSEMEN OF THE FUTURE——BREVET LIEUT.-COL. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B. 70

HOW ZOLA WORKED——THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS" 86

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN—IV——ARTHUR MORRISON 99

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY——EMIL REICH, D.C.L. 117

ENGLISH AND INDIAN—A STUDY——CORNELIA SORABJI 133

THE NOVELS AND PLAYS OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO——EDWARD HUTTON 144

TO A TERRIER——MARY E. RICHMOND 161

DANNY—LXV-LXXI——ALFRED OLLIVANT 168

Google

CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (OCTOBER).

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:
A Family Affair
On the Line

LESSONS OF THE WAR—LIEUT.-GEN. SIR E. Y. BRABANT, K.C.B., C.M.G.

THE NEW DEVELOPMENTS WITHIN THE LIBERAL PARTY—O. ELTZBACHER

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE—II—HENRI BOURASSA (*Member of the Canadian Parliament*)

SIR BARTLE FRERE—SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BART.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF EGYPT (*Illustrated*)—JOHN WARD, F.S.A.

MR. MARCONI'S RECENT INVENTION—PROFESSOR A. M. WORTHINGTON, C.B., F.R.S.

RODIN—T. STURGE MOORE

A PORTRAIT OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI (*Illustrated*)—SIR MARTIN CONWAY (*Slade Professor of Fine Art at Cambridge*)

RODOLPHE TÖPFFER (*Illustrated*)—J. A. FULLER MAITLAND

WEST IRISH FOLK BALLADS—LADY GREGORY

A BURNEY FRIENDSHIP—II—GEORGE PASTON

MARAMA: THE MOON-GOD—ARTHUR H. ADAMS

DANNY—LVII–LXIV—ALFRED OLLIVANT

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THE FRENCH-CANADIAN AND THE GREAT COMMONWEALTH

WE have had the pleasure of presenting to our readers in the September and October numbers of the MONTHLY REVIEW two articles of exceptional interest and importance on the subject of the French-Canadian in the British Empire. The writer, Mr. Henri Bourassa, is a member of the Canadian Parliament, and has made himself known not only in the Dominion, but also on this side the water, as a vigorous exponent of the creed of the extreme section among the Canadians of French descent. His position and his abilities would have gained him a ready hearing even if he had been of our own race and ways of thought, and merely giving evidence once more of the broad and vitalising tide of loyalty which we have long known to be bearing the British-Canadian on towards a vast and splendid horizon. But Mr. Bourassa's opinions become far more interesting to us when we remember that he represents one of the less known and less kindred elements in what we call by the very partially accurate name of the British Empire; that he can give us an insight into the feelings and the hopes of a compact body of our fellow subjects, already numbering more than a million and a half, and not unlikely in the future to show a majority over all other elements in Canada; and that his views are so strikingly in contrast with those prevalent at the present time among Europeans, and especially among Englishmen, that

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they cannot fail to be stimulating and suggestive to us, even when they are not entirely convincing.

Mr. Bourassa's articles have, in fact, been read with the greatest attention; and if we venture to criticise them, it is only after careful and repeated examination, and only from one particular side. With the facts stated in them, whether they are facts of history or of feeling, we shall not attempt to deal; we shall accept them as given, and such argument as we put forward will be founded upon them.

We learn then that not only do the French-Canadians already number 1,600,000 souls out of a population of about 4,000,000, but they increase much more rapidly than the English-speaking elements, doubling in number every twenty-five years. Further, though not so enterprising in business, they surpass their fellows by their inheritance of "vigorous morality," by their power of colonising, and also by their professional and intellectual aptitude. It would seem at first sight as if the future of Canada lay absolutely at their mercy. If this be the true resultant of the forces at work, if it be a state of things beneficial to the Dominion and to the progress of the world, it will not in the long run be unacceptable to Englishmen, who have never wasted time in lamenting the past, or borne a lasting grudge against the best man for winning in any contest. But it is Mr. Bourassa's own account of his people, which, when we look more closely into it, raises a doubt in our minds and suggests an answer. He affirms that the French-Canadian has no national motive but self-interest of an unusually narrow and calculating kind; that his chief political principles are passivity and love of the *status quo*, and that his outlook upon the world of men is taken from the standpoint of complete indifference.

> The present feeling of the French-Canadian is one of contentment. He s satisfied with his lot. He is anxious to preserve his liberty and his peace. He is moderately ambitious to improve his personal and national situation, though perhaps too easily apt to rely more upon Providence and the development of outside causes than upon his own efforts. . . . About his future he remains most serenely unconcerned. This optimistic disposition of his individual temperament is equally manifest in his national life.

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It is, in fact, even more manifest, as we shall show later; for in his attitude towards the menace of the United States the French-Canadian, according to Mr. Bourassa, exhibits all the "optimism" of the rabbit before the boa-constrictor. But to proceed:

> How thoroughly and exclusively Canadian the French Canadian is should never be forgotten by those who contemplate any change in the constitutional or national status of Canada. This is so patent a fact, so logical a consequence of historical developments, that nothing short of absolute ignorance or wilful blindness can justify the language of those who talk of drawing him either by persuasion or by force to a closer allegiance to the Empire.

He is not to be "induced to accept a closer union with Great Britain and the Empire"; he is not "ready to follow the rest of the British world in a deep evolution, and assume new imperial burdens"; he will not accept "new obligations towards the Empire," for the very plain reason that "by the Empire he does not feel that he has any duty to perform." And in holding these views he considers himself to be in advance of "his English, Scotch, or Irish fellow citizens, who, in his mind, are but partially *Canadianised*." His legislation, however, in favour of the Protestant minority (in his own province of Quebec) "has always been of the most generous character," and he is "desirous of giving to his British fellow citizen personal proofs of confidence and goodwill"; he is "anxious to live on friendly terms and"—Mr. Bourassa adds significantly—"to co-operate for the welfare of Canada."

Such is the present situation, depicted in courageous and unmistakable language. It is one, upon the whole, pleasant to contemplate, and we have been glad to lay to heart both the warnings and the encouragement to be derived from it; our discussions on South African policy since the war have been largely conducted by reference to the history of Canada. But after all Canada is more interesting for her own sake than even for the sake of South Africa; it is with regard to her own destiny that Mr. Bourassa forces a doubt upon us. Is it possible that a vast territory and a great nation can ever

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be dominated or directed by a majority, however numerous, moral, sturdy and intellectual, composed of men constitutionally averse from any "deep evolution"; men who shrink from "new obligations" or "new imperial burdens," who recognise no duty to the Empire of which they acknowledge themselves a part, whose sight will not carry beyond their own frontier, and whose chief desire is to be left as they are? And if this be possible, then what will be the future of the greatest of our partners in the Commonwealth, under the guidance of a people whose political aspirations seem nearer to those of the Far East than any known to the nations of Europe or America?

Let us say at once that we are looking at these questions purely as questions of practicability; we find no fault with the French-Canadian for his strong conservatism, still less for his contentment and lack of fierce commercial appetite. Nations, like individuals, have every right to their own temperament and their own way of life; but in the struggle for existence nations, even more than individuals, are chosen for survival or extinction by the law of fitness, of adaptation, of evolution. Mr. Bourassa claims for his countrymen that they should be left undisturbed in their reliance "upon Providence and the development of outside causes"; but when he interprets this to mean that they may refuse to undertake obligations because they are "new," or to follow an evolution because it is "deep," he seems to be forgetting that such refusals are forbidden by a voice stronger than any which ever spoke in English. He is under no illusion as to the past history of his race:

> No doubt the French-Canadians occupy to-day a most enviable position: they enjoy religious and national rights such as are possessed by very few minorities in any country. But it must be remembered that those rights were but gradually won, and after years of painful struggles.

Evolution, then, there has been, and not only "development of outside causes," but a vigorous response to it; that, however, is over; the word is now, "thus far and no farther"; finality,

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it is hoped, has been attained, and the French-Canadian, alone of all the struggling races of men, has entered his millennium, and wishes to sleep in peace. But perpetual sleep is not a means to health or strength; it is an old and fitting name for death, and since the dead do not rule in the land of the living, we doubt whether Mr. Bourassa is right in assuming that "as time goes on, the position and influence" of such a people as he describes "cannot but acquire strength" to the extent of directing the destiny of Canada.

Our second doubt, as to the probable course of that destiny, if the French-Canadian does obtain a preponderating vote, is one from which Mr. Bourassa himself does not seem entirely free; in spite of all his optimism he cannot finally lay the spectre of change, or picture an all-French Dominion slumbering safely through the ages without fear of loss or injury from less contented nations; nor, on the other hand, can he imagine his own race, even with our help, successfully resisting the United States if bent on conquest. We do not think we have exaggerated in comparing the attitude of the French-Canadian, as pictured by Mr. Bourassa, for its combination of powerlessness and unreasonable optimism, to that of some soft and feeble animal gambolling in fascination before the monster that is gaping to swallow it alive. We are first told that he is serenely unconcerned about the future. Well, not quite; "he asks for no change," or none "for a long time to come, at least." And should any change be contemplated—well, then "he feels that he is entitled to be consulted."

We do not wish to overstrain a point, or to misrepresent by a hair's breadth the position represented so ably by Mr. Bourassa, but we cannot resist, and we do not think any unprejudiced reader of his articles could resist, the conclusion that what the French-Canadian wishes to control, or in his more tactful language, "to be consulted about," is the employment of military force. He is "anxious to preserve his liberty and his peace;" but though he fought, and fought hard and successfully for these advantages in time past, he wishes for the future to have them

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not only without fighting, but without being prepared to fight for them. All of us, we imagine, have at times known this feeling. Certainly, as a nation, the English detest militarism, and though they understand clearly enough that war is the natural order of the material world, they have probably more forbearance and kindliness in proportion to their courage than any race now existing. They would live and let live as willingly as most men. But dwelling among beasts of prey, they see good reasons for not playing the rabbit.

The French-Canadian then desires what, as an inhabitant of the modern world, it appears that he cannot have. "Independence is, to his mind, the most natural outcome of the ultimate destinies of Canada." But since an independence which you cannot defend successfully, and for which you do not wish to fight at all, is not a very satisfactory state, he admits that the later Canada "starts on her own course, the safer the journey." The word "safer" is merely a word of optimism; such a journey, conducted on such methods, could only end, as the present situation can only end, in one of the three ways indicated by Mr. Bourassa himself.

Annexation to the United States, British Imperialism, Annexation to France—this is the choice; and we are told that the two last are undoubtedly those which the French-Canadian would oppose most strenuously. We accept the fact, but the reasons given seem to be inadequate and self-contradictory. Annexation to France is of course not to be seriously considered; setting England aside, the United States would never permit it. We are glad, however, that Mr. Bourassa has thought it worth while to touch upon the question of the relation of the French-Canadian to modern France, for he has incidentally supplied some strong reasons against believing in the possibility of annexation to the United States.

The French-Canadian, it appears, is but distantly related to his European cousin: French immigration into America stopped forty years before the Revolution; the French-Canadian nationality was severed from the motherland half a

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century before the modern French nationality was completed; the types have consequently, in two hundred years, become very different. The French-Canadian clergy are and have always been very powerful; their flock have a purely moral and intellectual love for their European kinsmen, an affection (for which we warmly commend them) for "the national soul of France and the productions of her genius," but they are far more closely drawn to the Roman Catholic Church. This feeling and their determination to preserve their own language and institutions actually drove them to repel the Americans by force of arms during the War of Independence, and to remain unflinchingly loyal "even after France had come to the rescue of the new-born Republic." "The fact then most patent to them" was the contrast between the English *régime* and the harsh treatment of the Roman Catholic Church by the Americans. A fact even more patent, if American annexation should ever become a pressing danger, would be the contrast between the English *régime* and the total loss of their schools and their ancestral tongue. We find it hard to believe that these causes, which once made the French-Canadians, as Mr. Bourassa is proud to claim, "the only safeguard of British power in America," should not still operate to prevent them at least from welcoming the aggressor with open arms.

Another inconsistency almost as marked as this is to be found in the argument drawn from the possibility of war between England and France. "Should the principle of Imperial solidarity obtain, were Canada called upon to contribute—the French-Canadian would no doubt bitterly resent any such contribution in men or money; it would hurt him in that most peculiar and sentimental love for the French national soul." We sympathise sincerely with this feeling, but if such an unfortunate possibility must be faced, we can find consolation for the French-Canadian and for ourselves in Mr. Bourassa's own words. "There is a deeper political estrangement," he says, "between France and the French-Canadian people than between Great Britain and the United

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States." This is due to the Canadians' strong love of their own institutions and their dislike of the modern French centralised and bureaucratic methods; as well as to their ingrained abhorrence of the principles of the Revolution, which they have always been taught to regard as "an abominable subversion of all principles of Church and State." This sentiment was strong enough, we are told, a hundred years ago, to induce the French-Canadians to subscribe funds for carrying on the Napoleonic war, and to celebrate solemn *Te Deums* for the victory of Waterloo. We see no impossibility then in this situation repeating itself in the twentieth or twenty-first century, though we should prefer to dwell upon the thought that our common sympathy for the French-Canadian might in certain events add one more to the many reasons France and England must always have against an open quarrel.

We will, however, if Mr. Bourassa presses the point, set this aside as one of the real dangers of the British connection. It is, unfortunately for him, equally one of the dangers of the American conquest, and the French-Canadian's choice must ultimately lie between the two. He may enjoy an insecure sleep for a time, but sooner or later he must throw in his lot with one or other of the great confederations. The Americans offer him but one possible advantage—a commercial one—as a set-off against great sacrifices. And commerce is, we are told, not the first craving of his nature. The Great Commonwealth of Britain offers him, besides the freedom of his language and religion, and a reasonable chance of safety from the boa-constrictor, something else which he does not yet understand, a sentiment which he has not yet developed, and which no one wishes to "demand" from him prematurely; but one whose backward growth is his own loss; the sentiment of a world-wide fellowship, bound together by common ideals and common obligations, by the sharing of honourable burdens and of military service in the age-long and inevitable battle of the world's life. We are grateful to him for his protest against

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"the lust of abnormal expansion and Imperial pride;" we do but wish to warn him in turn against abjuring normal expansion and the right pride. When he reminds us that Empires fall, we are not so much impressed. Empires have indeed fallen, but chiefly because their expansion was finished and their usefulness exhausted; the supply of sap was no longer sufficient for so huge a trunk; the leaves no longer gave a proportionate shade. This is the natural old age of great trees, and it works for the good of the world; it furnishes no argument against growth, it implies no blameworthy or avoidable ruin. What is really a disease and a disgrace is the lack of power to grow at all. The hero of Goethe's symbolical tragedy was to live and prosper so long as he passed incessantly from labour to labour, from aspiration to aspiration, from stage to stage of development; in the moment in which he should lapse into contentment and cry to the present hour, "Stay, thou art so fair," he was fated to fall dead. It is so with men and nations; their true life is their labour and their warfare, and their greatest fortune is to perish only when their work is done.

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ON THE LINE

George Eliot. By Leslie Stephen. (Macmillan. 2*s.* net.)—It is a good thing to be able to read and write, said a famous critic; but it would be better to be without the knowledge than to be able to do nothing else. George Eliot could read and write. She could do nothing else. She could not and did not live; or, if she did, she very carefully concealed the traces. To write a Life of her is, therefore, to undertake brickmaking without straw. There is a little—a very little—straw up to the time of her union with Lewes. Afterwards there is none. The names of the books that she studied, of the towns that she visited, of the people that she met, of the man whom she finally married—these are not life. Sir Leslie Stephen does what man can do to supply the defect. He is witty; he is suggestive; but conjectures and jests will not take the place of facts.

Story—Lord bless you!—he has none to tell, sir!

He must have envied Mrs. Gaskell at Haworth. He must have wished that he had been asked to write the Life of George Sand, of Mrs. Carlyle, of Mrs. Browning, of any other woman who really lived. His half-unconscious irritation shows itself in his reference to George Eliot as "a woman who, in spite of her philosophy, was eminently respectable"; and in constant allusions to her "intelligence." Now, even as the Queen of Scots was, if we may trust Mr. Swinburne, "something better

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than innocent," George Eliot was, if we may trust the sense of England, something more than "highly intelligent." Only the annoyance of brickmaking without straw could have led to such an abuse of terms. As a critic, Sir Leslie Stephen has many opportunities; he has but few as a biographer.

One only expression of strong feeling occurs in the chapter on "Adam Bede":

> "It was strange," said George Eliot, "that people should fancy that she had 'copied' Dinah Morris's sermons and prayers, when they were really 'written with hot tears as they surged up in her own mind!'"

With hot tears. There is a voice behind the words. They are not like the polished gems of style quoted from her published writings; they are not like the calm, judicial utterances with which she favoured her friends. Here, at last, is a sign that she lived; that—untheatrical as she was by nature—she lived, when she lived at all, by drama. Great actors (there are exceptions, of course) are almost proverbially dull. They have to lead the lives of so many others; where is there any room for them to lead their own? It was George Eliot's power to be Dinah Morris that made Dinah what she is. The characters of Charlotte Brontë are by this much less perfect in that they have more of Charlotte Brontë about them than George Eliot's have of George Eliot. She remembered; she guessed; she became certain of what she had guessed by a kind of passionate mental acting; and into this she threw all the energies that common women reserve for their personal existence. Who can wonder that the vital spark burnt low, that she suffered from depression, that she needed sympathy as if it were air? The sympathy of another was the only barrier that could protect her from her own creations, for they drained her life-blood. She could not laugh at them as inferior artists did, while they pulled the strings of their puppets. She laughed with them, she wept with them, she lived in them. The effort that she made, when busy with "Romola," to live four hundred years ago, aged her like actual time. She began it, she says, as a

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young woman; by the time she had finished it, she was old. It may be doubted whether, except vicariously, by hero or by heroine she ever was young at all. (She was once a child; that is different.) Had she been youthful enough to write an early work, it would surely have resembled a volume of essays published by Thirlwall, when he was twelve, which are said to be like the compositions of a dull man of forty.

"She proceeded to get up the necessary knowledge," says Sir Leslie Stephen *à propos* of "Romola"; "but with the result like that which happens when a manager presents *Julius Cæsar* or *Coriolanus* in the costume 'of the period.' The costume may be as correct as the manager's archæological knowledge allows, but Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus remain what Shakespeare made them, not ancient Romans at all, but frankly and unmistakably Elizabethans."

Is this so? If Savonarola, Macchiavelli, and the rest of them were frankly and unmistakably Victorians, "Romola" would not be, as Sir Leslie Stephen calls it with perfect truth, "one of the most provoking of books," but a masterpiece, "rammed with life," like "Middlemarch." To this last book he is unjust. He indulges wit at the expense of sentiment. We laugh too—who can help it? but in the end we take down "Middlemarch" again, and we—forget that we laughed. No one can pretend to be as fond of "The Spanish Gipsy"; yet in this instance also it is amusing rather than critical to hint that the poem is not poetry because George Eliot wrote it when she was forty-four, and because some of it sounds very poetical.

"What times are little? To the sentinel
That hour is regal when he mounts on guard."

If this is not poetry, what is poetry? And if George Eliot had lived to be eighty-eight before she put it down, would it have been the less poetical for that? Perhaps "Blue Wings" gained indefinitely by the exquisite wild music to which Sir Charles Villiers Stanford set the lyric when he was young. Any one who has heard it can never afterwards think of the words apart. But, without this advantage, "The Choir Invisible" holds its own, full of deep reflection, stately, worthy

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to rank with the half-dozen great poems of the great masters of prose. Here also, as in her breathing men and women, George Eliot lived—and lives.

Alexandre Dumas (père). His Life and Works. By Arthur F. Davidson. (Constable. 15*s*.)—Mr. Davidson's really capital book on the elder Dumas has appeared both timely and untimely. Untimely because there is so much else to engage people's attention just now; timely because a good book always comes to good readers at the right time, and also because not long before its publication there had been a kind of discussion in the London press on the seemingly inexhaustible question of Dumas' true place in literature. In this discussion we are sorry to see that Mr. Gosse bore a prominent part, and that not a friendly part to Dumas. He fortified his argument by bidding us remark that the French now consider Dumas hopelessly *bourgeois*, and, though made in France, fit only for British consumption. We do remember to have met with a Parisian opinion of the kind, but Paris is not France, and above all not infallible: for we remember also that certain Parisian *décadents* when asked their opinion of Victor Hugo, Musset, and others, will shrug their shoulders and reply with good-humoured tolerance of the question, "Ils n'existent plus." Let it be granted then that Dumas is *passé* for Mr. Gosse, and that there are in Paris those who can ignore his literary descent, and find him perhaps lacking in "thoughtfulness." Mr. Davidson's views are quite as decided, but happily he, like Stevenson, is on the side of the angels, for whatever Dumas may have been, he had nothing in common with the monkeys. Not that he is at all a blind idolater of Dumas; he evidently has far too critical a mind for that. No true appreciator of Dumas—and Mr. Davidson has shown himself to be such an one—can for a moment deny his tendency to *blague* and *fanfaronnade*, or fail to drop at least metaphorically a tear of regret over the wild extravagance of morals and manners which he allowed to disfigure the closing years of his exceptionally active and

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brilliant career. For this, indeed, only one excuse, and that not an improbable one, can be found in the supposition that some lesion had affected the mind which had created and directed the execution of so many inspiriting and enthralling scenes and figures, borrowed and embellished in the best sense, now from history, now from other writers who had invention, but had not his strange gift of sempiternal youth and impulse wherewith to express their ideas. In terse and clear exposition of how much foundation there was for accusing Dumas of calmly appropriating and signing other people's work in the case of productions which made a great success Mr. Davidson is particularly happy, and his summing up of the once celebrated *Tour de Nesle* business is a happy instance. We all know that Dumas unluckily lent his name to poor stuff which perhaps he had barely glanced through, if even that. But what is this when set against the wonderful achievements which, *pace* his detractors, will keep his name alive as one of the greatest and most versatile of writers?

One would like to have space wherein to quote more fully than is possible from Mr. Davidson, but it may be allowable at least to cite a passage from the chapter appropriately called "The Ending of the Day," in support of what has been said as to his admitting the faults, obvious enough to be sure, of Alexandre Dumas. It is in connection with the schemes, and it must be confessed too often ignoble shifts of the later days, that our biographer writes:

> It was necessary, he said, to make money by his pen; but this was a sophism. The necessity only arose from his mania for spending and his unwillingness to retrench or adopt a quiet and self-respecting mode of life, for which his income was ample. But he voluntarily embraced illusions. . . . With the best desire to be indulgent towards the eccentricity of genius, and with all personal cordiality to the great man, it was yet felt that the varieties of mankind—or rather of womankind—likely to be met at his house needed a great deal of facing. . . . Rejoicings at the departure of "Madame" (la Gordosa) were interrupted by the unpleasant affair of the Ada Menken photograph, and the scandal of an elderly man indulging in a prank which would have been considered silly in a youth.

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In short, as Mr. Davidson has said before, one of Dumas' "favourite illusions was that of perpetual youth, which being put into practice led to unseemly conduct, painful to friends and damaging enough to involve something of social ostracism." Here was certainly a lack of self-control and of thought. One must not say of "thoughtfulness" while ignorant of the exact meaning of that too, too precious phrase. But supposing it to have some alliance with *thought* how is it reasonably possible to charge want of thought against a writer whose earliest stage-work was directly inspired by a person who has not yet been accused of "lack of thoughtfulness?" Here is Dumas' own description of the effect produced upon him by seeing *Hamlet* given by a company of English players who visited Paris in 1828. It was this effect that spurred the ambition of an unknown struggling clerk to the production of a series of those plays of which the very titles are yet, and will remain, names to conjure with. This is what Dumas wrote:

> They announced Hamlet. The only Hamlet I knew was that of Ducis, and I saw the Hamlet of Shakespeare. Then I found what I had longed for. I found actors who thought of the characters, not of themselves. I found on the stage human beings in all their grandeur, all their weakness, instead of those heroes of our classical drama who were so impassive, stilted, sententious. I read, I devoured the library of foreign theatres, and I saw that as in the living world all springs from the sun, so in the world of the drama all springs from Shakespeare. I saw that none could be compared to him. He had the dramatic power of Corneille, the comic force of Molière, the invention of Calderon, the thought of Goethe, the passion of Schiller. I saw, in fact, that in power of creation Shakespeare came next to God.

Truly a "lack of thoughtfulness" here, and emptiness enough to warrant omission of all reference to Dumas' literary descent.

But to return to Mr. Davidson. His criticism, and he certainly has the critical faculty, of Dumas, both as author and as man, is always sound and bright. Indeed, in all his pages, read with the interest they arouse and the care they deserve we can find but one passage on which to break a friendly lance with him. Mr. Davidson quotes the reply of Edmond Dantès,

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become Count of Monte Cristo, with limitless wealth (ah! why did Dumas ever specify that wealth and so heedlessly knock, for a moment, all the plausibility away?) to his old enemy Danglars, now a rich banker. The banker, to whom the Count has a letter of unlimited credit, asks if his visitor would like to start with a million. The Count contemptuously replies: "A million! A sum I always carry in my pocket-book!" (producing it). The biographer finds in this a discordant touch of vulgarity. To us it has always seemed that Dumas meant to represent Monte Cristo as deliberately overcoming Danglars with his own dirty weapons, the only weapons that could have effect on his base nature.

It is a temptation to linger on Mr. Davidson's attractive pages, but space is inexorable. Let us, therefore, end by quoting his concluding passage, a good example of the spirit in which he has approached his subject:

> That he was a great man in any proper sense of the term it would be silly to maintain. . . . But if the word "genius"—as the possession and use of natural gifts—has still any meaning left, then truly Alexandre Dumas was a great genius.

Either there are two living writers named H. G. Wells, or a man may so differ from himself in style and matter that internal evidence is henceforth valueless in a question of authorship; and Francis Bacon may after all very well have written Mrs. Gallup's works as well as his own and those of all his contemporaries. Is it possible that **The Sea Lady** (Methuen. 6*s.*) is the work of the same brain as that dreary future world of moving platforms, or that monstrous "great hall" into which "a huge spout, that no man can stop, discharges a baby every eight seconds?" If it be really so, we shall look with more kindliness on the outside of these speculations, feeling that they are, at any rate, own brothers to a masterpiece. The lady who came in from sea upon the Bunting family is nearly related to the angel who got shot near the beginning of "The Wonderful Visit," but she is to her almost as La Gioconda to

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a Christmas card. The angel was a good test, a touchstone of many of our social weaknesses or cruelties or absurdities; but the Sea Lady is no stranger from the upper air, no outside standard of comparison; she is not even that which we might be, but rather part of that which we are, coming up from the deep, not perhaps into every life, but into all lives which, however landlubberly, in the main have at least one front or one corner looking seawards.

"All the elements of your life" (she says), "the life you imagine you are living, the little things you *must* do, the little cares, the extraordinary little duties, the day-by-day, the hypnotic limitations—the little time you have you use so poorly. You begin and you end, and all the time between it is as if you were enchanted, you are afraid to do this that would be delightful to do, you must do that, though you know all the time it is stupid and disagreeable. Just think of the things—even the little things—you mustn't do. Up there on the Leas in this hot weather all the people are sitting in stuffy ugly clothes—ever so much too much clothes—hot tight boots, you know, when they have the most lovely pink feet, some of them. . . . Why are they letting life slip by them? Just as though they wouldn't all of them presently be dead! Suppose *you* were to go up there in a bathing dress and a white cotton hat . . . "

"It wouldn't be *proper!*" cried Melville.

"Why not?"

"It would be outrageous!"

"But any one may see you like that on the beach!"

"That's different."

"It isn't different. You dream it's different. And in just the same way you dream all the other things are proper or improper, or good or bad, to do. Because you are in a dream, a fantastic unwholesome little dream. . . . Your life, I tell you, is a dream—a dream, and you can't wake out of it . . . "

"And if so, why do you tell me?"

She made no answer for a space.

"Why do you tell me?" he insisted.

He heard the rustle of her movement as she bent towards him. . . . She spoke in gently confidential undertones, as one who imparts a secret that is not to be lightly given. "*Because,*" she said, "*there are better dreams.*"

Gradually, to Harry Chatteris with his Public Duties, his Career, and his Engagement to a conventional Marcellulose heiress, the beauty and fascination of the Sea Lady brought these "better dreams" and their madness: poor Adeline

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Glendower is forsaken, and since she is determined to have the truth Melville tells it to her in a scene which is a really fine piece of drama.

> You see *you* have defined things—very clearly. You have made it clear to him what you expect him to be, and what you expect him to do. It is like having built a house in which he is to live. For him to go to her is like going out of a house, a very fine and dignified house, I admit, into something larger, something adventurous and incalculable. She is—she has an air of being—*natural*. . . . She doesn't love and respect him when he is this, and disapprove of him highly when he is that—she takes him altogether. She has the quality of the open sky, of deep tangled places, of the flight of birds, she has the quality of the high sea. That I think is what she is for him—she is the Great Outside.

To those who know only the scientific Mr. Wells—what we may call the Bacon side of him—it is impossible to give any idea of his Shakespearean side, of the mingling of astringent observation and the milk of humanity, of broad daylight fun, and starlight poetry; or of the merging of tragic comedy into comic tragedy, till after many alternating shocks of laughter and pity we are left alone between Lummidge's Family Hotel and the dim sea, where the siren and her lover have vanished for ever, facing the great beacon on Gris-nez, "wheeled athwart the sky," and the interrogation of the policeman's bull's-eye—"a stain of faint pink curiosity upon the mysterious vast serenity of night."

> What are people up to? To throw away such an excellent wrap . . . !

The women of England held their breath when Lady Duff Gordon entered a ball-room, the women of Egypt raised "the cry of joy" as she went along. Branches of trees and garments were strewn before her in sign of welcome. Her hair was gray and she had a married daughter, when she was proposed for by a young Sheykh at Luxor. She was, he said, "a woman for whom men killed each other or themselves." The husband, from whom he thought she could easily be divorced, was, to judge by the portrait of him, worthy of such a wife; and the story of their courtship is charming.

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When the Austins returned from Malta in 1838, Lucie began to reappear in the world; all the old friends flocked round them, and many new friends were made, among them Sir Alexander Duff Gordon, whom she first met at Lansdowne House. Left much alone, as her mother was always hard at work translating, writing for various periodicals and nursing her husband, the two young people were thrown much together, and often walked out alone. One day Sir Alexander said to her: "Miss Austin, do you know people say we are going to be married?" Annoyed at being talked of, and hurt at his brusque way of mentioning it, she was just going to give a sharp answer, when he added: "Shall we make it true?" With characteristic straightforwardness she replied by the monosyllable, "Yes."

She faced the end of life alone in Egypt with stoical courage, requesting that none of those she loved would come out to her. George Meredith, who writes the introduction to a new edition of her **Letters from Egypt** (Brimley Johnson. 10*s.* 6*d.* net), edited, with a Memoir, by Mrs. Ross, speaks of her as he speaks of a favourite heroine. The pictures of her resemble those of Millais in all his early glory. What is wanting in the book?

There is wanting the true instinct of the letter-writer. She says herself that she could not write letters, and that she envied those who could. It is an odd fact that no amount of industry, of cleverness, even of affection, will make up for the absence of a slight natural wish to express oneself in this way rather than in that. The stories that she tells are full of curious interest. The mere sound of Egypt acts like a spell on certain minds. Say to them only the name of the Nile, and they are borne away to a mystic land of sphinxes, pyramids, and lotus blossom. Light bursts into music as the rays of the rising sun smite Memnon till he sings. This is not the Egypt that Lady Duff Gordon saw. Heine, who begged her to translate all his poems, would have seen it, but she did not. Her vigorous and sometimes coarse description blots it out. She looms too large in the foreground. Everything is seen with reference to herself—the people who brought her presents, the girls who sang and danced for her, Omar praying outside her door that she may sleep.

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See how the sun of the Arabs loves her; he has kissed her so hotly that she can't go home among English people.

And this was only one of the sailors! What is it to the devotion of her servants?

"I told Achmet to sweep the floor after dinner just now. He hesitated, and I called again: 'What manner is this, not to sweep when I bid thee?' 'By the most high God,' said the boy, 'my hand shall not sweep in thy boat after sunset, oh Lady: I would rather have it cut off than sweep thee out of thy property.' I found that you must not sweep at night, nor for three days after the departure of a guest whose return you desire, or of the master of the house. 'Thinkest thou that my brother would sweep away the dust of thy feet from the floors at Luxor,' continued Achmet, 'he would fear never to see thy fortunate face again.' If you don't want to see your visitor again you break a water-jar behind him as he leaves the house, and sweep away his footsteps."

There is a charming description of the old dragoman who cried with joy because he had seen Stanley's sister, and said of Stanley himself:

"He is *really* a Sheykh and one who teaches the excellent things of religion, why he was kind even to his horse! and it is of the mercies of God to the English that such a one is the Imám of your Queen and Prince." I said laughing, "How dost thou, a darweesh among Muslims, talk thus of a Nazarene priest?" "Truly, oh Lady," he answered, "one who loveth all the creatures of God, him God loveth also, there is no doubt of that."

Lovers of folk-lore will find much to reflect upon in these pages. It is a book to read—but not to read again.

An excellent idea is embodied in the series of books issued by George Newnes, Limited, under the general title of "Our Neighbours," and the latest of the volumes, **Italian Life in Town and Country**, by L. Villari (*8s. 6d.* net), is at least as good as any of its predecessors, which is no small praise. To criticise adequately a book so wide in scope and so minute in detail would be difficult: to write it would have been an impossibility for any but one who, like Mr. Villari, is equally at home in both England and Italy—who can, so to speak, ask the questions an Englishman would wish to ask and answer

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them as an Italian alone could answer them. Books of this kind are apt to be the fertile parents of error and disappointment: so long as one knows nothing of the subject they are "mines of information"; but when tested upon any point within our own experience they appear childishly ignorant and foolish; witness certain American works on Oxford, not to mention the surprises of the common guide-books. We have tested Mr. Villari on the points of which we had any knowledge, and though he has "opened our eyes" it was not with any sudden amazement. We have read with special interest his chapter on Literature and the Press in Italy, in which he fills the *rôle* of the "advocatus diaboli" against Gabriele D'Annunzio. The two pages which contain his outspoken and courageous indictment of his famous fellow countryman should be compared with the very different estimate given by Mr. Hutton in a later part of our present issue. The questions raised cannot be discussed in our limited space: we agree with Mr. Villari that D'Annunzio is often "thoroughly sensuous and sickly" and often "morbid and diseased"; but not that "his influence is wholly evil, for he gives his readers nothing but evil to think about." A man may conceivably *feel* nothing but evil; but it is happily impossible for the mind to *think about* nothing but evil. Moreover it is not from thinking about any subject that the mind suffers, but from incapacity to think about it sanely, justly, and masterfully. The effect of D'Annunzio's work upon the feelings is the real question: we believe that it is mainly to enforce the love of beauty and—whether he wills it or not—to bring about a purgation of the emotions through pity and fear: otherwise he would have remained unread by the world, and certainly undiscussed by this Review.

It is seldom that we read a new book with entire delight, or praise it without many silent reservations. It is by the nature of things more seldom still that we find ourselves enriched by a new and real possession, a treasure that will be

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ours for our lives and a joy of many generations after us. But such a book in sober earnest is Lady Gregory's English version of **Cuchulain of Muirthemne** (Murray. 6s. net), and Mr. Yeats has not exaggerated in speaking of it as "the best thing that has come out of Ireland" in his time, for beautiful as his own work is he has not yet equalled this fabric of the giants of old, massive and aerial, grotesque and exquisite beyond the power of a later and lesser generation—*Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.* The Celtic heroes have, it appears, the magic gift which the Greek heroes had not, of inspiring their English interpreters. We have known four-and-twenty versions of Homer, and fine as some of them are, we all agree with Mr. Lang that none is, or is likely to be, the final one. On the other hand, Lady Gregory's Cuchulain was not born for death: he is not like him "who slew the slayer, And shall himself be slain." Even if he should turn out to be the offspring of inaccuracy and deceit he would not be put by for a more legitimate brother: the humour and the pathos of the heroic life are so strong in him. The humour is as abundant here as it is rare in other epics. The whole story of Bricriu's Feast, and the War of Words of the Women of Ulster, is full of it, but a smaller quotation must suffice. Deirdre had a dream of evil omen; and Fergus argued with her:

> But Deirdre spoke again, and it is what she said: "There is the howling of dogs in my ears; a vision of the night is before my eyes; I see Fergus away from us; I see Conchubar without mercy in his dun; I see Naoise without strength in battle; I see Ardan without shield or breastplate, and the Hill of Atha without delight; I see Conchubar asking for blood; I see Fergus caught with hidden lies; I see Deirdre crying with tears; I see Deirdre crying with tears."
>
> "A thing that is unpleasing to me, and that I would never give in to," said Fergus, "is to listen to the howling of dogs, and to the dreams of women."

But there are things here better than humour: the beauty of the women, Deirdre and Emer and those other brides of ancient song, is more convincing than that of all the Brynhilds, and the passions of Nibelungs and Volsungs are hoarse and bar-

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barous compared with the loves and hates of Cuchulain and his peers. When Naoise heard the third cry in the dusk

"I swear by my hand of valour," he said, "I will go no further until I see where the cry comes from." So Naoise turned back and met Deirdre, and Deirdre and Naoise kissed one another three times, and she gave a kiss to each of his three brothers. And with the confusion that was on her, a blaze of red fire came upon her, and her colour came and went as quickly as the aspen by the stream. And it is what Naoise thought to himself, that he never saw a woman so beautiful in his life; and he gave Deirdre, there and then, the love that he never gave to living thing, to vision, or to creature, but to herself alone.

It is characteristic of these legends that with all their vivid sense of beauty and brilliantly seen colouring, they have as compared with the Iliad or the Odyssey, less material splendour and more spiritual, less of manners and more of feeling, and a sense of mystery or of imaginative romance that is entirely wanting to the Greek. The following passage as the conclusion of a great epic does not strike us as less true to human life than the burial of Hector or the final scene between Odysseus and Athene.

"Let us bury Cuchulain now," said Emer.

And Emer took the head of Cuchulain in her hands, and she washed it clean, and put a silk cloth about it, and she held it to her breast; and she began to cry heavily over it, and it is what she said:

"Och, head! Ochone, O head! you gave death to great heroes, to many hundreds; my head will lie in the same grave, the one stone will be made for both of us.

"Och, hand! Ochone, hand, that was once gentle. It is often it was put under my head; it is dear that hand was to me!

"Dear mouth! Ochone, kind mouth that was sweet-voiced telling stories; since the time love first came on your face, you never refused either weak or strong!

"Dear the man, dear the man, that would kill the whole of a great host; dear his cold bright hair, and dear his bright cheeks!

"Dear the king, dear the king, that never gave a refusal to any; thirty days it is to-night since my body lay beside your body.

"Happy are they, happy are they, who will never hear the cuckoo again for ever, now that the Hound has died from us.

"I am carried away like a branch on the stream; I will not bind up my

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hair to-day. From this day I have nothing to say that is better than Ochone!"

And after that Emer bade Conall to make a wide, very deep grave for Cuchulain; and she laid herself down beside her gentle comrade, and she put her mouth to his mouth, and she said, "Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many is the woman wed or unwed, envied me till to-day; and now I will not stay living after you."

And her life went out from her, and she herself and Cuchulain were laid in the one grave by Conall. And he raised the one stone over them and he wrote their names in Ogham, and he himself and all the men of Ulster keened them.

But the three times fifty queens that loved Cuchulain saw him appear in his Druid chariot, going through Emain Macha; and they could hear him singing the music of the Sidhe.

Twenty years ago young people were stirred by the initials *R. B.* to a frenzy of excitement, the very memory of which warms the blood in their veins even now. The present generation has grown up to milder—or to more martial—measures. They shout and sing; and they are right to do so. Twenty years ago, feeling ran too deep for this kind of thing. The silent freemasonry of lovers existed between the admirers of Browning. Each was Athanasius against the world. They clasped each other's hands, they sought each other's society. They stood at corners of streets to see the great man pass. If Heaven granted them the inestimable boon of five minutes in the same room with him, they were deaf and blind to every one else. When he died, it seemed to them as if a snake had wound itself round their hearts and stopped their breathing, "Byron is dead!" the boyish Tennyson carved on a rock that he might vent the inexpressible emotion that threatened to overwhelm him. *Browning is dead! Browning is dead!* How the words rang within us, to the soft sounding of Italian waves, for days unnumbered after that light was quenched in the Venetian palace!

Criticism was not possible at that time. Between the fury of enthusiasm on the one hand, and cold indifference or dislike on the other, no one was calm enough to judge. The "years

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that bring the philosophic mind" were yet to come. They have come now. No one who reads Mr. Stopford Brooke's fine study (**Browning.** Isbister. 10*s.* 6*d.*) can doubt it. The look of the heavy volume alarms at first. There is nothing heavy about it except the look. The vivid interest of such criticism as this carries us along flying. Here and there are great mistakes, and the style which, as a rule, is perfect for that kind of work—lucid and grave, with an occasional flash of wit—becomes careless, confused, even ungrammatical. The worst mistake of all is the chapter on the Love Poems. Love Poems that are not above criticism have no right to exist; and he who dares even to think that he can dissect has, by the mere thought, put himself out of court for the praise of them. Perhaps one among many reasons why those who were young but yesterday treasured six little brown volumes more than all the rest of the British poets put together was, that Browning looked at things from their standpoint. He was aggressively, impetuously, vehemently, and for ever upon the side of youth. He refused to believe in old age. The poem quoted by Mr. Brooke to show that he had "winter in his heart" proves that eternal spring was the only season that he allowed to man. Mr. Brooke says first of all that Tennyson was old when he was old, and Browning was young when he was old. Later on he says, "I do not think Browning was ever quite young save at happy intervals;" and, nevertheless, it is his opinion that all the passionate lyrics published after a certain date must have been written much earlier. If Browning was never young at all except at happy intervals, it would seem to follow that these might have been written at any time. Even amongst ordinary people age varies. A man may be seventy-five at breakfast, and twenty by the time that the gong sounds for luncheon. Youth has its cold fit; and icy youth is older than Methuselah. Let us leave this unprofitable question of *When?* Mortal life has too much of the immortal to be measured by clocks. This is to stick at a minor point; the whole chapter should be avoided. The long,

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detailed comparison with Tennyson is admirable. "The excellency of Carmel and Sharon" is brought out by the contrast. As for the chapters on Nature, they will rouse discussion; and it comes to one as a relief that critical censorship is not official. Browning, after all, was not the first person who likened a cloud to a whale; Hamlet had done so before him. The analysis of "Pauline," of "Paracelsus," of "Sordello," and of "Caliban" is masterly, though the amount of space given to the mere translation of poetry into prose appears, in other parts of the volume, and considering the existence of Mrs. Orr's "Handbook," disproportionate. Mr. Brooke speaks as a connoisseur, though very severely, of the Plays. The last Act of "Strafford," and many a lovely speech and line in it, might have pleaded in extenuation of the sentence; but the justice of Strafford's fate, in literature as in life, will be a moot point always, and, given that the devotion of an elder and stronger man to one weaker and more attractive is, as Mr. Brooke thinks, inconceivable, the drama can have no point. It was part of Browning's perpetual youth, that he never thought strange feelings impossible. The characters of "The Inn Album" are passing strange; they deserve more notice than Mr. Brooke accords them. He also misunderstands completely the motive of one of the two heroines of "In a Balcony." He may be right; but he will not find any one under thirty who agrees with him.

Mr. Paul is not of the critics who compel assent, but of those who challenge it. He begins his **Matthew Arnold** (Macmillan. 2*s.* net) with three sweeping statements, all of which are open to doubt. The delighted reader bristles up at once. He girds himself joyfully for the fray. He sees what is coming. He recollects his pleasant marginal quarrels with one or two of the writers that best he loves, writers who had this gift of provoking discussion without animosity.

> Next to Milton, he (Arnold) was the most learned of English poets.

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Was he more learned than Robert Browning—as learned as Tennyson—to speak only of two of his contemporaries?

"Thyrsis" is a very beautiful poem, not much less beautiful than "Adonais," though very unlike it. But Clough was not Keats. Keats is near to every one of us, while Clough is already far away.

What has that got to do with it? Mr. Edward King is not "near to every one of us"; he is further away than Clough; but if we were constrained to permit the destruction of "Lycidas" or of "Adonais," it is "Adonais" who would "have to go."

Matthew Arnold may be said to have done for literature almost what Ruskin did for art.

Now Matthew Arnold is neither the first nor the greatest critic of English literature; but except in Ruskin we have had no art critic at all whose fame has crossed the sea. Not content with asserting that Matthew Arnold is second to Milton in learning and to Ruskin in criticism, Mr. Paul next remarks that "he may be called our English Goethe." Here, however, he has gone a little too far for himself even; and he proceeds to say the only thing there is to be said, viz., that "one could not without absurdity talk of Goethe as a German Arnold."

Of all modern poets, except Goethe, he was the best critic. Of all modern critics, with the same exception, he was the best poet.

Is not this rather as if one were to say: Hans Sachs was the best shoemaker who ever wrote books; Count Tolstoy is the best writer of books who ever made shoes—*argal*, Hans Sachs is one of the best of poets and Tolstoy is indubitably the best of shoemakers! The whole process of talking of A. of England as if he were B. of France, or of C. of Germany as if he were D. of England, may be deprecated. It is one by which we do not seem to get any farther.

By the twentieth page Mr. Paul has the School of the New Prosody about his ears.

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> Rhyme and blank verse have their own high and recognised positions. . . . Except for a few hexameters, such as some of Kingsley's, some of Longfellow's, all Dr. Hawtrey's, and a few of Clough's, there is hardly room in English for verse which is neither one nor the other.

Here again he does not in sober earnest agree with himself.

> I say "hardly," remembering Tennyson's "Gleam" and Browning's "One Word More."

Are there not a few other poems that might have been remembered? *e.g.*,

> "I have had playmates, I have had companions,"

which haunts the heart of every one who has ever heard it. On the very next page up starts the Sonnet. Not in the hands of Milton only did the Sonnet "become a trumpet;" wherever it occurs at all, it sounds an alarm. His later observations on Shakespeare's Sonnets are delightful, but here Mr. Paul quotes a sonnet addressed by Matthew Arnold to a Republican Friend, the stiff classical form of which is like a rag of Milton thrown over the scarecrow of a sentiment of Wordsworth's. Not thus will he justify the curious dictum that Matthew Arnold's sonnets may "fairly be put on a level with Rossetti's." It is a pity that so much of Matthew Arnold is reminiscent. If he had never read he would never have written. Even

> "Above the din her voice is in my ears—
> I see her form glide through the crossing spears,"

reminds one too closely of "Thy voice is heard through rolling drums." The squareness of the quatrains that he so much affected grew very tiresome also, and Mr. Paul notes the defectiveness of ear that can alone account for such lines as

> "And littleness united
> Is become invincible,"

while he criticises with delicate nicety such specimens as "Myoerinus" and "Separation."

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"Then, when we meet, and thy look strays toward me,
Scanning my face and the changes wrought there:
Who, let me say, *is this Stranger regards me,*
With the grey eyes, and the lovely brown hair?"

The effect of the word "stranger" could only have been produced by the art which conceals itself, and appears as simplicity.

This is to enhance the pleasure that we feared to lose—to illuminate, like a flash of Hazlitt, of Elia, or of Stevenson. This is the true glory of criticism—not to dissect the flower, but to set it in a vase of crystal.

A very instructive passage on repetition might well be studied by every one who makes a business of writing; there are, indeed, admirable hints as to style scattered with lavish hand throughout the volume. Excellent also is everything which relates to that vexed question, the translation of Homer—so good that more would have been welcome, since there is less of such scholarship about than there used to be. Etonians will enjoy the remark that "Nobody understands the tutorial system at Eton except Eton men, and they cannot explain it." Matthew Arnold's own powers of judgment are debatable. Great critics are almost certain to be wrong concerning two or three of those whom they criticise; but Matthew Arnold was wrong about nine or ten. He was wrong concerning

Shakespeare	Tennyson
Gray	Shelley
Burns	Ruskin
Victor Hugo	Thackeray
Tolstoy	

Nothing but the "urbanity" of his style could have enabled him to survive such a number of mistakes. Opinions differ as to his Biblical work; but he had not the deep reverence which is the condition of true research. The story runs that once upon a time, Carlyle being old, Matthew Arnold paid him a visit. "Well!" said a mutual friend, "and how did it go off?" Matthew Arnold shook his head. "Poor old Carlyle!

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It is all over with him." The same friend afterwards mentioned his name to the sage of Chelsea. "Poor Mat!" said Carlyle. "He thinks that God Almighty might try very hard, but He could *never* make another Matthew Arnold!"

It was a gentle vanity; and it melted away like a morning cloud when, in his poems, he sounded the depths of the heart's loneliness—when, in his charming converse with those who were far inferior to himself in every way, he gave his best, with utter simplicity and *bonhomie*, only to make them happy. "He was endowed with one of those perfect tempers which are of more value than many fortunes," and his fidelity stood the test of a severe article by a friend. But it is not as a critic, not as a philosopher, not as an educationist, not as a correspondent, not as a boon companion that Matthew Arnold will be remembered. It is by "Sohrab and Rustum," by "Mycerinus," by "The Scholar-Gipsy" and "Thyrsis" and "Tristram and Iseult" and few of their fellows. His lesser lyrics, even the loveliest of them, are not comparable with those, too little known, of the strange author of "Ionica."

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A YEAR OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

WE are rather apt in England to over-estimate the power of the American President. That power is undoubtedly very great. The President is the head, to a large extent, the working head, of the army and navy; he has charge of the whole Federal administration and the appointment of ambassadors, consuls, judges of the Supreme Court, Cabinet Ministers—in fact of all the higher Federal officers—initiates in him; he may convene Congress in extraordinary session whenever he so pleases; his right of veto gives him the power to delay and at times to block any and every measure of which he disapproves; the conduct of foreign affairs, in all except its final phase, is under his immediate control: and virtually he is irremovable. It is with all this in their minds that Englishmen turn to Germany and the German Emperor for a parallel to the Presidential authority. But to all this there is another and less imposing side. The President selects officers and makes appointments, but it is the Senate that confirms or rejects them. The President concludes treaties, but, as we know only too well, a two-thirds majority in the Senate is required for their ratification. The President suggests legislation; it is for Congress to act on his suggestion or to disregard it, as it wills. The President vetoes a measure, but it becomes law if both Houses by a two-thirds majority pass it anew over his head. In fact the actual influence of the President on legislation is in

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many ways less than that of an English Prime Minister. Students of Constitutions will not need to be reminded of the cause of this. The "Sages of 1789" funked—there is no other word for it—a strong Executive. Whatever else the President might be, they took good care he should not be a George the Third. They were morbidly on the defensive against the evils of "one-man power," against anything that might give an opening to "monarchical ambitions." One consequence of this is that, in ordinary times, the American form of administration is practically a conspiracy for doing nothing. The functions and authority of each power in the State are so limited that no one person, no one body, is capable of leading either the nation or the Legislature, or framing and pursuing a continuous policy. Each organ of government, the Executive, the Legislature, the Judiciary, is made a jealous observer and restrainer of the others. The energy which under the English or Cabinet system is given up almost entirely to the work of legislation spends itself in America in excessive strife among the various bodies created to check and balance one another. Nobody has even a comparatively free hand. Everybody hampers everybody else. The framers of the Constitution accomplished more than they intended. They divided the Executive from the Legislature so firmly as to make each not only independent but hostile, and therefore weak. The connecting link which goes by the name of the English Cabinet they either missed or did not appreciate. In the quiet times which have ordinarily been the lot of the Republic, not much inconvenience has been felt from the rivalries of this triad of authorities. Some great questions, such as the tariff and currency, which under a more positive form of government would have been settled long ago, have been merely tinkered at. But many rash schemes of legislation have been squashed, many hot-headed Presidents held in check, many successive Houses "taught their place." The negative work has, as a rule, been well done. It is when the country is face to face with some national peril, and immediate action becomes imperative, that the Presidential system

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of 1789 shows its defects. At all such times Congress practically abdicates. This was what happened during the war of 1812, the Civil War, and the Spanish-American War. There is really no choice in the matter. The Constitution does not permit of rapid action by the Legislature; and, assuming such action to be necessary, it can only be carried out by one person or one board vested with almost plenary authority. Congress is too clogged and cumbersome for such work. It must be done by the President or not done at all. An autocracy in a time of emergency is the price America has to pay for her checks and balances in ordinary times.

It is, however, with ordinary times that we are now dealing; and in ordinary times the President is anything but an autocrat. Even under the most favourable circumstances, that is to say, when his party commands a majority in both Houses, his power over legislation depends wholly on the goodwill of Congress. He may recommend everything, but he can direct nothing. Neither he nor his Cabinet Ministers sit in Congress, or hold any recognised communication with it except through the medium of written messages. The Administration has no official spokesman in either House to expound its policy and influence the course of debate. An appeal to the known wishes or opinions of the President is resented as dictation. Both Houses are rigidly tenacious of their Constitutional powers, jealous of outside interference, especially from the White House, and always ready to encroach on the debatable ground left unassigned by the Constitution. The President, it is true, has his veto, and that is a powerful weapon, for defence at any rate. It is in attack that he is tied and hampered. He can prevent Congress from doing some things, but he cannot oblige it to do others. His Presidential Message may point the way, but neither he nor any one can ensure that it will be followed. Congress in all such matters is its own master. Not only may it completely disregard all the President's suggestions, but it may wreck every scheme on which his heart is set by withholding supplies, defeating treaties, refusing to confirm

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his appointments or attaching impossible riders to its bills. And the President in such a case is all but helpless. He may by a long campaign, by appealing to the people over the heads of their representatives, succeed at length in coercing Congress. Or by judicious humouring of the Bosses and by allowing the Senate to distribute his patronage for him, he may also carry his point. Either way, the fact remains that his disabilities are as great as, if not greater than, his powers, and that the success of any Administration depends on the harmony that exists between Congress and the Executive. Mr. McKinley attained this harmony in a quite wonderful degree. He oiled the machinery of government with loving and imperturbable patience, and the wheels ran with an ease unknown since Washington's first term of office. His was a persuasive, accordant nature, far too much so, indeed, to admit of strong leadership. He hated to say No; it was a positive pain to him to disappoint anybody, to refuse a request. Sooner than do so he allowed himself to be led occasionally into dubious paths. He was a man who outside Protection had few interests and fewer convictions; none, perhaps, that he would not have felt it a duty to sacrifice at the bidding of the people. He accepted fully and heartily the doctrine that the President should follow, and not attempt to lead, public opinion. The old tag, *Vox populi, vox Dei*, was more than an old tag to him; it was the guiding principle of his whole political life and policy. His ear was always to the ground because that was where he conceived it ought to be. The Presidential office he regarded as a sort of conduit-pipe between Congress and the electorate. Great things happened during his Presidency, but he can hardly be said to have presided over them. At best they flowed through him as through a funnel. His mind and temperament were altogether of the kind that asks for guidance and, when the oracles differ, strives hard to "solder close impossibilities and make them kiss," and is willing to wait in patience for the unmistakable cue. Once convinced of

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what the people wanted—and his instinct in such matters was all but infallible; he knew his countrymen as Palmerston knew Englishmen—Mr. McKinley would work overtime to see that they got it. But he had to know first; it was that that gave him confidence; he could not stand alone. His ways of dealing with Congress were such as sprang inevitably from his conception of the Presidential duties. They were those of adroit persuasion. He consulted everybody, humoured everybody, put himself frankly in the hands of his friends, made the utmost use of his patronage as a gentle weapon of conciliation, and usually contrived to reach his goal. It was not done without some disturbance of the balance of power arranged by the Constitution. There were times when the Presidency as a controlling and directing authority seemed almost in abeyance, when one had to look in the Senate and among a favoured group of "bosses" to find the real head of the United States. But as against this there were at least two compensations. Washington was at peace, and the wishes of the people got themselves translated into law with unexampled despatch.

Whatever else might be prophesied of President Roosevelt, it could at least be said with certainty that Mr. McKinley's methods would not be his. The two men stood at opposite poles, not of policy—rarely have a President and Vice-President been in such close political agreement—but of character and disposition. And in the White House it is personality rather than opinions that counts. The Presidency is a very human office, dependent for its influence at least as much on the man who occupies it as on its Constitutional prerogatives. No change could well be greater than that from the late to the present Chief Magistrate. All through his career Mr. Roosevelt has shown that the instinct for command is innate in him. Wherever he goes he must dominate; like Mr. Chamberlain, he cannot help leading. What he sees he sees clearly; what he feels he feels intensely. He is compact equally of positiveness and emotionalism. "Right thou feelest, rush to do," was the Emersonian formula for "freedom's secret." In a sense it

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is Mr. Roosevelt's too—less dangerous in him than in most men because of his background of solid Dutch caution and level-headedness. Mere feelings are never his guide; still less so are mere theories. There is no type that irritates him more, no type he has "scored" so mercilessly, as the men of impossible standards and extravagant ideals—a type more common than one would think in American and especially in New York politics. Himself as "practical" a politician, though in another way, as Mr. Croker, the intemperance that overshoots the mark is as intolerable to him as the indifference that does not even trouble to aim. Misguided effort is all but as abhorrent to his nature as no effort at all. Indeed, I am not sure that the over-civilised, hypercritical Mugwump does not rouse him more effectually than even the *jeunesse dorée*. He preaches "the strenuous life" in season and out of season, meaning by that not necessarily a life of bustle, hurly-burly, conflict, but simply honest, active endeavour in any sphere, Kant's life as much as Cromwell's, Darwin's equally with Lincoln's. But unless such life is regulated by judgment as well as labour, he has no use for it. His own temperament, though quickly and easily stirred, is essentially Whiggish, content to advance a step at a time, inexorable on vital points, but never tempted to extremes. One could hazard the man from his books or his books from the man. His prose has a hard, confident, metallic texture, with little light or shade playing about it, yet strong in its rush and resonance—the prose of a man of action, blunt and utterly straightforward, clean-cut and sincere. Style and matter alike bespeak the man's mind. It is, if I may say so, a bludgeon of a mind, healthily unoriginal and non-creative, of wide range and the closest of grips, and with a dogmatic turn for the common sense of things, a sane but hardly a deep mind, and used like a bludgeon for criticism, exhortation, attack. A man in many ways after Carlyle's own heart, who has "swallowed formulas," is transparently incapable of anything mean, underhand or equivocal, preaches and practises the gospel of work, and flinches before

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nothing. With all this, as Americans now realise, Mr. Roosevelt is far from being impulsive. That he is a fighting, breezy type of man goes without saying; that now and then he will say the indiscreet thing, and sometimes even do it, that he has to keep constant watch over himself and his vivid emotions may also be taken for granted. But then he all but invariably succeeds in doing so. A year ago Americans felt uneasy about their new President. They feared his overplus of energy, the impact of his impetuous tingling personality. He had the same reputation for militant "rashness" that the Kaiser once enjoyed. It took William II. ten years to live down the nervousness his accession inspired. It has taken Theodore Roosevelt just one year. There was never any real reason why the people should not have had the same confidence in him as in Mr. McKinley. But they saw in the new President, first of all, youth—which even Americans suspect in politics; and secondly, a very vigorous and outspoken character, apt at times to launch out with ultra-Bismarckian bluntness; and from this they argued that his impulsiveness was a danger to the State. It is true that the President has nothing of the featureless caution that commends itself to the politicians. He does things—such as asking Booker Washington to dinner and denouncing lynchings—that Mr. McKinley, the type of the "political" President, would never have dreamed of doing. But what Americans now realise, as the result of his first year of office, is that his impulsiveness is in no sense dangerous; that it is confined to little things and an occasional hasty word; and that in all essentials he is one of the most balanced and conservative of Americans.

So buoyant, virile and masterful a figure would win a following anywhere. In America the force of his attractiveness is peculiarly felt. They are an emotional people, always ready to exalt any man who rises even an inch above the undistinguished multitude, quick on the uptake, swiftly responsive to a touch of firmness. They will follow a leader, when they find one, farther than most nations, and forgive him, as

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they forgave Grant, almost anything. In politics, especially, the man who trusts to his own strength, and will fight to the last for his convictions, commends their instant homage; the more so as such a man is perhaps rarer in the United States than even in England. President Roosevelt has this quality of political courage, which is something higher than moral courage, personal courage, or the courage of one's opinions, because it embraces all three, to a degree that Cleveland did not equal and Lincoln did not surpass. Perhaps the readiest touchstone of any and every President's character is to be looked for in the appointments he makes. Patronage is the most engrossing and irksome of all calls upon his time. A weak President, a President who is "playing politics" with an eye to the next election, uses the offices at his disposal to reward party services, conciliate enemies, keep local wire-pullers loyal and in good humour, and above all to ingratiate himself with Senators and Congressmen by allowing them to nominate their own men. This was the policy which Mr. McKinley very largely pursued. One of the ablest and most careful of American publicists, Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson, declares that at the moment of Mr. Roosevelt's accession "the Civil Service of the country was in a state of demoralisation such as had not been known since the days of Grant." "Predatory politicians had again captured many important places: the federal offices in the Southern States were filled, almost without exception, by social outcasts whose business in politics was not only to enjoy the emoluments of office, but to sell quadrennially to the highest bidder nearly one-third of the delegates to the National Convention of their party; and this corrupt organisation was in close alliance with the Democratic rings of the Southern States, dividing the plunder between them, keeping down the Republican vote, and preventing decent whites from joining the Republican party." Mr. Roosevelt, a life-long advocate and practitioner of clean politics, and with a knowledge of the Civil Service and of the tricks of its enemies such as no President has ever possessed, was not the man to stand this sort of thing. He

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at once strengthened the Civil Service Commission, restored sixteen hundred offices to the merit system that his predecessor had exempted, brought sixty Indian agents within the scope of the classified service, and armed the Commissioners with new and real powers over the office-holders. But it was in his attitude towards the vast and important class of posts that as yet are outside the merit system, and appointments to which are made by the President "with the advice and consent of the Senate," that Mr. Roosevelt showed his strength most plainly. These posts include the diplomatic and consular services, customs and internal revenue collectorships, federal judgeships, and the bigger post-offices of the country. Of late years it is not too much to say that the power of appointment to these offices has been taken from the President and usurped by the Senate. The "advice and consent of the Senate" has developed into the "compulsion of the Senate." Presidents have disregarded Senatorial nominations and made their own selections at the peril of having confirmation withheld and their appointments rejected. Senators have pushed their Constitutional prerogatives to the uttermost, and used them to build up their personal power in the States they represent, with little thought to the character of their nominees or their fitness for office. Being an undying body, tenacious of the privileges that are theirs by right, still more tenacious of such as they have been able to extort by pressure, it has been no easy matter for a President to withstand them single-handed. Most Presidents have in fact thrown up the unequal struggle, and blindly accepted the Senatorial candidates. Not so President Roosevelt. In all such matters he has but one test, that of efficiency; and he is inexorable in applying it. As at Albany, so at Washington, he wages no war on the party leaders. He consults them at every turn, and listens to their suggestions; but he makes no appointments on their recommendation unless and until he is personally satisfied of the character and capacity of the nominee. Other things being equal, a Republican will get the post. But if the Republican candidate is manifestly

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unfit, as he usually is in the Southern States, no amount of political backing, no references to the man's usefulness in 1904, no Senatorial insistence, will move President Roosevelt to appoint him. More than once, to the scandal of the politicians, he has gone outside the ranks of his own party and forced the appointment of a Democrat on the novel and refreshing ground that he was the man best fitted to fill the vacancy. And the Senate, grumble as it may, dare not, in the face of a jubilant and approving people, refuse confirmation. President Roosevelt nowhere exceeds his Constitutional rights. He shares heartily and willingly with the Senate in the work of selection. All that he insists upon is that the man selected shall be the best; and so long as Senators keep a single eye on that essential he welcomes their advice and co-operation most cordially. Their privileges remain as they were; it is only the standard by which they are to be exercised that has been changed. A small thing after all, it may be said. On the contrary, this alteration of standard is little less than a revolution. It revives the Presidential authority, it knocks the bottom out of all that is left of the spoils system, it makes public office a public trust in fact as well as name. So long as President Roosevelt remains at the White House, and possibly for much longer, the sinister league between party politics and the civil service that debased and demoralised both, is dissolved. In the Army and Navy, too, the same simple principles have been rigorously enforced. Extraneous influences that had nothing to do with efficiency had wormed their way into the American Army with an almost English facility. Here again President Roosevelt was not as one working in the dark. There is little about either service that he does not know both from the inside and the outside, and in his first Message to Congress he put his finger unerringly both on the evil and the remedy. For the future, he announced promotions would be made "solely with regard to the good of the service and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social or personal, of any kind, will be permitted to exercise the least effect in

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any question of promotion or detail; and if there is reason to believe that such pressure is exercised at the instigation of the officer concerned, it will be held to militate against him." Mr. Brodrick might conceivably say and mean as much; Mr. Roosevelt practised it. One of his first official acts was to appoint as Chief of Ordnance, with the rank of Brigadier-General, a captain who stood twenty-ninth on the list of the officers of his corps. Almost for the first time since the Civil War the Army has ceased to be the playground of political favourites; seniority and privileged incompetence no longer direct it, and the upward path is at last thrown freely open to the admirable graduates of West Point. Of equal decisiveness was the President's intervention in the miserable Sampson-Schley feud, a sort of Buller episode magnified a hundred-fold, and disputed for over three years with a passionate ferocity. Mr. Roosevelt wound it up with a couple of stinging rebukes to General Miles and Admiral Dewey that killed the controversy and taught both services a lesson of discipline that will be long remembered. It may indeed be said without the least exaggeration that in every branch of the administration the impress of his resolute character has made itself felt in the direction of an efficiency and a public-spiritedness where fifteen months ago all was slackness and "politics."

It is on this, the administrative, side, that the Presidential office shows its strength. Its weakness is no less apparent when there arises any question of legislation. In his Message of last December Mr. Roosevelt "most earnestly invited" the attention of Congress "to the wisdom, indeed to the vital need, of providing for a substantial reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban imports into the United States." To this course, he added, "we are bound by every consideration of honour and expediency." On the one hand, the United States, by putting an end to Spanish rule, had, at the same time, destroyed a market for Cuban produce that had been cultivated for centuries. Unless, therefore, she intended the work of liberation to end in bankruptcy, she lay under a heavy obliga-

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tion to provide an immediate and sufficient outlet for Cuban sugar and tobacco. And, on the other hand, a reduction of the Dingley tariff schedules in favour of Cuba had been promised by Mr. McKinley in return for the island's admission of American suzerainty and the cession of certain ports and coaling-stations. Cuba had fulfilled her part of the bargain; it remained for the Americans to fulfil theirs. The need, as Mr. Roosevelt said, was vital. The island, exhausted by the struggle with Spain and deprived of her chief market, was industrially crippled. To save her from absolute ruin, to give her the essential start on her Republican career, and to put the coping-stone on Governor-General Wood's excellent work of redemption, all that was required was a fifty per cent. reduction of the Dingley rates on her two main exports. Practically all Americans approved of this reduction, not because it would bring them in return the exclusive control of the Cuban market for food stuffs, textiles, and machinery, but for grave reasons of national prestige and good faith. Some powerful "interests," however, opposed not only that but any measure of relief. The beet-sugar, the cane-sugar, and the tobacco growers joined forces in a determined and brilliantly captained "lobby." Behind them and more or less openly in sympathy with them, stood the Republican stalwarts proclaiming that in Cuban reciprocity they detected the cloven hoof of "tariff-revision." The Democrats seized gleefully on the chance to drive a wedge into their opponents' ranks, and in the end relief was withheld, the President beaten, and his party torn in two. The most popular President that the United States has yet possessed had failed to pass through Congress a simple act of justice which had the enthusiastic backing of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand Americans. This, too, in spite of the fact that both Houses were controlled by his own party. Mr. Roosevelt alone came out of the discreditable fiasco strengthened in the esteem of the people. He fought for the right with unwavering firmness; he is fighting for it still; and in the long run, no doubt, he will triumph. But he has not triumphed yet.

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This gives some measure of the difficulties ahead of him in raising the far more hazardous question of the Trusts. In spite of all we hear of them, the Trusts are not a political issue. Both parties, Republicans no less heartily than Democrats, abuse them in public and pummel them in their State and national "platforms," and both parties support and are supported by them in private. Neither dare take too open a line for fear of alienating the campaign contributions of which these gigantic corporations may well afford to be prodigal. Neither party up to the present has evolved anything that could be called a Trust policy. Both are playing for position. At the same time the connection between the Trusts and the Republican party is popularly supposed to be more intimate than between the Trusts and the Democrats. This is partly because the Republicans are, broadly speaking, the rich man's party, the friends of capital if not its slaves, and the upholders of a tariff for protection. Whatever vague fear there is of the Trusts, and there is a good deal, all the ignorance of them and, therefore, all the prejudice against them, all the tales that are told of their "conscienceless" methods and underground influence on politics, give aid and comfort to the Democrats rather than to their opponents. And on paper and during election time the Democrats are undoubtedly the more violently hostile of the two. Whether the responsibilities of office, if they could get it, would not soften down their enmity is another question. In their present position of greater freedom they have at any rate put forward one proposal that within certain narrow limits might be efficacious, had they the chance and the courage to apply it. They suggest that the import duties should be taken off every article the production and distribution of which are controlled by a Trust. There is at least something definite in this proposal, something indeed far more definite than the Republicans, if left to themselves, would venture to suggest. Their instinct, or the instinct of their leaders, is to let well enough alone, to do nothing that will "disturb business." It is their attitude both towards Trusts and Tariff Revision;

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and President Roosevelt never gave clearer proof of his boldness than when he declined to allow his party to be muzzled on either question. Mr. Bryan's appeals to fear and hatred, his furious yell of "Destroy the Trusts!" his avowed ambition to "put stripes on the millionaires," are things that the Trust magnates, knowing the conservatism of their countrymen, can afford to laugh at. It is different when a man of Roosevelt's character and position, sanely and conservatively but with a terrible resoluteness, brings the question on to the carpet. The President knew well enough what he was risking, the enmity of capitalists, disaffection and possibly revolt in his party, perhaps his own chance of re-election. But he saw the danger of leaving the Anti-Trust movement to be exploited by the fanaticism of Mr. Bryan and his followers; and he saw that that danger was increased by the silence and inactivity of the Republicans and the bewildered state of the public mind. He therefore took up the question himself not as an enemy of capital, but in the interests of capital, to save it from an unjust and disastrous assault. His general view of the evolution of modern business has been expressed over and over again. He does not believe that it is possible or desirable to go back from the large organisations to small ones in ordinary industry, nor yet from large railway systems to a discordant tangle of ill-connecting and desperately competing small lines. The age of competition, he realises, has passed or is passing. At the same time he has come to the conclusion that the natural tendency towards amalgamation has been proceeding too rapidly, that there is serious danger in the prevalence of over-capitalisation; and that "methods of governmental regulation" ought to proceed step by step with the development of new business conditions. "Governmental regulation," because State regulation has been tried and proved useless. What then does he advocate? Nothing new, nothing revolutionary. The one definite proposal he has put forward is that the same publicity should be demanded of the Trusts as is now exacted from

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banks and insurance companies. "The first thing to do," he has said, "is to find out the facts; and for this purpose publicity as to capitalisation, profits and all else of importance to the public, is the most useful measure. The mere fact of this publicity would of itself remedy certain evils, and as to the others, it would in some cases point out the remedies, and would at least enable us to tell whether or not certain proposed remedies would be useful. The State acting in its collective capacity would thus first find out the facts, and then be able to take such measures as wisdom dictated." Whether the State has the power to demand such publicity is a matter for the Supreme Court to decide. Complete authority to regulate and control the affairs of great industrial corporations would seem to require a Constitutional amendment. If so, the President advocates such an amendment; and that is as far in the way of positive suggestion as he has gone. That there is nothing very radical in all this may be shown by two facts. One is that the House of Representatives has already expressed itself in favour of the sort of Constitutional amendment that the President desires to see passed. The other is that one of the biggest corporations of all, the Steel Trust, has voluntarily discarded the old policy of mystery, and now presents to the public each year a straightforward and intelligible statement of its gross earnings by months, its expenditure, its profits, and its disposition of the net gains. At the same time, the President does not hesitate to use such powers as are conferred on him by the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. He has already haled the Northern Securities Company before the Courts on the ground that its consolidation of two competing railway systems was "an unlawful combination or conspiracy to monopolise, or attempt to monopolise, trade or commerce"; and he has also directed the Attorney-General to inquire into the so-called Beef Trust. "I am far," he admirably said, "from being against property when I ask that the question of Trusts be taken up. I am acting in the most conservative sense in property's interest. When a great corporation is sued for violating

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the Anti-Trust law, it is not a move against property; it is a move in favour of property, because when you can make it evident that all men, big and small alike, have to obey the law, you are putting the safeguard of law around all men." And from the same sober standpoint he defends the proposed Constitutional amendment. "I am well aware that the process of Constitutional amendment is necessarily a slow one, and one into which our people are reluctant to enter, save for the best of reasons; but I am confident that in this instance the reasons exist. I am also aware that there will be difficulty in framing an amendment which will meet the objects of the case and yet will secure the necessary support. The very fact that there must be delay in securing the adoption of such an amendment ensures full discussion and calm consideration on the whole subject and will prevent any ill-considered action."

This is the entire sum of the President's policy, and obviously it does not carry us very far. Could it be put into practice it would combat but one of the Trust evils, that of over-capitalisation. It would protect the stockholder and the investing public, but it would hardly touch the consumer. And it is as a consumer and purchaser of the Trust's goods and products that the average American is chiefly interested in the problem. What he dreads more than anything else is the power of the Trusts to raise the prices of the prime necessaries of life; and it is for this reason that he is gravitating more and more towards the possibility of hitting them by means of the tariff. The President, however, while not opposed to a mild form of tariff revision *per se*, emphatically maintains that it has nothing to do with the Trusts. "The question of regulating the trusts with a view to minimising or abolishing the evils existent in them is separate and apart from the question of tariff revision. . . . The real evils connected with the Trusts cannot be remedied by any change in the tariff laws." That is trenchant, but is it true? Granted that the smaller competitors—very few of the Trusts are complete

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monopolies—would be swallowed up by a removal of the tariff duties on their industries, and that the Trusts would thereby become monopolies in fact, it is still possible to think that the unrestricted competition of foreign goods and products would force a certain maximum of prices beyond which it would be dangerous to advance. On the whole the chief value of the President's intervention in the Trust issue is this: he has brought sobriety, caution and sincerity to bear on a question in the discussion of which these three qualities have been woefully deficient. He does his own thinking, and he means business; and the people, who are at once anxious and utterly befogged, believe in him implicitly. Whether as the result of his campaign anything will get itself written on the Statute Book is quite another matter. The people, as I have said, dearly love a leader; but the politicians do not, and I am not sure that the Constitution wholly approves of one. It will be one of the most interesting features of Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency to see whether his methods succeed in getting things done as speedily as Mr. McKinley's. That they are more inspiriting to watch is beyond argument; but the Presidential disabilities set forth at the beginning of this article make one question whether there is really room in the American system for a President of Mr. Roosevelt's resoluteness and vigour. So far it must be said that the first year of President Roosevelt has been a personal rather than a political triumph. But that personal triumph is so supreme that the victory of his party in the forthcoming elections ought properly to be called a Rooseveltian and not a Republican victory.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

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LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND

"HOME Rule is dead." How often have we not heard and read that statement, within the last six years, as a comment upon Lord Rosebery's memorable phrase concerning the "predominant partner!" And yet somewhere about one-eighth of the Members of the House of Commons are returned ostensibly for the sole purpose of pushing the demand for it in season and out of season; and they are supported, not only by a considerable part of the Liberal Party in that House, including its titular head, but by the yet more efficient aid of an organisation audacious enough to hold formal "courts," whose decisions are able to override the law of the land, powerful enough (by the infliction of penalties which render the lives of recalcitrants practically insupportable) to terrorise the King's subjects into foregoing rights guaranteed them by that law, and with which the Government have so far shown themselves unable or unwilling to cope effectively, though they have not yet repeated the amazing indiscretion of a former Chief Secretary (but lately a prominent member of the Cabinet), who actually refused the assistance of the police to the officers of the sheriff in the execution of the decrees of the High Court of Justice!

The extraordinary supineness of the Government in this respect has been for many months a byword among friends and opponents alike; and though from time to time they are apparently goaded into a sort of half-hearted semblance of vigour, they seem somehow constitutionally incapable of

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appraising at their true value either the frothy declamation of avowed and irreconcilable enemies, or the deep, if silent, resentment which is rapidly alienating their last remaining friends.[1] It is not long since I heard a gentleman of considerable local influence in the North of Ireland, one who during a long life has spent and been spent in the Unionist cause, declare that he would accept with equanimity, even welcome, the severance of the "last link," on the ground that "the arbitrament of the rifle, with all its drawbacks, would be preferable to being utilised by successive British Ministers for sops to Cerberus." I do not suggest that "counsels of despair" of this sort are otherwise than very exceptional, but the exacerbation of feeling of which such expressions are the outward and visible signs is both widespread and dangerous.

But it is no part of my present object to dwell upon the shortcomings of the late Administration, obvious as they were to every lover of law and order, be his political leanings what they might; nor even to deplore the manifest tendency on the part of their successors to follow in their footsteps which has filled the Irish Unionist Press with disappointment and dismay: I desire rather to call attention to the significant fact that a long succession of British statesmen (all, I am persuaded, actuated by the most benevolent motives) have not only failed to overcome the apparently implacable hostility of the majority of the population of Ireland to their methods of government, but have even caused, or at any rate permitted, that hostility to increase in intensity with the passage of time. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the utterances of Parnell and Redmond with those of O'Connell and Butt cannot fail to be struck at once with the similarity and the contrast.

The phenomenon is a remarkable one—I believe it to be unique; at any rate I am not aware of any historical parallel,

[1] Since this was written the result of the South Belfast election has given a striking example of the effects of this resentment.

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and all *à priori* reasoning, as well as the experience of the earlier settlements (both Danish and Norman) in Ireland itself, point to a different conclusion. On general principles it would have been anticipated that, where no physical obstacle to the amalgamation of the races existed, the antagonism arising from the fact of conquest would be gradually softened, and the distinctions obliterated, by lapse of time, by intermarriage, by continued intercourse, and by the hundred-and-one other agencies which go to the manufacture of nationalities. And in point of fact, as far as racial differences are concerned, this process actually took place in Ireland. After the Wars of the Roses we hear practically nothing of the old warfare between the "Englishry" and the "Irishry," though the contests between clan and clan, Norman and Keltic alike, were as active as ever; even the celebrated Act designed to secure the predominance of English interests was directed rather against the Yorkist tendencies of the Hiberno-Norman nobles than any action of the Keltic chieftains, who were neither represented in the Parliament at Drogheda nor affected by its legislation; but with the Reformation a new bone of contention was unfortunately introduced, under circumstances and with consequences which have been already discussed in the pages of this Magazine.[1]

But this alone would not be sufficient to account for the vitality, to say nothing of the intensity, of the hostility in question. Mr. Redmond is the modern representative of a long line of distinguished Irishmen, dating at least from the days of Talbot and Sarsfield (both men of Norman lineage), men differing from one another in almost every other respect, but all agreeing in a passionate longing for what they were pleased to describe as "Irish Independence."

It is true that this expression has at different times and in different mouths connoted very different ideas, but all alike in this, that they point to a constitutional position for Ireland socially, politically, and economically, inferior to that which

[1] Monthly Review, January 1902, p. 61.

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she enjoys under the Union now existing, and which, if it had any vitality whatever, would be inconsistent with the security of the British Empire.

In this connection the marked difference in the results of the two Legislative Unions (England with Scotland, and Great Britain with Ireland) on the populations of the weaker countries is especially noticeable. The attendant circumstances were in many respects similar; the union was in both cases pressed by and in the interests of the English Ministry of the day, and carried—in both cases by the most unblushing corruption—in spite of violent popular opposition;[1] so far as there was any obvious distinction the advantages were altogether on the side of Ireland; in Scotland there was a *real* historical national sentiment to be overcome, such as did not exist, and never had existed, in the case of Ireland; the former union was admittedly aimed at the prevention of a dynastic reaction hoped for by an important part—perhaps a majority—of the nation; the latter was avowedly desired for the furtherance of the Roman Catholic claims, which it was clear would never be conceded by an Irish Parliament; as regards representation in the united Parliament, Scotland had met with niggard, Ireland with lavish, consideration; and yet in one case the lapse of a century found the people not merely acquiescent but reconciled, while in the other, the like period has but confirmed and intensified the opposition. Why is this? It cannot be fortuitous, still less can it result from any racial idiosyncrasies, for the populations of the two countries are composed of the same races, mixed in very much the same proportions. Much is doubtless due to the particular conditions of Irish society at the end of the eighteenth century, but even more, I think, to the vacillation, the surrenders to agitation, and the want of finality, which have characterised the policy of the nineteenth.

[1] It is said that the reason why the nine of diamonds is known as "the curse of Scotland" is its resemblance to the armorial bearings of the Earl of Stair (or, on a saltire azure, nine lozenges of the field), the Minister in charge of the Bill in the Parliament of Scotland.

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But these are questions of "ancient history," and, however valuable from Livy's point of view,[1] are outside the scope of this paper.

The notion of an absolutely independent Ireland (Parnell's "severance of the last link") may be dismissed at once as illusory. The unerring instinct of the king and people of England perceived, two hundred years ago, that such independence would be incompatible with the highest interests of both countries, and induced them, in the face of threatened foreign intervention and domestic reaction, and notwithstanding the powerful opposition of Halifax, to hazard the success of the Revolution itself, rather than permit King James to establish a separate kingdom in Ireland. That that instinct survives unimpaired the history of the last sixteen years sufficiently demonstrates. Indeed, the parallel between the events of 1688 and 1886 in many details, even down to the personality of the principal actors, has all the materials of a fascinating study, which we have not space to pursue at present.

Short of independence, the connection between the two countries must take one of three forms: Vassalage, Alliance, or Union; in other words, Ireland must have the status of a Dependency, a Colony, or an integral part of the Sovereign Country. Of these conditions the first named may be put aside as beyond the sphere of practical politics; no one now proposes to return to the *régime* which was put an end to in 1782, and of which all that need be noticed is, that the resistance it provoked is memorable as the first and last occasion in the history of Ireland when the whole population, Protestant and Roman Catholic, Norman, Saxon, and Keltic, were united in a common cause. Of the remaining alternatives, one cannot but wonder at the extraordinary blindness which does not

[1] Hoc illud est præcipue in cognitione rerum salubre ac frugiferum, omnis te exempli documenta in illustri posita monumento intueri; inde tibi tuæque reipublicæ quod imitere capias, inde, fœdum inceptu, fœdum exitu, quod vites. *Praef.*

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appreciate the superiority in every respect, both as regards the influence of the country as a whole and the position of Irishmen as individuals, of their recognition as a constituent part, with equal rights, and even more than proportional influence, of the most powerful nation the world has seen since the partition of the Roman Empire. The position put forward by the late Sir Henry Parkes as the ultimate goal of Australian ambition is that already attained in Ireland. I am not inclined to dispute that, with the majority, if not all, of the men in question, the principal motive force was genuine if misdirected patriotism, though it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the undisguised self-seeking which largely tempered the same in some prominent instances; none but the most superficial observer could class Butt and Parnell in the same category with Grattan and O'Connell. But they all had this characteristic in common that, led away by the magic of phrases, they reached after the *ignis fatuus* of insular autonomy, to the neglect, in some cases even the repudiation, of the available substance of association in Imperial self-government.

νήπιοι, οὐ γὰρ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.

That such autonomy as they desired was unattainable it would not be hard to show; that if attainable it would be undesirable is, I think, evident from the foregoing; and that, if attained, it never could be exercised on any important occasion otherwise than in subordination to British interests without involving either a reconquest of the island or the downfall of the Empire, must be apparent to every one not wilfully blind; but "that is another story," the consideration of which is foreign to my present purpose.

As above mentioned, the most striking feature in the Nationalist movement is that the ordinary processes of social evolution seem to be reversed; and whereas the general trend of modern political movement is towards aggregation, in this case the separatist aspirations have become exaggerated with lapse of time. Grattan was contented with the constitution of

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1782, and even resented any proposition of change in it; and yet under that constitution, although the Parliament of Great Britain were expressly precluded from interference in Irish affairs, the Irish Ministry were dependent for existence and continuance in office on the good pleasure of the English Ministry of the day, who in their turn were responsible to the British Parliament alone, and were absolutely independent, not only of the Irish Parliament, but of all public opinion and public feeling in Ireland. O'Connell's demand was merely for the restoration of this constitution as modified by the Emancipation Act. Under the leadership of Butt, in whose time the phrase "Home Rule" was first substituted for "Repeal," the demand was kept studiously vague, and the efforts of the party were *really* directed to the control of Irish patronage; and it was reserved for Parnell, when not talking about "the last link," to put forward a distinct claim to the position of "a self-governing colony." This claim has since been more precisely formulated by Mr. Redmond as follows: "An Irish Parliament, in which there should be no veto except the veto of the Crown, which should be exercised there, as in England, in conformity with the wishes of the Irish Ministers of the Sovereign." It will be seen that this is not a revendication of any "rights" that Ireland may be supposed to have lost; no similar position has ever yet been hers, though the Bill of 1886 would have created a nondescript body, apparently fashioned on the model of an Ecclesiastical Synod, which would speedily have acquired all the powers for evil of a separate Government. What those powers might have become, and how they might have been exercised, may be judged from the difficulties raised by the action of the Irish Parliament in the matter of the Regency in 1787, and later in the proposal for a separate naval establishment.

Mr. Redmond's claim, however objectionable on other grounds, is logically defensible; but the proposals of 1886 and 1893, as explained by their authors, were constitutional monstrosities of opposite characters. We have been over and

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over again, *usque ad nauseam*, assured by English apologists for the Bill of 1886—no Irish critic, for or against, has cherished the fond delusion—that "the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament was a capital and fundamental principle" of that proposal; but no explanation of the means whereby such supremacy was to be secured has ever been attempted. I have elsewhere[1] shown, or endeavoured to show, that it is inconsistent with the nature of Representative Institutions for a Representative Assembly to assume *direct* legislative authority over any place or territory not represented therein, and that the phrase "No taxation without representation" is merely a crucial instance of a principle of wider application; although in the case of all dependencies, and of many colonies, the *indirect* power of Parliament, acting through the agency of the Crown, and by reason of their control over the Home Government, is capable of efficient exercise. But under the scheme of 1886 neither the British Parliament nor the British Ministers were to have any power of interference with, or veto on, Irish legislation, or any say in the appointment of, or control over, the Irish Executive Government. It is not, therefore, very easy to see how this "capital and fundamental supremacy of the Imperial Parliament" could have been effectively asserted, if impugned, as it was certain to be, by the Irish Assembly, otherwise than by armed force, exercised in support of some such usurpation as that involved in the American Stamp Act, to be inevitably followed by resistance, and not improbably by civil war. The difficulties which have arisen in connection with the proposed suspension of the Cape Constitution supply a valuable object-lesson on this point.

The proposal of 1893, on the contrary, erred fatally in the other direction. For, while under it all purely Irish affairs were to be managed by a Legislature (one can hardly call it a Parliament) exclusively Irish, the Irish representatives were to retain an important—it might often be a preponderating—voice in all the concerns of the United Kingdom: while the

[1] *East and West*, November 1901, p. 83.

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unanimous opinion of England, Wales, and Scotland was to be powerless to prevent the most far-reaching innovations in Irish administration, a majority of Irish members might be able, in certain phases of public opinion, to veto the construction of a railway in Hampshire, or to regulate the powers to be conferred on the London County Council. These instances may be thought exaggerated, but the underlying principle is best perceived from an extreme example. How clearly it was perceived, and how strongly resented, by the British Electorate, the utterly unanticipated, and not wholly fortunate, result of the General Election of 1895 is sufficient evidence.

It may possibly be replied that the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament exists in the cases of Canada and Australia, and that the Nationalist demand does not conflict with a similar supremacy in Ireland. But, in the first place, this supremacy, if and so far as it exists at all, depends entirely upon the maintenance of the Royal veto, exercisable, not "in conformity with the wishes of" the local advisers of the Governor, but on the advice of the Secretary of State for the Colonies for the time being, and is therefore expressly excluded, not only by the provisions of 1886, but by the terms of the constitution demanded for Ireland. It is of more consequence, however, to note that this "supremacy," like the "suzerainty" over the late South African Republic, exists solely on condition that it is never to be seriously exercised, and that the first occasion on which any legislative interference with any of these Colonies was attempted, except at its own request, would be highly resented, and the authority promptly repudiated. Sir Wilfred Laurier's speeches on the war, Sir Edmund Barton's action in the conduct through Parliament of the Commonwealth Bill, and even the utterances of so imperialistic a statesman as Mr. Seddon on the question of the Cape difficulty, leave no room for doubt on this point. Moreover, the conditions are not similar. In one case we are dealing with communities in thorough sympathy with the people of England, who are proud of their position as members of the Empire, and earnestly

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anxious for its welfare; whose co-operation therefore can be safely calculated upon when required, provided only that it is asked for in proper constitutional form, and from whom no unprovoked hostility is under any circumstances to be anticipated. They are, besides, separated from this kingdom by thousands of miles of ocean; and in the improbable event of either colony desiring complete separation, it could be let go, if the rest of the Empire so willed, not without detriment indeed, but without vital injury to the remainder. In the other case we are dealing with a people to the majority of whom we are the subjects of violent, if unreasonable, antipathy, who lose no opportunity of displaying their animosity, and who could be depended upon to make their hostility effective, given only the opportunity; a people, be it remembered, close to our shores, lying, as we are opportunely reminded by Captain Mahan,[1] "across the access of Great Britain to the outer world," and whose hostility would, in case of foreign complications, be certainly embarrassing to our diplomacy and damaging to our interests, and might, in certain not improbable events, prove destructive of our Empire, perhaps even perilous to our national independence. The influence which a separate Irish Administration would have had on the course of the late war may be judged from the public conduct of the men of whom it would in all probability have been composed.

It does not follow, however, that the effect of the Union has been invariably beneficial. In at least one respect it has been distinctly injurious. The Union was carried too far or not far enough. When the Acts of Union passed there were two policies legitimately open to Government. The pre-existing relations between England and Ireland lent themselves easily to a complete unification of the two countries. The Common Law was the same on both sides of the Channel, the Church establishments had been expressly amalgamated by the Act of Union, and Ireland had been for some three hundred years

[1] *National Review*, May 1902, p. 404.

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generally administered according to English ideas. Englishmen had habitually been appointed to the highest offices, judicial and ecclesiastical, in Ireland; and it only required reciprocity in practice, combined with a little tact and a good deal of patience, to have effected a complete assimilation within a moderate period. In the matter of legislation this course offered peculiar advantages. Had successive Ministries set themselves persistently and consistently to treat Ireland as merely thirty-two extra English counties, to treat Down as Durham, Galway as Gloucestershire, Cork as Cornwall, obliterating as quickly as conveniently might be pre-existing local diversities, and above all things discouraging separate legislation except for purposes of assimilation, and if they had begun by abolishing at once the fiction of separate Governments, which has never been anything but an excrescence and an expense, though they would have had to contend against much opposition, and even some temporary obstruction, a great approach to assimilation could not fail to have been produced in the course of the next one or two generations.[1] It is needless to say that this would not have precluded the passing of special Acts, limited to particular localities, when required by the circumstances; but such Acts would have been confined to specified districts, as similar Acts are from time to time in England; that most pernicious of clauses, "This Act shall not apply to Ireland," and its sister iniquity, "This Act shall extend only to Ireland," would not have appeared in the Statute-book; and the treatment of Ireland as a single, homogeneous, and separate entity—the source of so many blunders—would have been rendered impossible.

But if this were considered too heroic a course for adoption,

[1] This process would have been greatly expedited had Sir Robert Peel been permitted to carry into effect his scheme for the consolidation of the Judicial Establishments in the two countries, followed, as it would inevitably have been, by the amalgamation of the Bars. The idea was not received with favour in either country at the time, though I have since heard many persons of weight, on both sides of the Channel, deplore the failure to give effect to it.

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the system which had worked successfully in the case of Scotland might have been tried. That system was necessitated by the fundamental differences, in Law, Procedure, and Administration, which existed between England and Scotland, and which did not exist in the case of Ireland; but its adoption, though unnecessary, would not have been impracticable. Under that system all the *details* of distinctively Irish legislation would have been practically left to the Irish members, subject only to interference in matters of *principle*, by the general body of the House, to prevent the adoption of measures unacceptable to the community as a whole. This plan, though immeasurably inferior to the former, would have encountered less opposition, and would at least have secured in Irish legislation some intelligent appreciation of Irish ideals.

Neither of these courses was adopted. On the contrary, legislation for England and Ireland respectively, even when substantially identical, was habitually effected by separate Acts, with or without variations of form, sometimes of very doubtful utility. The resulting evils are twofold. The local differences which call for or justify differential treatment are even greater as between different parts of Ireland than as between Ireland as a whole and Great Britain as a whole; but these differences are systematically ignored, and Ireland dealt with as "one and indivisible," though in the majority of instances, where separate treatment is justified at all, it requires to be discriminately narrowed. Again, when separate legislation for Ireland is proposed, it is dealt with by the whole House, and decided by the votes of a majority, most of them without either knowledge of, or care for, the special merits of the case, who vote simply as a matter of party, and whose constituents are unaffected by, and indifferent to, the result. It follows from this that, on the one hand, when a measure is under discussion involving questions of general application, in which the whole United Kingdom is interested, local peculiarities in Ireland—or parts of Ireland—calling for modifications in detail, are apt to be disregarded,

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and details suited especially for England applied to Ireland also, without the variations required by the differing circumstances. The Distribution of Seats Act of 1885 is a conspicuous instance of this, but an examination of the point would take me too far from my theme. On the other hand, when the balance of English parties requires, or tempts, the Ministry of the day to conciliate "the Irish vote," a measure can be introduced which would not, under any circumstances, be tolerated for England, and forced through by the dead weight of a party majority, which neither knows nor cares anything about the merits of the case, while the members so "conciliated" not improbably return the compliment by some equally *disinterested* support on an English question. The convenience of the plan to Ministers, of all parties, is as manifest as its evil influence on Irish legislation. And the practical working of this system—if system that can be called which method has none—has been even worse than might have been anticipated; for while the theory of political equality of treatment has led to the application to a purely agricultural population of institutions only fitted for an industrial community, the notion of Ireland as "a separate political entity" has facilitated the use of her as a *corpus vile* for the trial of experiments in social economy such as would never have been tolerated if proposed for application impartially to the whole kingdom. Thus Ireland has been exposed to the drawbacks of both methods, without obtaining the advantages of either. On the other hand, the same system has occasionally led to the determination of important questions affecting England only by the votes of members avowedly indifferent to the merits, and acting solely from ulterior motives. This is the "Nemesis" spoken of in the gibe of an evening paper: "We insist on interfering with the affairs of Ireland, and they, in return, thrust an unwelcome finger into ours."[1] But this in no way mitigates the evil.

The long series of Acts bemuddling the Land Laws errs

[1] *Star*, May 9, 1902.

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in both directions: a proposal put forward by men of the highest authority on the subject,[1] and thoroughly in sympathy with the claims of the tenantry, so far as these were well-founded, embodying a plan automatically self-adjusting, and which, once set going, would have enabled landlord and tenant to settle their mutual obligations without outside interference, was rejected on the plea that it was inconsistent with contract, (occupancy right was not recognised by English law,) and afterwards all idea of contract, or for that matter of political economy in any form, was thrown to the dogs, and a system introduced at variance equally with English and Irish ideas, which was aptly described by the present Lord Chancellor of Ireland as "a scheme for setting the population of Ireland by the ears, *with covenant for perpetual renewal!*" But the story is too long to be told here, and as even its advocates admit that "this is a question with which Parliament and Parliament alone [that is, the United Parliament] can and must deal" it is, apparently by common consent removed out of the atmosphere of Home Rule.

Another evil consequent upon the Union, of a different sort, and capable of easier remedy, is the unnecessary and oppressive expensiveness of Irish Private Bill Legislation. We have lately heard a good deal about the necessity for "a devolution to local authorities of that local business which weighs heavily on the overburdened House of Commons, and which would be far better dealt with by local authorities." If by this is meant nothing more than the extension to the localities affected, whether in England or Ireland, of some such power of dealing with questions of gas, water, railways, *et hoc genus omne*, as has already been provided for Scotland, in which the County Councils should have a prominent place, they would, I think, meet with general acceptance, at any rate in Ireland; though, if the scheme is to work at all reasonably there, it will require more adaptation to the *perfervidum Scotorum ingenium*

[1] To those who know anything of the history of this question the name of the late Judge Longfield will be sufficient authority for this statement.

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(adopting the language of a recent manifesto, let us say "fetters" on their caprice) than would be requisite in England. The experience of the last three years has not been such as to encourage us to rely on the discretion of these councils. The scandalous abuses connected with their administration of the Technical Education and Industrial Schools Acts, the gross neglect of their immediate duties, and the ridiculous resolutions which they delight to pass on matters altogether outside their jurisdiction, are, or ought to be, sufficient warning against any wide extension of their discretionary powers. The phenomenon last mentioned is nothing new: from the days of the Volunteers onward Irish representative councils have shown themselves rather political debating societies than businesslike assemblies, and neither the "reformed" Corporations nor the newly created Councils, whether County or District, have proved any exception to the rule.[1] If such matters as the construction of a railway, or the extension of a municipal area, are not to be made the battle-ground of political and religious rivalry, they can never be entirely emancipated from Imperial control. It would be stepping beyond my province to formulate a scheme for the devolution of these powers, which should find a fitting place for local opinion without succumbing to local caprice; but the problem does not present any real difficulty, provided only that the object in view is the creation of an efficient authority, fairly representative of local interests, and not the encouragement of local jobbery, or the satisfaction of political or religious rancour.

We have lately been favoured, from the two wings of the

[1] A fair specimen of the temper of these bodies, and their idea of administrative justice, is afforded by the action of the Board of Guardians (Rural District Council) which refused out-door relief to a poor widow, not because she did not need or did not deserve it, but on the ground that her deceased husband had been an emergency-man (*i.e.*, had come to the assistance of some victim who was being boycotted), one member saying that there was no use in their being a National Council if they did not act as such; if they did not show their sense of such conduct there was an end of their nationality.

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Liberal Party, with what may be taken to be more or less official utterances on this subject.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone, in announcing the unaltered adherence of that party—or that portion of it represented by the official organisation—to the cause of Home Rule, rests his position mainly on the assertion that it is the only alternative to "coercion," by which he means the enforcement of the provisions of the Crimes Act, 1887. He is reported to have said:

> We had in Ireland at the present moment the whole of the machinery established to govern a people who ought to be free against the British Constitution by methods and by laws not only unknown to us, but which the Government would never dare to think of applying to Englishmen or to Scotchmen; and this whole machinery was again at work. If we wished to maintain the present system it would have to be by coercion.[1]

Among the many witty and pregnant sayings of the late Dr. Robert Macdonnell there is none more apt than his description of the administration of Ireland as "government by stick and sugar-stick." The idea of coercion as something abnormal and exceptional arises entirely from the employment of temporary expedients for the repression of chronic disorder, and not from the character of those expedients themselves. The existing Crimes Act is, I believe, the 64th Act passed for the purpose since the Union; and it has this superiority over its predecessors, that it is capable of being put in force without delay when desired, but it is weakened by the necessity of formal proclamation for the purpose, thus giving an unnecessary opportunity to the shrieking brotherhood to bewail "the insult thereby inflicted on the most crimeless city in the world." In point of fact, so far is it from the truth that the methods of the Crimes Act are "unknown to us," or such as "the Government would never dare to think of applying to Englishmen or Scotchmen," that there is nothing of substance in its provisions which has not been law in Scotland from time immemorial, nothing unfamiliar with the system which was

[1] Speech at Leeds, August 1, 1902.

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justly described by Sir George Trevelyan as "greatly effective as a check on crime, but absolutely without any terror or danger to law-abiding citizens."[1]

Had this Act, or something similar, been enacted at an early period, before the methods of sedition had reached their present pitch of organisation; had its operation, instead of being exceptional and intermittent, been made, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is reported to have said "it might very well have been made, part of the permanent law;"[2] we should have been spared much declamatory nonsense about "coercion," without trenching on the liberty, or interfering with the comfort, of any but the criminal or the instigator of crime. Indeed, were the provisions of the Act permanently in force throughout the United Kingdom, they would affect no one injuriously but the hooligan, the moonlighter, and the boycotter, or their aiders and abettors.[3]

Sir Henry Fowler, on the other hand, has issued a manifesto which may not improbably be taken as embodying the latest views of the Imperialist Liberals—or Liberal Imperialists—on this subject. In this he expressly disclaims the notion of recognising any legislation "which might lead up to anything in the shape of an independent Parliament sitting in Dublin," and thus effectually throws over at once the "Irish Parliamentary Party," and the official Opposition. So far so good; but when we come to look at the manifesto in detail,

"Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angit."

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[1] Speech at Galashiels, May 7, 1886.

[2] See the *Scotsman*, October 17, 1885.

[3] I am not here speaking of the apostles of physical force, whom we always have had, and I presume always will have, amongst us, and whose attitude is best described by a quotation from Mrs. F. Steel.

"*Orator*: There are 50,000 Irish patriots armed to the teeth, and ready to strike a blow for liberty.

"1*st Auditor*: And why the divil don't they strike it?

"2*nd Auditor*: Bedad! the polis' won't let them."

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After a reference to the desired devolution of local business, to which no exception can be taken, Sir Henry goes on:

> The centralised administration of "Dublin Castle" must be reformed, and to Ireland, as well as to England, Scotland, and Wales must be delegated powers of local control of local affairs.

The reference to "Dublin Castle" may be passed over as a somewhat hackneyed gibe; the administration of the Government in Ireland is not more—is even less—centralised than the Home Office or the Local Government Board, and it must have *some* local habitation, and a more convenient one than "the Castle" has yet to be suggested, unless indeed it were to be transferred bodily to the Irish Office in London, which would scarcely come under the description of "decentralisation": but if the words above quoted foreshadow—as one may be permitted to suspect—the creation of some intermediate assembly superior to the County Councils, but subordinate to Parliament, the suggestion is one to be earnestly deprecated. In the first place it would be entirely inappropriate. To justify the creation of any such semi-central authority there should exist some definite community of interest between the several members of the group, not possessed in common with the rest of the United Kingdom. No such common interest exists throughout Ireland. There is no greater reason for combining Belfast for purposes of local government with Cork or Limerick than with Glasgow or Liverpool; indeed, in some respects there is less; the commercial affinities and social sympathies are greater in the latter case than the former, and the elements which make for discord decidedly weaker. Derry and Galway have no interests in common that they do not share equally with Bristol and Leith, and the like may be said of any two places taken at random, not situate in the same or adjoining counties. For all purposes of local administration any extension of the area of jurisdiction beyond the county is only likely to add to the opportunities for wrangling and jobbery. Secondly, any such assembly—call it what you will, and circumscribe its

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functions as you may—would inevitably be utilised as a screw to extort further concessions, leading ever more and more towards that "dualism of government at the very heart of the Empire," against which Sir Henry, in common with Lord Rosebery, has put down his foot. It is not for nothing that Mr. Redmond declares that "nothing is ever got for Ireland except by agitation"; and it is a commonplace in the councils of the Nationalists that concessions are never made except when extorted from weakness, and should always be accepted merely on the footing of instalments. It would "pass the wit of man" to devise a central representative assembly for the transaction of Irish business which would not be used, and, if opportunity were found, successfully used, to "lead up to" something very much "in the shape of an independent Parliament sitting in Dublin."

But the most questionable part of this manifesto is that dealing with the Local Government Act of 1898. If Sir Henry has in this respect accurately voiced the deliberate conclusions of the independent Liberals, the friends of law and order in Ireland have their work cut out for them. He says:

> I admit frankly that it [the Act] is fettered with restrictions which have limited the control of the Irish local authorities in a manner in which those authorities are not restricted in England and Scotland, and that the operation of that Act will not have fair play until the Irish local authorities are put on the same footing and invested with the same powers in all respects which the English and Scotch local authorities possess.

It would be interesting to learn what are the fetters. So far as I am aware the only power of any moment now possessed by any County Council in Great Britain which is denied to the Irish Councils is the control of the police; and with the spectacle before us of the conduct of too many of these Councils, County and District alike,[1] I cannot doubt that Sir Henry himself, or

[1] A fair specimen of this conduct appears in the morning papers of May 13 last. "At a special court under the Crimes Act held at Ennis yesterday P. J. Linnane, J.P., *Chairman of Ennis Urban Council* and Vice-President of East Clare Executive United Irish League; Tim Flanigan, J.P., *Chairman of Corofin District Council*; M. Griffey and M. O'Brien, *District*

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any other possible British statesman, were he now in power would think twice before entrusting them with the charge of the lives and property of their fellow citizens.

> "There's none but a madman will throw about fire,
> And say it is all but in sport."

What, then, are the "fetters"? It is true that the keener political insight of Mr. Balfour, and his superior acquaintance with public opinion in Ireland, led him in 1897 to put forward proposals for Irish Local Government which really were "fettered with restrictions" of the nature in question, restrictions that he knew were needed if the Councils were to be really efficient. I cannot tell what were the causes that led to the abandonment of those restrictions in 1898; whether political cowardice (but that I can hardly credit) or mere irresolution, or what the *St. James's Gazette* aptly calls "Geraldism"; but at any rate they were abandoned, to the manifest detriment of the efficiency of the Councils. Everywhere over at least three-fourths of Ireland we find them turning from the administrative work for which they were called into being, to indulge in political declamation, insensate when not seditious, and frequently both; while the rates are everywhere rising and the roads deteriorating for the want of those very "fetters" which would—or might—have secured a moderate leaven of practical experience and businesslike habits in the lump of bigotry and self-sufficiency.

It is also at present proposed to entrust the English County Councils with the charge of Education. The proposal has, strangely enough, met with the most determined opposition from the very men who are advocating the extension of the authority of the Irish Councils. I am not concerned either

Councillors, and three others, were convicted of having taken part in a criminal conspiracy to compel certain persons not to continue in occupation of certain lands. Flanigan was sentenced to four months' imprisonment with hard labour; Linnane to three months without hard labour; the others to two months with hard labour, except in the case of Griffey, who is nearly 80 years of age."

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with the consistency of this attitude or the fate of the proposal in question; however these things may be, education is not, and I hope it never will be, any part of the functions of the like bodies in Ireland. The system of National Education there established is far from perfect: it also has laboured under the difficulty of accommodating Irish ideas to English fads; I have a vivid recollection of the "storm and stress" of its early years; it has at length settled down on a fairly workable *modus vivendi*, and I should be grieved to see it cast again to the dogs of religious warfare.

It is refreshing to turn from these utterances, whose importance is wholly due to the personality of their authors, to listen to the aspirations of an Irish Roman Catholic gentleman, who combines with the knowledge which gives weight to his views the rare courage of giving open expression to them; he does but voice feelings which have long silently pervaded Irish Roman Catholic society,[1] though they are, as a rule, studiously buried in silence.

> Would that a strong honest man could be found anywhere at the present day to undertake the management of affairs in Ireland for a period of ten years certain; a strong man who, unlike many henpecked statesmen of recent years, would squarely face Bishop —— and the powerful clerical army of which he is one of the generals, and, careless of popularity or unpopularity, set himself to the heroic work of doing equal justice to the lay men and women who form the labouring, trading, and farming classes of Catholic Ireland. The priests' satellites and flatterers, who are now so noisy, would desert them speedily in such a conjuncture, and something might be done at length for the Irish lay Catholic in his own land.[2]

Lord Rosebery is credited with the expression of an opinion that "in whatever way the Irish question may hereafter be dealt with, it must be achieved by the concurrence and

[1] It is many years since the late Lord Justice Barry (a typical Irish gentleman, if ever there was one) said to me, in a burst of (apparently) uncontrollable emotion, "I tell you what it is, Mr. Miller, what between the aloofness of the Protestants and the overbearing intolerance of the priests, the life of an Irish Catholic gentleman is almost unendurable."

[2] "Priests and People in Ireland," p. 408.

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patriotism of both political parties." This has, I fear, in face of their present attitude, rather the aspect of a pious platitude; but if we add, "and with full consciousness that nothing which can be done consistently with Imperial interests will have any effect in satisfying the demands, or disarming the hostility, of Irish Nationalism," and if, with this consciousness, the leaders of both—or all three—parties would agree, abandoning their futile attempts to capture "the Irish vote," to support one another in the steady, unflinching enforcement of the supremacy of the law, I believe the last word on the subject will have been said. It is not legislation, remedial or repressive, that is required, but honest, fearless, and impartial administration.

"Home Rule" is not dead, nor dying; it can neither be "killed by kindness" nor crushed by "coercion"; like the poor, we shall have it always with us; but unless and until the people of Great Britain are afflicted with that madness which the gods are said to send to those whom they wish to destroy, it must neither be encouraged nor coquetted with.

But you must grasp your nettle firmly and unflinchingly, if you wish to disarm its sting.

ALEXANDER EDW. MILLER.

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THE HORSEMEN OF THE FUTURE

THROUGH many generations and many centuries the horse soldier has gone up and down in popular estimation, as has in turn the sword or lance which he carries, in accordance with the experience of the most recent fighting. But apart from questions of armament, training, and equipment, this singular fact stands out that, though infantry on its own merits, and irrespective of its leaders, has maintained its level standing, cavalry has been greatly dependent for the worth at which it is held on the capacity of its leaders. Whenever a great cavalry leader has arisen, the cavalry arm has at once assumed a commanding position; without that leader it sinks temporarily into a more or less obscure position. If we look back through cavalry history the waves are very clearly defined, and on the top of each cavalry wave is a great leader. The future is built out of the past, and it is therefore advisable before rushing into reform to weigh carefully the lessons of past generations, and, blending these with recent experiences, to make only such changes as both history and modern developments clearly show to be necessary.

In no way is this more clearly demonstrated than by the history of the sword and the lance. The first natural weapon for a man to use when he first took to fighting on horseback was a stick, or some similar weapon, with which he could hit his enemy; and from this stick was evolved the sword. But along

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came another inventor, and lengthening his stick considerably, placed a sharp point on it, and riding at speed, got his point home before the swordsman could touch him. To keep out this exceedingly inconvenient point the horse-soldier began to pile armour on himself and on his horse, till from sheer weight he lost all activity. Thus encumbered the lancer met the keen blades and light unarmoured horsemen of Saladin, and from sheer exhaustion, rather than merit of weapon, was worn down and defeated. The knight returned to Europe, and from his experiences grew light unarmoured horsemen armed with the sword, whilst by a curious perversion he left his lance as a legacy to the East.

In the wars of Cromwell, and of Marlborough, the sword predominated, but later came the Polish lancers of Napoleon, and as a result of the Napoleonic wars the lance first found its way into the British Army as a recognised weapon. Throughout the nineteenth century, without very much to go upon, military theorists wrote up the lance, or wrote down the sword, according to their personal predilections. The Uhlan and the Cossack had made themselves the two most conspicuous horse-soldiers in Europe, and both were lancers, and this was made the most of by advocates of that weapon. On the other hand, though both were good scouts, there was nothing to show that either Uhlan or Cossack had used their lances with any more deadly effect than their comrades of the sword had used that weapon. In the East, partly owing to its great moral effect on Asiatics, and partly to the marked efficiency of Indian troopers with this weapon, the lance forged ahead, and many sword regiments were turned into lancers. And so we came down to the South African War, when heigh! presto! both sword and lance temporarily disappeared, and the cavalryman became a mounted rifleman, pure and simple.

The tendency in cavalry reform is perhaps to take too restricted a view of the case, and to allow judgment to be too weightily braced by recent events, to the exclusion of the balancing effects of past history and future probabilities.

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Thus the tendency is, immediately on the conclusion of a war, to base all reform on the lessons of that war. After the Franco-German War we had for thirty years a severe attack of German mania, and great cavalry screens, and the manœuvring of great bodies of cavalry for shock tactics became the order of the day. Even the Indian cavalry did not escape; born light cavalrymen and scouts, they were turned into Indian dragoons, and spent their days in learning accurate manœuvres, and in "shouldering" about in great masses. Infantrymen meanwhile looked on with quiet amusement, and basing their views on Plevna, foretold that our next great war would be a war of spade and sap, and that horsemen were a relic of a bygone age.

But the unexpected appears invariably to occur, and our next great war, that against the Boers, was essentially a war of horsemen, and not of infantry; and further the horsemen were not used in great masses, but in small bodies, and in wide extended formations. And, most astounding of all, both sword and lance went by the board, and their place was taken by the long rifle of the infantry. Could there be a more complete overthrow of all theoretical prevision? It is the very completeness and suddenness of this reversal which should place us on our guard against jumping too hastily to conclusions, without examining the past, and looking carefully to the future.

It may be asked "What brought about this drastic change in the middle of a campaign?" And the answers are manifold, and nearly all place us on the horns of a dilemna. To acknowledge at once that we copied the enemy does not help us much, but rather the contrary. For we then have to acknowledge further, that a simple farmer, mounted on a farm pony, knows more about the *rôle* of mounted troops than all the collective military wisdom of Europe, backed up by centuries of experience. And by deduction, coming down to our own case, we should be obliged to acknowledge that a professional soldier, carefully trained to the use of his weapons, and mounted on a trained charger, is inferior to a stray rustic, or a Johannesburg

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shopkeeper or lawyer, mounted on a casual pony. Or again, eliminating the horse and man, we are impelled to answer that a plain rifle, even in the hands of an amateur, so overshadows all other weapons as to make them useless. I think common sense, and a careful review of the circumstances of the campaign, will save us from making any of these admissions.

The matter was one of cause and effect. In the early days of the campaign our cavalry were so numerically weak as to cause them to be overshadowed by the hordes of horsemen, which the enemy had in the field. At Belmont and Graspan the Boers held what might be termed isolated positions; that is to say, small clumps of kopjes standing in the midst of boundless open plains, across which a cavalry brigade could have trotted serenely round, out of range, and dropped on to the enemy's line of retreat, or mopped up his horses from the rear if he held on. But there was no cavalry brigade, only one weak regiment, worn and tired with excessive, but necessary, work. On the Natal side the same inferiority in numbers, though perhaps less marked, was to be found; and though one regiment got home at Elaandslaagte, the country and class of fighting appears to have been unfavourable to cavalry. These early experiences cast their shadows before them, and as month after month passed and the cavalry failed to get home with sword or lance, whilst all the world was ringing with the fame of the mounted riflemen, whether Boers, Colonials, Yeomanry or mounted infantry, the cavalry troopers themselves, as well as their officers, began to look on their equipment and armament as obsolete, or at any rate unsuited to present conditions, and reluctantly to hold out their hands for the infantryman's rifle. It was a matter of confidence more than anything else; the rifle seemed to give great results, and the sword and lance none. The Boers' earlier preponderance was making itself felt, and instead of our cavalry being able to force the superiority of cavalry training and tactics on the enemy, the Boers forced their tactics and armament on us.

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Had the war begun in a different way it is scarcely open to doubt that the positions would have been reversed. Had a lightly equipped, well mounted brigade of lancers fallen on the Boers as they were driven out of the Belmont and Graspan positions, and killed five or six hundred of them with the cold steel, the Boers would never again have faced even the distant glint of the lance, and as likely as not would have tried to procure swords or lances for their own use, for they have picked up many equally unlikely, and to them foreign, fighting wrinkles from us.

But, without for a moment wishing to say a harsh or critical word, the armament and disparity in numbers were not alone at fault. There was also a lack of appreciation in some quarters of the difference between a cramped country like England and a wide, open country like South Africa; and in others a perhaps excusable inability to overcome the inherited and acquired tendency to adhere to knee-to-knee formations and the tenets of semi-moribund drill-books. Even in the thirty-second month of the war a cavalry regiment might be seen marching across a boundless plain in "column of sections," a formation usually associated with narrow lanes or much traffic. On the other hand, young leaders of horse, untrammelled by tradition, found that in wide open formations they could gallop the Boers out of any rideable position; and the Boers themselves taking the cue, and noticing the absence of the lance, galloped us out of convoys and even galloped into and captured bodies of troops; all, too, in the face of the terrible rifle fire which no cavalry was ever again to be able to face! But—and here comes food for reflection—neither the Boers nor ourselves had sword or lance to use, when these favourable positions for their use had been gained. Let us, therefore, not hastily condemn weapons which further examination and experience show might have been used with deadly effect under more auspicious circumstances, and the want of which laid our convoys and troops open to those charging tactics, which the

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Boers would never have dared to employ in the face of a single squadron of properly armed cavalry.

As compared with the doings of the cavalry, a very marked preponderance of attention has been drawn to the doings of the irregular corps, such as the Colonials from all parts of the world, and the Yeomanry, as well as of the mounted infantry. And this may be ascribed to the fact that not only have they done wonderfully well on the whole, but to the British desire to "buck up" the new hand, as well as to cordially welcome the sporting soldier, who often, at much personal sacrifice, has come forward to help his country in time of need. But the conscientious military critic or reformer will be careful to avoid confounding popular enthusiasm with practical effect, and will remember that an irregular rifleman, who may be of value against irregular fighters like the Boers, might be, from want of discipline and training, unsuitable for facing the trained legions of a Continental nation. On the other hand, give to the irregular soldier first-class leaders, discipline, a care for his horse, and a little drill; and allowing that he is a first-class shot and rider, we need by no means drastically exclude him from the battlefields of Europe or Asia.

Turning lastly to the mounted infantry, we have here what may be termed a valuable adjunct, which has stepped gallantly into the breach in more than one campaign, and has supplemented the lamentable deficiency in numbers of the regular mounted troops in the British Army. The elementary definition of a mounted infantryman is excellent. He is, according to the drill-book, an infantry soldier who by some means of conveyance is moved from point to point more rapidly, and for longer distances, than he could accomplish on foot. But in practice the means of conveyance has almost invariably been the unfortunate horse, and equally invariably the so-called mounted infantryman has in each campaign sooner or later come to perform nearly all the duties of cavalry. He has, in fact, for the time being become a cavalryman, though handicapped by being a poor rider, with little or no knowledge of, or interest in,

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horses, and with the disadvantage that he has no sword or lance for use at close quarters. This is not mounted infantry according to the book, and can only be considered a partially inefficient and expensive form of cavalry. A bad rider and bad horse-master combined costs in horseflesh his own weight in gold, putting aside the question of humanity to the soldier's best friend his horse. Both economy and efficiency seem therefore to demand that, if mounted *infantry* are required, as they apparently are, they should be conveyed in carts, or even on camels or mules, the horse being too valuable in war to be used as a mere conveyance. If, on the other hand, mounted *riflemen* are required, then let them remain mounted troops in time of peace, and not only learn to ride properly, but acquire what is still more important, the absolutely essential art of looking after their horses.

The Boer War furnishes a sensible warning against forming a too hasty judgment, and against indulging in too precipitate thirst for reform, for even during the war military opinion was thrice changed. At the beginning it was said that the Boers had never seen cavalry, and that they would never have the skill or pluck to face it. The Boers, however, solved the problem by taking care not to place themselves in the way of facing charging cavalry. Opinion then veered round in favour of the mounted rifleman, but the Boer, noticing that the dreaded lance had disappeared, himself took to charging tactics; and again opinion veered back in favour of the *arme blanche*. So let us be in no hurry to alter the existing state of affairs, till we have not only watched the effect of our experiences on Continental nations, but have looked forward into the future to discover our next possible foe, and our next theatre of war.

Peer we ever so anxiously and earnestly into the future, the world does not show a possible duplicate of a Boer War, or of a Boer's country, and methods of fighting. Therefore it does not seem necessary, whilst carefully preserving experiences of a generally useful character, to give an undue

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Boer bias to reform, but rather to examine the methods of possible foes and the physical features of possible theatres of war, and to arm, train and equip our horse-soldiers accordingly.

Perhaps enough has now been said about the past, and out of the experiences of that past, both far and near, it remains for us to evolve the best general type of horseman for the future.

Possibly the first point to attract the attention of the military observer, is the question of weight. From the time of the mail-clad knights, surrounded by swarms of light and active horsemen, down to our own era, where we have seen British horsemen riding 20 stone, starting in vain pursuit of Boer ponies carrying only 18 stone, the great question of the weight which the horse has to carry has been a predominant factor. It is only necessary to look at the race-course, or the hunting-field, and to notice what a difference to a horse even a few pounds make, to appreciate the enormous disparity which is introduced when stones, and not pounds, furnish the standard of handicap, when hundreds of miles in place of hundreds of yards have to be covered. The knight had a purpose in adding to his ponderousness: he made himself heavier and heavier in order to meet on equal terms, in shock tactics, an equally heavy body. And civilised armies in the same endeavour enlisted big men, heavily armed and equipped, and placed them on big horses to meet in shock tactics other equally heavy, or possibly, with luck, a shade less heavy opponents. It was a contest of weight against weight, of one brick wall against another, in which the heaviest was the victor. But when the mailed knight, weighing heaven knows how many stone, came to try and charge a ten-stone man, mounted on a brisk and active Arab, the ten-stone man and active Arab naturally skipped aside, and let the knight run it out, backwards and forwards, till he was quite tired. The knight meanwhile got exceedingly hot and angry, and probably called his opponent a coward and a poltroon. But that did not disturb the ten-stone man; he waited till the knight and his horse were dead beat, and then, with the assistance of other ten-stone friends, also on brisk Arabs, knocked him off his horse, and prising the

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poor knight's armour open despatched him to that paradise, in hopes of which he had come to Palestine. So with our own splendid twenty-stone stalwarts, they also probably hurled opprobrious epithets after the nimble Boer, but that did not delay or intimidate him; on the contrary, he would nip off behind a convenient rock, and when our poor humble knight arrived, on a dead-beat horse, shot him through the heart. History repeats itself; and experience, at one time demanding heavy weights for shock tactics, at another shows the superiority of a light man, lightly equipped, and mounted on a wiry and active horse. The question now is what is our future horseman to be, a heavy weight or a light weight? The almost universal chorus of reply will probably be, "a light weight" for a modern campaign, and even a modern battle necessitates the covering, often at a rapid pace, of great distances, and in every mile of that distance every extra pound of weight tells. Standing on the battle-field of Waterloo, which is only a few hundred yards in length and depth, and eliminating long range and rapid-firing weapons, one can appreciate the value of heavy cavalry charging knee to knee. But taking one's station on a modern battle-field, many miles in extent and depth, where rifles kill at a mile and a half, and artillery deals destruction at five miles range, the heavy horseman and close formations seem as out of place as did the armoured horse and knight on the battle-fields of Palestine.

We arrive then by natural deduction at the conclusion that the horseman of the future must be a light weight, and perhaps we may add the lighter the better, so long as he is sound and healthy. The recruiting regulations now demand that a cavalry soldier shall be *over* a certain height, and *above* a certain weight; but a new light-weight regulation would read, that the recruit must *not* be over a certain height, or above a given weight. Even thus, and giving him only a light saddle, his rifle, lance or sword, and bandolier, we can barely mount him at fourteen stone; a weight considered heavy in the hunting-field. And, incidentally, we must not forget that a soldier cannot live

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indefinitely in the clothes he stands in, and that the transport of his small necessaries, by a means that will keep them within reasonable distance of him, is imperative. This transport is in the Indian army supplied by pack-mules, known as "grass-cutters' mules," and this method is perhaps the best that has been evolved, especially in countries where roads are scarce and bad.

We want, however, not only light, active men, but, if possible, men accustomed to horses, and by training and natural instincts, good horse-masters. It would be too sanguine to hope that we can entirely fill the ranks of the cavalry with such men, but whether they come to us as good horse-masters or not, we must certainly make them so. The Remount Department may have its faults, but few will care to deny that the immense loss of horse-flesh in South Africa was partly due to bad horse management; not wilfully bad management, but the result of ignorance; the general average of losses being enormously raised by the large percentage of men, in the improvised corps, who were entirely unaccustomed to horses. The general feeling of this class is typified by the remark overheard: "I likes servin' under Colonel b*other*. He says, says he, how's the men gettin' on, and b*other* the 'orses."

Lovers of horses and cavalrymen in particular will thank Lord Roberts for his recent order making it imperative for a cavalry officer who wishes to get on to be a good horse-master. The most dashing and gallant cavalry leader is of little use, unless by good horse management, he can so nurse and save his horses, as to bring them into line on the day of battle. And, further, a colonel who is a good horse-master makes good horse-masters of his officers and men; so that, whether singly or in detachments, the horses are the first care of all.

In South Africa we have had a free hand with our horse supply, the markets of the world have been open to us, and the great highway of the sea has remained unobstructed. But it is quite possible to foresee occasions when these favour-

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able circumstances may not exist, and under which the lavish supply of remounts from one cause or another may run dry; then will be the time when we shall most fully appreciate the value of good horse-masters. For whilst one regiment will become practically dismounted, another will have suffered no appreciable loss. As a case in point, let us imagine a great campaign on the North West Frontier of India, against a European Power. India is a tropical country, and remounts drawn from countries like Canada, South Africa, Australia, and England require the best part of a year to acclimatise. Under such circumstances where would a regiment be that required even one hundred remounts a month, for the supply of good horses in India itself is limited? The question answers itself. The remedy lies in impressing on the horse-soldier the vital necessity of taking at all times infinite care of his horse. In this connection it may not be inappropriate to suggest that in peace-time every man should have his own horse, and possibly also he might be given the free use of it, to ride when and where he pleases, provided always that it is well treated and well looked after. In this respect we may get a useful wrinkle from the Indian cavalry, where this privilege has always been accorded with success.

We may now conveniently turn to the equipment of our light horseman, and of his horse; and, here again, the watch-word will in each case be "lightness." The least possible weight we can expect the soldier to carry is his uniform, bandolier, and weapons. We must, I think, ask him to carry no more, or he ceases to be even moderately light. Taking only a 10-stone man we have to add to him 8 lbs. for his clothes, 8 lbs. for his rifle, 4 lbs. for his sword or lance, and 7 lbs. for his bandolier and ammunition, which makes him up to 11 stone 13 lbs. before he mounts. Both sword and lance, as at present issued to British troops, appear to be too clumsy and heavy, and would be additionally so to the light-built man we are catering for. If we require a man to use his weapons with skill and effect he must be able to wield them with ease; whereas both the weapons now in use require a giant to wield them.

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On the horse, we require a good, strong, light saddle, with a light blanket folded under it. Though we shall not require the weighty cavalry saddle at present in use, which has been constructed to carry great weights, we shall probably find it difficult to get anything, up to the required standard of excellence, weighing less than 14 lbs. If some one will invent a lighter saddle up to service requirements, so much the better, but at present we must take it at 14 lbs., including a pair of small light wallets. Into one of these wallets would be fitted the man's aluminium water-bottle, and into the other would go his food for the day. The present bridle and bit are unnecessarily heavy, a plain pelham attached to a light headstall is all that is required, with variations of bitting to suit peculiar horses. Spurs also might be abolished, except for sluggish horses, for not one man in a hundred knows how to use them, and they are at present merely a cause of unsteadiness and vexation to the horse. During a campaign, when horses are in hard work and in low condition, a plain snaffle is often sufficient, and has this advantage, that the horse can water and graze at odd moments, without having his bit out.

Placing everything at its lowest, we have then to add to the 11 stone 13 lbs., the weight of our light horseman with his arms and accoutrements, 14 lbs. for saddle and wallets, 4 lbs. for water-bottle and food in wallets, 3 lbs. for the blanket, 3 lbs. for the bridle, 3 lbs. for the rifle-bucket, and 8 lbs. feed for horse, making up 2 stone 1 lb.; or a total weight for the horse to carry of 14 stone 1 lb. If any individual, civil or military, will show us how it can be done lighter than that, we shall be greatly obliged. Fourteen stone sounds preposterous to a racing or hunting man, but we will get along right enough at that, as long as we get a good horse, go steady, look after our horses properly, and save them on every possible occasion.

It may be suitable here to make a few passing remarks on the vexed question of armament. As may be gathered from what has been written so far the writer is not an enthusiast for infantry mounted on horses, and used as cavalry, nor in a

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modified degree for mounted riflemen. And this not from professional bias, for, though a cavalry soldier, he has seen more active service with mounted infantry and mounted riflemen than with cavalry. Exception is taken on broad practical grounds only. For setting aside the injury done to an infantry battalion by taking away one hundred of its best shots, and three of its smartest officers, to form, with other companies, a conglomerate corps under a strange commander, we come to the plain question, Is it better to have hastily raised, and only partially trained and experienced corps of this description, or to have regular mounted corps, efficiently and permanently organised, in time of peace? Perhaps few will hesitate in their decision, except perhaps the Treasury officials, and they only on the score of expense.

Having thus arrived at the conclusion that a rifleman, trained and maintained in peace time as a mounted soldier, is on the whole more efficient in the *rôle* he is invariably called upon to fulfil in time of war than a partially experienced man, it may pertinently be asked, why should we willingly and wilfully deprive him of a weapon and so rob him of a portion of his fighting-power, and place him at a disadvantage when opposed to more completely armed troops? Why, in fact, should we deliberately deprive him of sword or lance? And so by sensible degrees we work round to the conclusion that the light horseman, whom it is endeavoured to portray in this article, is, taken all round, the best and most efficient class of mounted fighting man that we can procure. It is by no means hereby intended to rule out of court infantry, who to gain increased mobility are assisted by carts or other means of conveyance; or to condemn such hastily raised or partially trained mounted troops as cannot be expected to learn efficiently the use of more than one weapon; it is merely hoped to emphasise the fact that if we require, as we most certainly do, more mounted troops, it is better to have properly organised, trained, and armed bodies, rather than scratch packs.

Before leaving the subject of armament allusion may be made

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to the question of firing from horseback. President Roosevelt is a strong advocate for the use of firearms on horseback, and his influence as a practical soldier may be counted on to give the matter further and fuller trial in the American cavalry. The Boers also have used their rifles with considerable moral, and some practical, effect on horseback. The experiment is no new one; it was the first instinct of the horse-soldier, when firearms were invented, to use them on horseback, so as to pave the way for the historic charge. But as far as my researches go, few instances can be found in past military history where any signal success has been gained by the fire of mounted men. On the contrary, the record usually reads: "The carabineers opened a desultory but ineffective fire on the advancing squadrons, and then turned and fled." But it must be allowed that carbines in those days were clumsy weapons, and once fired took much time to reload.

Fully granting that a Boer, or a Western States ranche-man, on a trained shooting-pony, can make wonderfully accurate shooting even when moving at speed, it seems open to conjecture whether large bodies of ordinary soldiers on ordinary horses could reach any standard of practical efficiency. We have only to notice the difficulty experienced by a crack infantry shot, lying steady on the ground, with a rest for his rifle, in hitting the inconspicuous or rapidly moving objects on a modern battle-field, to appreciate the fact that shooting from horseback, and especially on the move, could at the best be but haphazard. Let us not be bigoted, however, and let us give the matter full trial.

Touching briefly on the drill and training of our horse-men, the tendency in the past, however unintentionally, has been to destroy individuality in the soldier; to make of him a soulless portion of a fighting-machine. Whilst accurate drill and close formations were essential to success, this outcome of the training had its advantages, but with the advent of wide open formations, and scattered groups and detachments, we cannot promote too highly the individual intelligence of the

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trooper, as well as his individual excellence in the use of his weapons. He is still part of a fighting-machine, but he should at the same time be an individual thinker, and an individual fighter. He should, for instance, be able to make his way alone and for any distance through any country, and should be confidently able to hold his own, and perhaps a bit more, man for man, with the individual enemies he may meet, either in actual battle or on the war-path. The present cavalry drill-book is admirably plain and simple as far as close formations are concerned, but we must now take into consideration the manœuvring of troops in single rank, and with from fifteen to twenty yards between each horse. In close countries the problem will be an exceedingly difficult one, but as both sides are in the same dilemma, experience will find a path. As far as one can foresee, cavalry on the battle-field will have to take solid shelter, and from this send out successive swarms and clouds to effect tactical strokes, or seize tactical positions, such shelter being either out of range of the enemy's artillery, or so obscure as to escape his attention.

In the riding-school some reform is necessary. The British trooper rides better than any soldier on the Continent, but still he does not give one the impression of a man who is at home on his horse. He is not like the whip in the hunting-field, or the rancheman, or the officer playing polo, or the Indian trooper. He does not look like part and parcel of his horse. And for this the riding instruction must be held partly responsible. The soldier is taught to sit as if he had swallowed a poker; he is balanced across a horse without stirrups, and jogged on a confidential old troop-horse round a dreary riding-school. He never rides a horse for pleasure, but merely as a disagreeable duty. How did you, and I, and the whip, and the rancheman learn to ride? Not in a school, I trow, but by riding out and about, and taking a pleasure in doing so. Could we not bring that same pleasure, and that same easy seat to our cavalry soldier? And when he has learnt to ride, and his further training is entered upon, let us make it easier, more interesting

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and attractive to him. Let us shorten his weary pilgrimage through the barrack yard and ease him of a little of the "right shoulder," "left shoulder," "eyes centre," "D——n your eyes" class of drill.

The horseman of the future is a bright intelligent fellow accustomed to deal with horses. A light-weight who can ride a horse as if he belonged to it, and it belonged to him. A skilled man-at-arms who can hold his own against all comers, on horse and on foot, singly or in a rough-and-tumble charge. The handy man of the army, always able to look after himself and his horse, and everybody else. An up-and-about, always ready, and never-caught-napping man. A man of small wants, self-reliant, and full of warlike resource. A man who has been taught to look on drill and polish as the basement, and not the pinnacle, of his profession. And finally, one imbued with that *esprit de corps* and pride in his profession which alone make good soldiers.

G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND.

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HOW ZOLA WORKED

THE majority of great, or reputedly great, authors, composers, painters and sculptors have, in addition to their "spiritual ambition," as Auguste Comte called the craving for the world's approval, a kind of innocent vanity, namely, the pretension to be considered quick workers. In many cases, their claims do not stand the test of serious examination, their proofs in support of them being simply samples of splendid mendacity, as were Sir Kenelm Digby's in connection with his "Observations upon Religio Medici," and vainglorious Beckford's with regard to "Vathek."

French journalists who know nothing of these Englishmen have, however, got hold of the two cock-and-bull stories recording their rapidity of composition. They use them very effectively in their comments—ranging from the "retort courteous" to the "lie direct"—upon any claim to such miraculous powers of creation, for they are undeterred by t e final upshot of strong language according to Touchstone. They do not mind crossing swords and parting, and, moreover, they have a different standard to judge by than that supplied by Digby and Beckford. Hugo and the elder Dumas were phenomenally quick workers, and some of their performances in that respect have been as accurately recorded as the passage of an Atlantic liner from Liverpool to New York. Any claimant to similar laurels would have to make good his claim by an ordeal of isolation under strict surveillance such as that

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which marked the "fasting exploits" of Succi and Merlatti. Even then the French scribes, true to their national mode of taking defeat might exclaim: "*On nous a roulés*—We have been bamboozled."

Emile Zola, though claiming in his latter years many things by implication, never preferred a claim of the kind alluded to. On the contrary he seemed to take pride in being considered a slow worker. In fact, from the dawn of his success, he did not undertake to write more than two novels per year. His first treaty with the erewhile firm of publishers Lacroix is explicit on the subject. Pending the annual production of these two volumes, each containing about 150,000 words, he was to receive 500 francs. per month; the advance on each volume (this means 8000 francs) to be deducted from the proceeds of its serial rights. There was also a proviso in the event of said serial rights failing to cover the advance. The deficiency was to be made up from the royalties on the story in book-form, which were eight sous per volume, one sou more than the most obscure author receives. Long ago I received seven sous for my first book written in French. I said "the dawn of his success," because the zenith was not reached until the publication of "L'Assommoir," but let it be borne in mind that Zola had already then given the world what still remains one of his most powerful stories, "Thérèse Raquin," and that his articles on art and on literature were becoming quite familiar to the newspaper reader. But Zola, in undertaking to write two novels per year, probably overrated rather than underrated his powers of producing fiction, and it is with his fiction that I am mainly concerned here. He always had a difficulty in keeping up with the stipulated amount, and when his reputation was firmly established he solved the difficulty by reducing the "output" to one half.

Yet Zola was not even periodically or occasionally indolent. He had one thing in common with Victor Hugo; his mind was rarely away from his work, and everything not connected with his work was practically indifferent to him. Up to the end of his days Hugo, in spite of what has been said

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of his generosity, was particularly keen in money-matters, and the keenness was not that of the spendthrift, but of the "grabber." I doubt whether Zola, after the first straitened circumstances had been overcome, ever bestowed a serious thought on money in connection with the larger or smaller quantity of his production. But while Hugo's work was play to him, Zola's play was practical work. Hugo did not devote as many hours to the examination of the sewers of Paris as Zola spent days and nights in the cellars of the Halles. Hugo's description of Waterloo was based on three visits on as many consecutive afternoons to the scene of Napoleon's final collapse. A survey of the battle-field before Sedan cost Zola a month, spent laboriously in taking notes. There are unquestionable inaccuracies in both descriptions, but the mistakes of the author of "La Débâcle" are never so grotesque as those of the author of "Les Misérables." "Don't you wish they were?" say the admirers of the latter. It is the retort of Turner to his friend, who, seeing his picture of *Covent Garden* on the easel, told him she had never seen the market in that aspect. "Don't you wish you could," snarled the painter.

To a certain extent Zola laid himself open to such snarling by confounding "the transcendent capacity for taking trouble first of all" with the possession of genius. I do not know on whose authority he arrived at the conclusion, whether it was on that of Carlyle or Buffon, who have pretty well said the same thing; certain is it that he "overdid the thing," and that in the capacity for taking preliminary trouble he surpassed the most conscientious German professor, for in connection with him I will not use the word "dryasdust."

Circumstances prevented him from putting into practice his theory of minute personal observation in the first book of the series with which his name is most commonly associated. He spent months upon months in the Bibliothèque Impériale (now Nationale), studying Dr. Lucas' "Traité de l'héredité naturelle," and kindred works; but in spite of the monthly 500 francs of

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publisher Lacroix, the scene of "La Fortune des Rougon," namely, Aix-en-Provence, had to be sketched from memory. He gave the place a fictitious name, Plassans, and did the same for the surrounding villages through which the insurrection flaunts its ragged banners. The particulars of that insurrection he owed almost entirely to M. Tenot's "La Province en Decembre 1851, Etude Historique sur le Coup d'Etat." I can speak with great certainty on the subject, inasmuch as I discovered the fact when I translated M. de Maupas' work relating to the same period. Odd to relate, Zola, who was on the spot at the time of those disturbances, and who, trusting to the recollections of his boyhood, wrote a capital description of the Close of Saint-Mitre, preferred M. Ténot's book for the more stirring episodes. Perhaps M. Ténot was an old friend, at any rate he was on the staff of *Le Siècle*, in which the novel appeared in instalments, interrupted, however, by the war.

The working-out of the second novel of the series demanded so severe an application of the system of minute and acute investigation to which Zola fancied himself committed, as not to have been foreseen by him. At thirty-two, after twelve years of uninterrupted residence in Paris, before the war, he knew absolutely nothing of the society under the then recently vanished Empire, above the level of *la toute petite bourgeoisie*, consisting of the lean annuitant, as Charles Lamb called his English equivalent, *le patron en chambre*, *i.e.*, the manufacturer with a couple of hands, the small shopkeeper, and the starveling government employé. Yet, according to the scheme of "Les Rougon—Macquart," its second volume, "La Curée, "was to deal with the upper classes. It is doubtful whether at that period, Zola had ever been in a drawing-room. I should, however, not like to be positive about this, remembering as I do, what all his friends appear to have forgotten, namely, a novel from his pen which appeared in 1867: "Le Voeu d'une Morte." It is to any of his subsequent work as a flagon of *vin gris de Lorraine* to a bottle of Brut-Champagne; there are reminiscent flavours and savours of the former in the latter, but only

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to the slight degree which the process of manufacturing could not eliminate. The hero of the simple and naïve tale, Daniel Rambaut, is represented as wearing his first dress-coat at a grand reception at the house of an official personage, and comes away disgusted at the vulgarity, the silliness, and the platitudes of the guests, and proud of his own awkwardness and ignorance of social amenities.

Was the picture originally a fancy one and, therefore, not admissible under the new conditions; or, though taken from life, was it no longer sufficiently vivid to justify its amplification? It would be difficult to say. Zola might have consulted Arsène Houssaye who published "Thérèse Raquin" in *L'Artiste*, and who knew more about the Tuileries, the ministries, and the boudoirs of the Second Empire—especially in its beginning—than any living Frenchman. I do not know if he took that step, but the theories he had imbibed from the study of Claude Bernard and Dr. Lucas together with the method of "finikin" accuracy in all things, adopted in supposed imitation of Balzac, Goncourt and Flaubert, must have made the bringing forth of a book at this early period of his career an immense labour.

It may amuse the reader to get a glimpse of that method when taken *au grand sérieux*. In strict obedience to it, Flaubert drives round Rouen for hours and hours on different days, and on each with a different female companion. He thus records the impression produced by the constant reappearance of the same cab with the blinds down on the population and on the various cabmen plying for hire. After which he writes his chapter on the famous drive of Emma Bovary and Léon Dupuis, "for which alone he ought to have been prosecuted," said Napoleon III., "considering that for months after the publication of the book, the innocent uncle with his pretty niece and the somewhat *passée* aunt with her lamblike nephew could not engage a cab without being fleeced and if they refused to pay, without being threatened with an information for *outrage aux mœurs*." Of course, the deliberately comical but distorted

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view of a literary as well as moral problem was only one of the Emperor's jokes.

In strict obedience to the method, the Goncourts send one morning in hot haste for a live sucking-pig, lest their imagination alone should fail to do justice to the noble outlines and musical utterances of the porker.

In strict obedience to the method, Balzac asks Kugelmann, the publisher of "Les Rues de Paris," 5000 francs for half a sheet of matter on the Rue de Richelieu. "You'll admit," explains the author of "Le Père Goriot," "that to depict a landscape faithfully, one should study its every particular. I must therefore visit the various establishments the street contains to convey an idea of its commercial importance. Suppose I begin by the Boulevard and I shall be bound to take my *déjeuner* at tha Café Cardinal. I shall have to buy a couple of scores at Brandus', a gun at the gunsmith's, a breastpin next door. Can I do less than order a coat at the tailor's and a pair of boots at the bootmaker's?" Louis Lurine, the editor who had suggested his name, cut him short. "Don't go any farther," he said, "or else we shall have you at the 'Compagnie des Indes,' and as both lace and Indian shawls have gone up in price, we shall be bankrupt before we know where we are."

Zola could not afford to hire cabs and less still livery carriages. Nor was there even any necessity to worry half a dozen fashionable coachbuilders in order to describe the coach-houses of Saccard. It requires no great acumen to distinguish between a well-appointed and a slovenly turn-out without mentioning every particular of either. Yet a friend of Zola told us many years ago that he had several interviews with Binder and others, lest he should make a blunder. The description of Renée's conservatory in "La Curée" necessitated, still according to the tenets of the realistic school, similar arrangements; consequently special permission was obtained to visit the glasshouses of the Jardin des Plantes, where, of course, he took notes of the most curious plants. What cost him more time than all were the

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inquiries in connection with the "Haussmannising" of Paris, which was also dealt with in that second volume. He went to consult the late Jules Ferry, who had written a stupid pamphlet on the subject, with a catchpenny title. Ferry told him he had no other information beyond that contained in the booklet: *and Zola was beginning to despair when chance brought him on the track of a number of documents belonging to the contractors of the period.* More documents, more note-taking.

The words in italics were used by the same friend who supplied the information with regard to the coachbuilders. The reason of my drawing attention to the statement in that manner is because I happen to have written a whole chapter on the subject, and though I would in no way compare myself with the great novelist, I fancy that in this instance my work will compare with his. I simply drew upon my own recollections, and consulted a few old newspapers for the sake of reviving some particulars. Zola could have done the same, for his early manhood was spent among the scenes, just as was my boyhood. There is no reason to surmise that his memory was not as good as mine. I was, as it were, bound to greater accuracy than he, for the book in which my chapter appeared was not a novel. But the mania for amassing "human documents" had already largely developed in him. And there was the indiscriminate admiration of his friends, who began to sound the words "chief of a school." It was the story of Psaphon and the parrot sent by the courtier into the market-place to shout, "Psaphon is a great man." Psaphon himself may have been under the impression that it was a voice from heaven, as the people alleged; he ended up by believing himself to be a great man, and was spurred on to deeds he would not have undertaken without that first cry.

Emile Zola was probably the most perfect "descriptive reporter," in the very best meaning of the term, the world has ever seen. Scattered through his books there are a couple of hundred dioramic and panoramic fragments, which in modern journalism, or even in literature, have not been equalled, still

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less surpassed. His mind's eye had the faculty of taking in a whole scene at once, with the necessary complement of colour and perspective; and he was not hampered in its reproduction afterwards by either philosophic reflection or witty and humorous shadowing. To know exactly what I mean, compare his work with Carlyle's description of the taking of the Bastille, or a page from the pen of that remarkably clever young journalist, Mr. Steevens, who met with such an untimely death in South Africa. Let it not be thought, however, that Zola had no wit and humour, for there are many good specimens of both in his controversial writings.

In order to give himself the widest scope for his faculties, Zola would, by his own confession, have reduced a novel to a kind of monography, to the record of a year's or two years' existence of a couple of personages or persons without such an existence being disturbed by any stirring plot. The sensational incidents would be reduced to a minimum. From that thought sprang "Le Ventre de Paris," which was simply an enormous "still-life piece" in the style of Rachel Ruysch, Van Heem or Snyders, or if we allow for the few figures of Quenu-Gradelle, Florent, Mother Méhudin and Louise, a gigantic enlargement of a Jan Steen, a Teniers or a Gerard Douw. After reading it, Maxime Du Camp, the author of that most meritorious, brilliant and clever work, "Paris, ses Organes, ses Fonctions et sa Vie," expressed his pleasure at having anticipated Zola. "If I had not, my second volume (the one dealing with the Halles) could not have been written without my exposing myself to a charge of plagiarism." M. Du Camp was right. When the idea of the book took shape in Zola's mind, he consulted the work in question and found it "too incomplete." He not only wished to know how the apple got into the dumpling, but the genesis of the apple, the origin of the flour, and heaven alone knows what else. There was nothing in the Bibliothèque Nationale to help him, hence he applied for various particulars to the Prefecture of Police, where they sent him from pillar to post, until he happened to hit upon

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an intelligent employé who had done all the "slumming" with either Privat d'Anglemont or Alfred Delvau, and who, moreover, allowed him to copy *all* the police regulations in connection with the traffic of the central markets. The goodwill of a chief inspector enabled him to descend several times to the cellars and ascend to the roofs. For weeks he was scarcely away for four-and-twenty hours from the huge pile of buildings, which he sketched under every aspect, and on three separate occasions he spent the night there to watch the arrival of the provender. About a dozen years after the publication of the book, I was talking to a portly fruit-seller who had given me some information with regard to the succesion of the stalls. "Your business must be a difficult one, Monsieur, for I remember perfectly well when M. Zola used to come round here. He was a civil-spoken young man, somewhat short-sighted, and gave himself a great deal of trouble. We liked him much, and came to look upon him as one of our own; like another M. Baltard, as my mother said, who remembered the architect very well. When M. Zola's book came out, many of us bought a copy; we thought it very fine, and the chief superintendent remarked, 'He has done greater work than M. Baltard,[1] for if the building were to be burned, M. Zola's history of it would remain.'"

It would be idle to follow Zola step by step through his Gargantuan orgies of note-taking which, however, were now and again suspended, but with scant satisfaction to himself. He fancied, and to a certain extent results bore him out, that his strength lay in the liberal use of his "experimental method," which in this case was a misnomer. He frankly confessed to having little or no imagination. And it is a fact worthy of remark that the public endorsed his own estimate of his powers. "La Conquête de Plassans" is unquestionably an ably conceived

[1] M. Baltard was the man who when he had shaved off his beard to be introduced to Queen Victoria and was disappointed through a mistake of Haussmann, received a dozen cases of Rowland's Macassar from the market women in token of their sympathy.

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and interestingly developed story, without any of those large "slices of description" that often retard the action in the others. Yet it has throughout remained at the bottom of the list, and even the formidable success of "L'Assommoir" and of "Nana," which gave an impulse to the rest of the series, was powerless to alter the position. Equally curious is the fact of "Le Ventre de Paris" being always in front of "Une Page d'Amour," which contains as many magnificent specimens of word-painting. There are fine verbal frescoes, which it is no exaggeration to call masterly, but alack and alas for the much vaunted accuracy of realism; one of these contains the silhouette of a building which at the time of the action of the story was not in existence. I am writing from memory, and cannot say which is the offending cupola or tower, but I remember the mistake being pointed out to Zola. He did not deny it: the architectural feature had been deliberately introduced for the sake of effect. Claude Gelée and Nicolas Poussin could not have answered better; yet let us imagine somebody comparing Zola's method of composition with that of the chief delineators of "classical and well-ordered" landscape.

"La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" (written in 1874) entailed the herculean labour of wading through the works of the Spanish Jesuits to get the mystic note of the book, notably the "cult of the Virgin," while the inner life of the Grand Seminary was communicated to Zola by an unfrocked priest. For many consecutive mornings the rare early worshippers at Ste. Marie des Batignolles saw their scant number increased by one, a comparatively young man, following the service most attentively, and now and again, scribbling a few words on the margin of his prayer-book. The knowledge of the ritual thus imbibed was still further increased by consulting special manuals, exclusively intended for the clergy. The description of "le Paradou," the scene of the second part of the story, cost an equal amount of research among horticulturists; "and by the time the investigations were completed," once said Anthony Valabrègue to his cousin in my hearing, "the documents

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relating to them filled no less than three dozen large cartridge-paper wrappers" (not envelopes), "piled up on a table of the tiny house in the Rue St. Georges at Batignolles." Antony Valabrègue, a poet in the best sense of the word, could never altogether understand the "gluttony for documentary evidence" of the friend of his boyhood.

As the years went by, the gluttony increased, until it sometimes frightened and worried Zola himself. This was notably the case when the "serpent," as he called "les Rongon Macquart," "coiled in a circle, was about to bite its own tail." I have no accurate information with regard to the classification and collecting of notes during Zola's latter years. I can easily imagine, though, what they must have been, considering that in '92 he sat for two nights and two days at Tarbes, amplifying mere lines into detailed notes on Lourdes whence he had just returned.

I was, however, privileged to see the complete *dossier* of one book, perhaps the most difficult of all from a technological point. I am alluding to "Germinal," which I translated for *The People* whilst it was running in the original in *Le Gil Blas*. My boyhood and early manhood were spent with men who had a mania for taking notes, but I own I was amazed at the bundle of papers relating to the mining novel.

"You'll see the advantage of all this preparation from my point of view," said the novelist, who had evidently read my thoughts on my face. "You'll be practically translating from the first—as distinct from the rough proofs. I know no author who does not look upon the correcting of his proofs as a second travail. I have no such apprehensions. When I have finished writing my book, I can positively put my head on my pillow without giving it another thought."

The proofs bore out his statement in every particular. On an average there were not two corrections per page, as far as I could judge from the slips; and this was a great disappointment to my oldest literary friend—since gone over to the majority, to whom I made a present of the set. "I could do

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with a little less surety of composition and a little more of his handwriting," he said. The second-hand bookseller who offered to buy the proofs of "L'Œuvre" virtually made the same remark when he saw them, and cried off his bargain.

"My handwriting is fairly legible; I write very slowly and without corrections," explained Zola on another occasion. "I rarely write more per day than the quantity of three printed pages; and I know almost to a line beforehand what I am going to write on that day, I do not even read over what I have written, but put it aside, and never see it again until it is in print."

This result was not principally due to either of these causes or to the system of copious note-taking; but to the logical, minute and, one might almost say, rhythmic division of the material into a number of parts corresponding to the number of chapters of the book. This rule held good both for the description of scenery and surroundings, and for the biographies of his chief and even secondary characters; although there was rarely more than one personage looming large in Zola's imagination at the primary conception of a book. That personage was, however, as living an entity to him as were the *dramatis personæ* of the "Comédie Humaine" to Balzac. Shortly after the publication of "La Cousine Bette" a friend gravely walked into the author's study, saying: "Baron Hulot is down stairs." "I expected him," was Balzac's answer; "it means a duel, but it cannot avoided." And but for the friend's roar of laughter, he would have gone to meet a personage who had no existence save in his own imagination.

Even so with Zola, who though he had not sufficient imagination to invent a plot had more than sufficient to talk with the child of his brain, pen in hand, and to record the upshot of the conversation. That conversation, or series of conversations, constituted practically the skeleton of the story in incubation. Together with the protagonist's genealogy, his moral and mental diagnosis and his bodily portrait, it made up the contents of wrapper No. 1. Wrapper

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No. 2 was virtually the collection of the presentments of the secondary personages, and on the margin of each sketch the result of its original's contact with the principal character and the exact time of their various contacts. A third wrapper contained long descriptions of the different scenes of the story, often accompanied by drawings, &c. &c. The trades and professions of the various actors formed the contents of a fourth wrapper. All this was done while the threads of the story—sometimes there were but few—were still hanging loose. Until they had been properly tied there was no attempt at composition. But when they were in order, the whole contents of the wrappers were divided. It was determined beforehand how many times each personage was to appear during the course of the story, not a new process, but largely borrowed from that deftest of all past playwrights, Eugène Scribe. A list had been dressed beforehand of the division of descriptions which more than once did not fit. All this wanted more weeding, re-arranging, but no chapter was ever begun without such weeding and re-arranging, although the next was still in a comparative state of confusion.

This, as far as I have been able to convey it, was Zola's method of work.

THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

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THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

IV

AT the beginning of a short study of the Ukioyé school of painting it may be well to correct certain mistaken impressions which exist in regard to the work of that school—the work which is almost always the first to attract the attention of the European amateur, and that which comprises all of Japanese pictorial art wherewith many of them—perhaps most—are acquainted. The first misconception is as to the application of the term Ukioyé. This is a term which, notwithstanding that its literal meaning relates to subject, is properly used to denote a particular style or manner of painting, wholly independent of motive. The word is compound, and may be thus divided: *uki*—fugitive, impermanent, passing; *yo*—the world; *yé* picture or pictures. The original meaning of the term is thus seen to be "pictures of the passing world," or "pictures of daily life." It was applied to a school of painters whose subjects were commonly drawn from the daily life of the Japanese people, and who only occasionally painted scenes of history, landscapes, birds, flowers, and so forth, such as had provided most of their motives to painters of the older schools. But it was not the mere subject that divided the work of the Ukioyé painters from the rest. These painters worked in a manner of their own, a manner which distinguished their work from that of the other schools, even when the subjects were the same. In a system of classification of painters in which the schools are

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everywhere distinctly separated by differences of style and method, it is obviously impossible to introduce one school distinguished merely by subject without confusing the whole business; and if subject is to divide the schools, then Kano Motonobu and Sanraku of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and Toba Sojo, Kasuga Mitsunaga, and Sumiyoshi Keion (to name no more) of the twelfth, must often fall to be classed in the Ukioyé school, which they never heard of, since it first arose in the seventeenth. As a fact, the Ukioyé school is distinguished, as are all the others, purely by style, and it is easy to find any subject used by the painters of the older schools painted in a purely Ukioyé manner. Such pictures, indeed, exist in large numbers; as the landscapes of Hokusai and Hiroshigé, the warriors and other historical figures and groups of Tsukioka Settei and Katsugawa Shuntei, and the birds and flowers of Shigemasa and Utamaro. So that the term Ukioyé, adopted for convenience from an incidental circumstance, simply indicates a manner of painting, just as does the term Kano, adopted from a family name, the term Ganku, adopted from a personal name, and the term Shijo, taken from the name of a street. This is, of course, well enough understood in Japan, where the painters are classed strictly according to manner and tutelage; but some European writers have fallen into curious muddles through a confusion of ideas caused partly by the fact that the main subjects of the Ukioyé painters were taken from the ordinary life of their countrymen, and partly by the fact that much of their work was given to the world in the form of wood engravings. Thus we find Hanabusa Itcho, a Kano painter, included in the Ukioyé school, merely because of his frequent choice of subject, a matter to which I referred in the last paper; and Dr. Anderson also classes as Ukioyé two other purely Kano painters, Tachibana Morikuni and O-oka Shunboku, as well as Shiuzan, of the Chinese school, for no discoverable reason except that many of their pictures were engraved and published. They might almost as well be called Early German for the same reason.

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Another misconception I have already alluded to. It is that Matahei, founder of the Ukioyé school in the early seventeenth century, was absolutely the first Japanese painter who condescended to draw the figures of the common people. As I have said in an earlier paper, and as I have implied in the preceding paragraph, this is a complete mistake. Sumiyoshi Keion, his brother, Kasuga Mitsunaga, Toba Sojo, Tosa Mitsunobu—indeed, most of the important painters of the Yamato school in its great period—used such subjects from time to time, as may be seen in a most casual inspection of the *Kokkwa*. Neither was Kano Motonobu above these motives, nor were others of the early Kano men; Sanraku used them so frequently that much of his unsigned work has been mistaken for that of Matahei. Matahei was merely the first painter who made the life of the people his staple subject, and in doing it he evolved his new style of painting.

Further, it is commonly believed that the lower regard in which painters of the Ukioyé school were held in Japan was wholly due to their choice of subject. But such a philistinism would carry rather the stamp of modern Surbiton than that of old Japan, and that the Japanese were not guilty of it is sufficiently proved by the fact that the early painters of the Tosa and Kano schools, whom I have named as frequently using subjects of common life, are among the most highly honoured of all the Japanese masters. The facts are simply that the Ukioyé manner involved a revolt against Japanese classicism, and an irreverence for the traditions of a thousand years of high achievement; and that on the part of painters who were often —even commonly—men of low rank and small education. More, the outlook and aim of the school was altogether less spiritual, less ideal, than those of the classic masters; in the slang of the present day the Ukioyé painters were "realists." The history of art the whole world over records what happens in such circumstances as these, and among a people with so high a respect for the past as distinguishes the Japanese, it was inevitable that the Ukioyé artists should suffer. Moreover,

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many of them showed a lack of that noble perfection of touch which distinguished the old masters, as well as of the lofty feeling and serene distinction that were in some degree, at least, the fruits of generations of culture and high tradition. We shall attain to a juster estimate of the Japanese critics' view of the Ukioyé school if we remember that they have well esteemed certain of the Ukioyé painters whose work retained signs of the old classic feeling—Choshun, Sukenobu, Kaigetsudo, Toyoharu, and Harunobu among them, as well as Matahei himself.

But I must not seem to do the Ukioyé masters injustice, Their adverse critics had some reason on their side, but, as I have hinted, they also had prejudice. It cannot be too often insisted that a man's performance must be judged by his aims, and not by the aims of some other man. The artists of the Ukioyé school never for a moment sought to rival the grand old masters of Tosa and Kano. They saw a new field, humble or not, as you please, but a new and a good one, and they tilled it to good purpose. In the house of art are many mansions, and if the painters of the passing-life school did not repeat the triumphs of Mitsunaga, Sesshiu and No-ami, they nevertheless had triumphs of their own. They sought grace, charm, spirit, harmony of colour, and beauty of line and mass, and they found them all, in varying degrees; many also achieved a fine pictorial dignity, and, notwithstanding that the Ukioyé is sometimes spoken of as the school of vulgar life, I have never seen a vulgarly conceived Ukioyé picture.

About Iwasa Matahei, founder of this school—his life, his pictures, his very identity—a world of mystery has clung hitherto, and it is because of the aid given me by certain of my Japanese friends, and particularly because of the personal inquiries and examination of private documents undertaken by Kubota Beisen, a very able living painter, that I am able to dispel some of this mystery, and to present in print for the first time an account and explanation which I believe is not likely to need future correction in any essential particular. On this

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question the many Japanese printed authorities, mostly vague and all contradictory, are right in some few respects but wrong in most. The European authorities, on the other hand, have always been quite unanimous, and utterly wrong. They have even united in presenting, as the signature of the founder of the Ukioyé school, that of a wholly different man, not even a contemporary. And while insisting on the undoubted rarity of the master's work, they have assigned to him the product of no less than three painters—perhaps four.

Now all the work of these different painters is most extremely rare, and the disentanglement of the identities may well begin by the clearing away of a certain portion of the work of Kano Sanraku, who left some of his pictures of ordinary life unsigned. These have been very commonly mistaken for Matahei's work. But Sanraku apart, there were three painters who have in some way borne the name of Matahei, and one who used a single name used also by the first of the other three, and in all European treatises these different men have been regarded as one. The matter involves one of those confusing difficulties which everywhere beset the path of the student of the history of Japanese painting, and, wholly escaping the notice of the smatterer, constantly set him floundering.

The actual original Matahei, founder of the Ukioyé school of painting, was a man of noble birth and romantic history. His father was Araki Murashigé, the Daimio of Itami in Setsu province. In his time Ota Nobunaga, one of those military chiefs who from time to time in the history of Japan fought their way to high power, was asserting himself in the customary manner, at the expense of the feudal lords about him; Araki Murashigé resisted Nobunaga to the utmost, and fighting was maintained for some years, but in the end the powerful Nobunaga prevailed, and Murashigé, with the stubborn heroism that was the tradition of his caste, and the resolve neither to submit nor to be captured, killed himself in due form by *seppuku* or *hara-kiri* at Amagasaki, in 1579, when his child was

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an infant of two years old. A faithful nurse fled to Kioto, carrying the child with her, and sought refuge in the Hongwanji temple. She concealed the boy's identity by a change of surname, giving him that of Iwasa, which is thought to have been the family name of his mother; and after the death of Nobunaga she secured the youth some sort of appointment in the train of Nobuo, the son and successor of his father's enemy. Whether or not the lad's identity was concealed at this time is not known, but it is certain that he retained the name Iwasa Matahei or Matabei (the forms are alternative, and equally correct), and that he received rudimentary lessons in art from an old vassal of his father's, one Shigesato, who had been a pupil of Kano Shoyei. Matahei was devoted to drawing from his earliest childhood, and, notwithstanding the help of the faithful Shigesato, he may be called almost self-trained. It is true that he became a pupil of Tosa Mitsunori, but his connection with that painter was in any case a short one, and he ended by evolving an entirely new style, in which both the Kano and the Tosa methods had their part, though with an original element altogether Matahei's own. He is said to have pursued his art, like a true artist, for its own sake, and to have held in contempt that general approval from his inferiors which we should call fame. For this reason he scarcely ever signed or sealed a piece of work, a circumstance which has done its part—a large one—toward the mystification that has confused the whole matter.

Matahei (Iwasa)

The Shogun Iyemitsu was a great admirer of this original painter, and often desired his company at Yedo castle. The journey was not a short one, for after the death of Ota Nobuo, Matahei had settled at Fukui in the province of Echizen, more than two hundred miles from Yedo by road. It was Iyemitsu who gave Matahei his largest commission, and, as it chanced, his last. For in view of the marriage of the Shogun's daughter, Chiyohimé, to Mitsutomo of Owari, Matahei was brought to Yedo to paint the screens, makimono, kakemono, etc., which were to make part of the sumptuous furniture that

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Girl with branch of wisteria, *after Sukenobu*
Matabei (Nihon), *from* a *Shikishi*
(*Weisner Collection*)

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Original from

went with the lady's dowry. This, with other commissions from the Shogun, promised to occupy the painter, already an old man, for some few years; but before the task was completed Matahei's health broke down. His last recorded act was to paint his own portrait and send it to his wife and family at Fukui; this work he survived only a few weeks, dying, at the age of seventy-three, at Yedo, on the twenty-third day of the sixth month of our year 1650. The portrait remains in possession of the present representatives of the family, and I have seen a copy of it. It shows the old painter sadly wasted by sickness, but clearly a man of high intelligence, and of a singularly mild and kindly countenance.

Iwasa Matahei, as was the manner of Japanese painters, used also other names—in his case two, Sho-i and Katsumochi; and because of his new style of painting he was also called, by others, Ukiyo Matahei. He left behind him a son, also a painter, who carried on his father's style and tradition. This son's name was Iwasa Genbei, and he also called himself Katsushigé; but because of his parentage and his manner of work he became known as Matahei the second, or, as often as not, simply Matahei. Hence arises another element of confusion, made the worse because this Matahei also commonly left his work unsigned, as his father had done before him. He was a man of much ability, and he executed important decorations in the castle of the Daimio of Fukui. He survived his father nearly twenty-three years, dying on the twentieth day of the second month of the Christian year 1678.

The separate identities of these two painters having been established by certain Japanese inquirers, it was thought well to distinguish them as Sho-i Matahei and Katsushigé Matahei; whereupon arose another trouble. For it was discovered that there was a contemporary painter of unknown origin, a native of Kioto, whose name was Tosa Sho-i, and who had left work in Matahei's manner, though inferior in quality. Thus, exclusive of Sanraku, we have three painters whose work has been called that of Matahei; and to cap the whole muddle we come

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upon the very last Matahei, the man whose signature has been until now accepted in Europe as that of the master.

He was a native, or, at any rate, a resident, of Otsu, a village near Kioto, and there seems to be not a tittle of evidence to connect him in any way with either Sho-i Matahei or his son Katsushigé. He died, it is said, as late as the period Kiyoho (1716–1736), at the age of eighty-nine, the precise dates of birth and death being unrecorded. He would seem to have been a painter inferior to either of the men with whom he has been confused, and a great part of his work consisted of roughly and quickly executed caricatures, produced in numbers and sold at a small price to travellers as *Otsuyé*, or pictures from Otsu—in which place other painters lived who "potboiled" in the same manner. These Otsuyé are interesting as being the precursors of the colour-prints afterward to be produced by the Ukioyé painters; one is in the British Museum collection, numbered 1701, which may well be the product of the brush of this last and least important Matahei, though, as I have never seen a fully proved specimen of his work, it is impossible to assign it definitely.

Matahei (of Otsu)

Many Japanese treatises have properly separated this last and least Matahei from his predecessors, even when they left the earlier nebula unresolved. But, as I have said, every European writer has hitherto lumped the lot together, though one would have imagined that the first glance at the names of the men in the Japanese character would at least have suggested that the last, or Otsu Matahei, was a separate person, since in his case the name Matahei is written in quite a different manner from that used in the case of Iwasa Matahei. In the case of the original master three characters are employed, reading Mata-he-i—a character for each of the three divisions of the word; in the case of the Otsu Matahei there are but two, *Mata* and *hei*—the latter a single character wholly different from either of those used in Iwasa Matahei's name. It is true that the pronunciation is the same in each case—Matahei or Matabei, and from this fact, no doubt, much of the

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confusion has arisen; but since the rules of Japanese speech permit the introduction of either consonant, b or h, native critics are beginning to distinguish by using the name Matabei for the founder of the Ukioyé school, and when necessary for his son, Matabei the second, and keeping the form Matahei for the later Otsu painter. It is a convenient expedient, and it should be adopted universally.

The Matahei problem, the existence of which never seems to have been even suspected by European writers hitherto, is a type of many similar puzzles which the student encounters if he studies the history of Japanese painting with any degree of depth and thoroughness; puzzles made the more puzzling by the habit so common among Japanese painters of changing their many names, receiving new names as honorifics, conferring names of their own on pupils, and the like.

Iwasa Matabei (Sho-i) was undoubtedly a painter of high genius, and, to judge by the reproductions of the chief of his rare works published in the *Kokkwa*, of a very original genius. His new style had, as I have said, certain elements of the Tosa and certain of the Kano manner—the former preponderating—but the soul of the style was Matabei's own. It was at the same time delicate and broad; striking—though never strained or violent—effects of colour and mass were aimed at, doubtless because much of the painter's work was the decoration of screens. Matabei was a great colourist, his drawing was forcible and bold, and he never sacrificed "size" of design to mere prettiness. The spirit of his art was more intimately actual and material than that of any painter who had preceded him, but it was nevertheless always the art of the "voiceless poet." A characteristic of his drawing of the human face, which, although it was modified and reduced in his later years, still may serve to aid in distinguishing his work from the very similar work of his son, Katsushigé, was a certain extreme depth and roundness of chin, which once observed will be clearly recognised whenever again encountered. It is perhaps most pronounced in his early purely Tosa drawing, and it is unmistakably observable in the one

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specimen of his work in the British Museum collection. This is a very small kakemono, unsigned, but certainly the work of the master, and numbered 205 in the catalogue. The picture is in the Tosa style—a female figure in court dress. The figure used in illustration of this paper is in the original Ukioyé style, but the wonderfully delicate modelling of the features is obliterated in the process-block.

The belief in the existence of no more than one Matabei, and the supposition that he died at about 1680, have given rise to the general error that the Ukioyé style of painting fell into disuse, or very nearly so, until it was revived by Hishigawa Moronobu in or about the year 1670. As a matter of fact, however, as we have seen, the first Matabei survived till 1650, and the second, whose work has always been classed with that of the first, died in 1678, three years at least after Moronobu's work began. Moreover, several talented artists—Tsujimura Mohei, Yamamoto Rihei, Kitamura Chiubei, Inouyé Kanbei and Inaya Rippo—painted in the Ukioyé style in the generation preceding Moronobu's appearance, all, except the last, acknowledging the master by the adoption of names containing the last two characters of the name Matabei. It is true that their work is now rare almost to the point of extinction, and that in quality it never equalled that of the founder of the school; but it is certain that the school, though small and struggling, never ceased its activity. The genius of Moronobu, however, forced a more general acceptance, and from his advent the Ukioyé riu flourished exceedingly.

Hishigawa Moronobu, who also paid his tribute to Matabei by the adoption of the name Kichibei, was the son of Hishigawa Mitsutake of Hota in the province of Awa, the most skilful embroiderer in gold of his time. Moronobu began by making designs for embroidery under his father's teaching, but ere long he turned to painting purely, studying first the Tosa style. Very soon, however, he abandoned this for the new Ukioyé manner, and in it produced many of the finest works of the school. Traces of his education both in

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Figure: Early ink sketch of Alexandria by Alexandria (1 river + trees + city)

embroidery design and in the Tosa style of painting are visible in most of his work, particularly in that of early date; but presently he fell under the influence of the great Kano painter Hanabusa Itcho, and henceforth we see distinct traces of the Kano manner in Moronobu's backgrounds, and, indeed, many of his pictures show Itcho's influence in the figures also. Such is the case in the specimen I have used for illustration, a group from a silk makimono, which displays a long panorama of a river under moonlight with many other picnic groups and musical parties upon and about it. I had a photograph made of another specimen, a kakemono in Moronobu's alternative manner, but the delicate lines of the figures, and particularly of the faces, were lost utterly in the reduction.

Moronobu's paintings must be studied at first hand if his brilliant power of design and distinguished sense of colour are to be understood. A very good specimen is in the British Museum collection, numbered 1710. The kakemono numbered 1708 is also genuine, though not so attractive an example. But much of Moronobu's work was done for the engravers, and he was the first Japanese artist of importance to devote himself to the illustration of books and to the production of woodcut prints in single sheets. These were commonly in simple line with decorative black masses used with a surprising mastery; but many were tinted in a few colours by hand. Thus Moronobu began the production of those admirable book-illustrations and detached prints which formed so large and distinctive a part of the work of the Ukioyé painters throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and were the means of first awakening an interest in Japanese art among European amateurs.

The precise dates of Moronobu's birth and death are not recorded. He died in the period Shotoku, which extended from the beginning of our year 1711 to the end of 1715, and the majority of the best native authorities give his age at seventy. He had three associates, pupils, or followers in his own family, Morofusa, Moroshigé, and Moronaga. Their

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exact relationship with him is rather uncertain, one or two authorities calling them his brothers, and others calling them his sons. Kiosai insists that Morofusa, the best painter of the three, was Moronobu's younger brother, being the second son of Mitsutaké the embroiderer, and I am disposed to think this correct for independent reasons, though as a rule Kiosai is anything but a safe authority on matters of personal relationship. Moroshigé and Moronaga are perhaps more likely to have been sons of Moronobu than brothers, though I am inclined to believe Moroshigé to be a nephew, and Kiosai calls Moronaga the second son of Morofusa, in which I can find no other native authority to agree with him. Let that be as it may, the three were able painters, though Morofusa was the superior of the other two. He adopted Moronobu's manner with a difference, and while he never sought to rival his master in force and originality, he often equalled him in grace and delicacy. I have a kakemono by Morofusa, in which these latter qualities, both in line and colour, are carried as far as I have ever observed in the best work of Moronobu, though the drawing of a willow trunk, good as it is, makes plain the younger painter's inferiority in the matter of strength. The two screens in the British Museum collection, numbered 1717 and 1718, are probably the work of Moroshigé, and are very admirable, though the experienced eye can detect several points in which the work falls short of that of the head of the Hishigawa sub-school, and indeed of that of Morofusa. Moroshigé had a son, Koyama Moromasa, a very elegant painter, at least his father's equal, though not so close a follower of Moronobu's style.

There is said also to have been a son of Moronobu, who became known as Moronobu the second, though some are disposed to attribute the work ascribed to him to Moronobu himself in his later years. It is difficult to find any picture positively attributed to him, but an unsigned kakemono in my own collection, which some good native authorities are inclined to consider his work, would seem to show that this second

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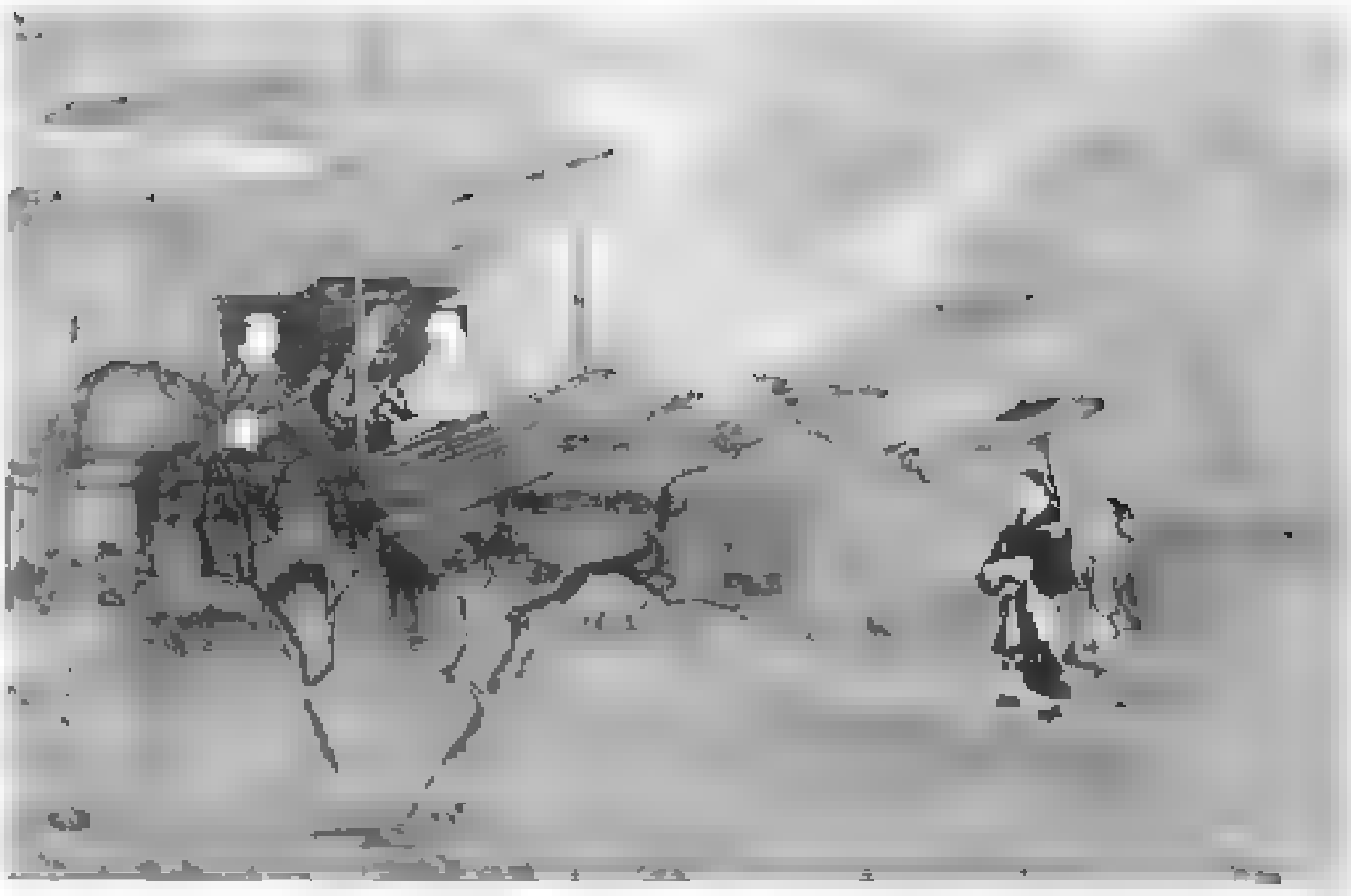

Mounted police with guns approaching, *Scene in Saskatoon* by Margaret Chambers (Mendel Art Gallery Collection)

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Moronobu was altogether the superior of the other followers of the master, and in almost every respect, if not in all, the equal of the master himself.

A late contemporary of Moronobu, and a painter of equal merit in a narrower range, was Miyagawa Choshun. He was born in 1682, at Miyagawa, in Owari, and his work was confined entirely to painting, none of his works being made public by means of engraving. His subjects were figures, groups and scenes of festivity and holiday-making, and he treated them with very vivid fancy and bright spirit. A singularly graceful, firm and clean drawing and a pleasant harmony of bright colour characterised all his work, genuine specimens of which are extremely rare. One very good example is in the British Museum on paper, the subject being a standing female figure. The picture is at present uncatalogued. The pair of makimono in the same collection catalogued under his name are clever copies. Choshun had two very able sons, Miyagawa Choki and Miyagawa Shunsnui, who worked in the same manner.

Not precisely a pupil of Choshun, so far as I have been able to ascertain, but a painter in a very remarkable modification of his style, was Kaigetsudo, about whom, biographically, very little is known. I can find little more than that he was certainly not one man, but at least two, and quite probably four, since four different personal names are found in association with the chief name, Kaigetsudo. The work of these men is remarkably alike and quite distinctive, very splendid in its sweeping strength of line, rich and brilliant in colour, and noticeable for certain mannerisms, pleasant enough, in the drawing of features, and for the smallness of the heads and hands. At least one of the Kaigetsudo produced prints in plain black, but I believe that the main part of their work consisted of paintings for the decoration of temples.

Several painters who appeared at this time and practised the Ukioyé style in different manners of their own have been called by many native authorities pupils of Moronobu. Among them are Torii Kiyonobu, and Okumura Masanobu. These

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painters, who each established a sub-school of the Ukioyé, may possibly have learned from Moronobu and afterwards developed individual methods of their own; but I am more disposed to consider them wholly independent artists attracted by the new style, and influenced, rather than taught, by Hishigawa Moronobu. Torii Kiyonobu founded the long line of Torii artists who, from the beginning, devoted themselves largely to theatrical subjects; so much so, in fact, as for long to have occupied a sort of official position in relation to the stage, painting scenery and posters, and issuing many prints representing popular actors in character. Kiyonobu is recorded to have been the first printer to issue prints printed in colour, beginning with a simple harmony of pale red and green. This is very likely to be true, though there seems to be no positive evidence that his prints from colour-blocks began to be published any earlier than those of Okumura Masanobu, or, indeed, than those of Torii Kiyomasu, said to have been his son, though more probably, I think, his younger brother. When I say that the original drawings of Torii Kiyonobu are exceedingly rare, I am only saying what I might repeat about almost every notable painter of the Ukioyé school. This rarity of original paintings in the Ukioyé style is due to the fact that the bulk of the work of most of the painters was done for the engravers, and so was destroyed in the process of cutting the wood blocks, upon which the original drawings, on thin paper, were pasted, and so cut through with knife and chisel.

Kiyonobu drew in a bold, rotund style wholly his own, with a mastery of composition and disposition of ornament also quite individual. In addition to his paintings he produced prints in plain black, prints hand-coloured, and prints coloured from blocks; the prints, of all three kinds, being well-nigh as rare as the paintings.

Kiyonobu's close associate was Kiyomasu, whom I believe to have been his brother, and very little his junior. Kiyomasu is usually spoken of as son and pupil of Kiyonobu, but a close examination of the work of the two men, with a due regard to

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Girl and youth reclining, *from a print by Torii Kiyonobu (Writer's Collection)*

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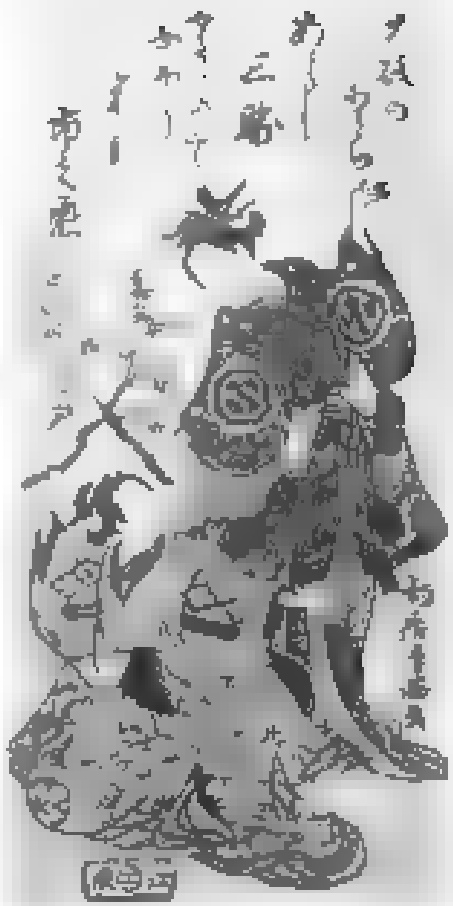
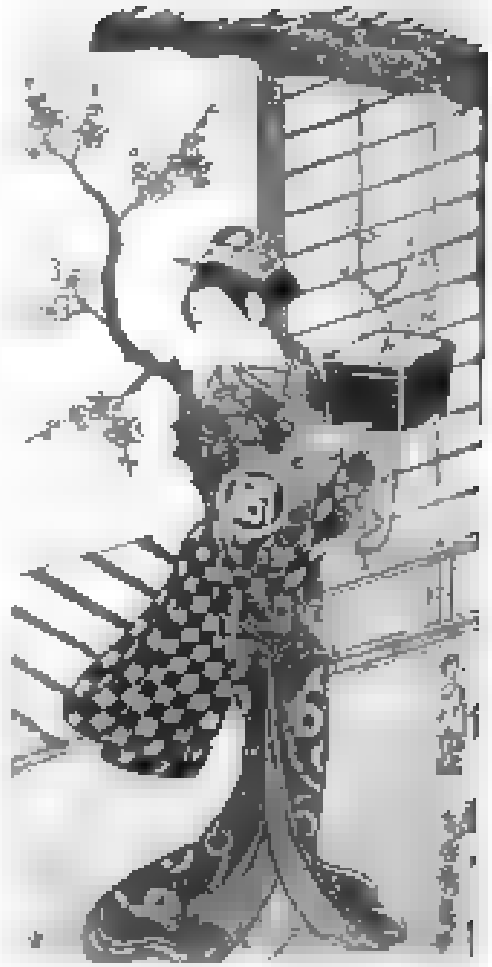


Dance of the Cherry-blossoms, *from a print by Yoshi Kiyomitsu (Hunter's Collection)*



Girl with dwarf tree, *from a print by Yoshi Kiyomitsu (Hunter's Collection)*

the evidence of date afforded by detail and fashion of hair and dress in the pictures, would seem to show that to have been impossible. The men work side by side year by year, with very little or no difference in ability, and often with so little difference of style that it is almost impossible to separate their works without reference to the signatures. The very earliest of Kiyonobu's productions cannot have preceded the earliest of Kiyomasu's by more than a year or two, even if by so much; indeed, so far as my personal observation goes, I have seen no evidence that Kiyonobu was first in the field beyond the general agreement of authority and tradition that he was head and founder of the Torii family of painters. As I have hinted, many of Kiyomasu's works might well have borne his brother's signature, but in the bulk Kiyomasu's drawing exhibits certain small differences, of which the most notable is a more angular arrangement of line.

From the studios of Kiyonobu and Kiyomasu came many pupils of very high merit, and it is commonly difficult to separate the pupils of the two masters. Indeed it seems probable that they kept a common studio, and that the pupils were taught by both. Kiyonobu's pupil, Kiyotada, was one of the ablest, but he died comparatively young, and his work is rarer than his master's. Kiyomitsu is said by some authorities to have been the eldest son of Kiyomasu, and by others to have been the second son of Kiyonobu. He was great as a designer and fortunate as a master, for he taught some of the most brilliant painters of the Torii school. He brought a new sweetness and grace into the Torii convention, drawing the figures of women with exquisite elegance of line and freedom of pose. He was a very excellent colourist, and it was he who first added a third to the two colour-blocks which were all that had hitherto been used in prints. He had an admirable fellow pupil in Kiyohiro, who adhered perhaps a little more closely to the older Torii practice, but drew nevertheless with such personal grace and elegance as place him in rank with Kiyomitsu. Kiyoharu, Kiyoshigé, Kiyohisa and Kiyofusa were

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other able members of the Torii school at this time, but to them, as to other painters as meritorious, I can give no more space than will suffice for their bare names; for the school of Ukioyé is so crowded that I could treat of it alone in a fairly large volume, and still leave something unsaid. The Torii sub-school offers a very constant example of the practice among Japanese painters of the adoption of part of a master's name. From the beginning every Torii painter has not only used the family name, but has used the character *Kiyo* as first of his personal name, in honour of the founder, Kiyonobu, who, in his turn, acknowledged his descent in art from Iwasa Matabei by using the alternative personal name Shobei.

Leaving the Torii school for the moment, we must go back to the time of Torii Kiyonobu to consider a very important Ukioyé painter, who was first trained in the Kano school. Nishikawa Ukiyo Sukenobu was born at Kioto in 1671, and received his tutelage at the hands of Kano Yeino, who had been a pupil of Kano Sansetsu. Sukenobu, however, was not long in adopting the new Ukioyé style, and became very famous as an illustrator of books, most of his work of this description being executed at Osaka, where he lived for the greater part of his life. He made no drawings for detached prints, and all his book-illustrations are said to have been uncoloured, though it is possible that some exception to this rule may be discovered. He was, however, a very great colourist, as any one of his exceedingly rare original paintings will demonstrate. Indeed, a kakemono by this painter in my own collection, showing the poets Narihira and Komachi among the reeds at Musashi, is, I think, in this respect the equal of any Japanese picture I have seen; which is the highest praise I can give the colour of anything. The painting is on silk, and would not photograph as well as the one I reproduce, which is on paper. Even this is sadly mistranslated, as was inevitable. In the original the white outer robe of the female figure is painted in a pigment containing some preparation of mica, which gives a curiously silvery surface, on which plainly stands an intricate pattern in

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The priest Sagara at his Shinshoin, from a folding
fan. Nishikawa Sukenobu (Private collection)

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dull white. This, of course, is lost utterly in the photograph, as is also the relation between the colours of the inner robes—a rich blue and a sober red, which show about equally black.

Sukenobu's elegant female figures, his unfailing spirit, his admirable composition and graceful feeling proclaim him a master even in his smallest sketch. The great family likeness in most of the kindly, innocent faces of his girls has been pointed as a fault, but I see no fault in it. It was the way of the Ukioyé artists to seek each his own type of female beauty and to maintain it as his ideal. For this reason the amateur with very small experience may readily separate the works of the leading painters, and though at first European eyes may see little in these faces but a sameness and lack of expression, a reasonable acquaintanceship and sympathetic study will reveal the infinite but subtle variety and the quiet meaning that inform the seemingly quaint and stolid features.

Sukenobu—who also used the name Bunkwado in addition to the names already mentioned—died at eighty years of age, in the middle of the eighteenth century.

Another great contemporary of Kiyonobu and Sukenobu was Okumura Masanobu. I think I have said that some writers have called him a pupil of Moronobu, upon no visible evidence, and it occurs to me that an error may have arisen because of some confusion between Okumura Masanobu and Hishigawa Masanobu, the latter an undoubted pupil of Moronobu, but a less important person than the former. Okumura Masanobu made many delightful pictures of figures and groups, using the Ukioyé convention with a manner all his own, and giving it a fresh grace and distinction. It is impossible to explain in words the differences, sometimes subtle, sometimes obvious to the sight, between the works of the early Ukioyé masters, and it is scarcely more than a degree better to offer a photographed and reduced specimen of one work of each. What is needed is a careful study and comparison of a number of examples. As I am treating of these men as painters rather than as designers of prints, I

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would have preferred to illustrate Masanobu with a painting, but the print made altogether the clearer photograph, and it is reasonably typical of his method. One very important pupil of Masanobu's was Okumura Toshinobu, his son.

Contemporaneous with Masanobu was one Nishimura Shigenobu, a fairly talented Ukioyé painter, whose far more able son Nishimura Shigenaga not only achieved great distinction himself, but trained one or two of the greatest of the Ukioyé painters. Shigenaga did not depend wholly upon his art for his subsistence, being also a bookseller and a small landlord in Yedo. His was a wayward genius; and everything he drew had a quaint beauty wholly characteristic. He had an odd way of bringing grace out of apparent awkwardness, and he obeyed the prescriptions of no man in the matters of pose and composition. He was one of those artists whose whim it was to take all possible measures to avert the peril of approbation from the Philistine. He sometimes prefixed the name Senkwado to his more usual signature, and at times signed with the personal and private name Mangosaburo; a practice which has led to a mistaken belief in a distinct painter of that name.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

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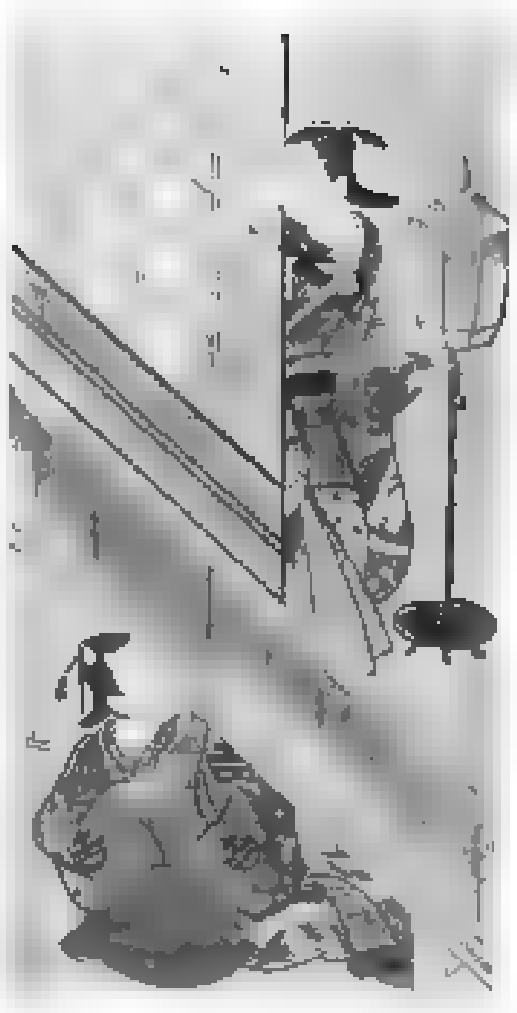

Girl on crocodile and youth holding
helmet, from a print by Okumura
Masanobu (Private Collection)

Girl at toilet, from part of a triptych
print by Yoshimune Shigemasa
(Private Collection)

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RECENT HISTORICAL METHODS AND THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY

I

IT may be doubtful whether History is still at that stage of her development where Mathematics were in the sixteenth or seventeenth century, in the times of Vieta or Pascal. But it seems pretty certain that while the great historic powers of Europe have long determined their precise boundaries, within which other powers have neither territory nor influence, History is still in the throes of boundary settlements, and her sphere is still rendered uncertain by a number of *enclaves* or extraneous domains marring the neatness of boundary lines. History has still to settle her *actio finium regundorum*, and at no time has the controversy about the proper sphere of History been raging more violently than in the last three or four years.

Putting aside views such as that of Schopenhauer, who absolutely denied the possibility of a science of History, holding, as he did, that historians "are only creeping from one fact to another, without ever being able to rise to a general concept"; the recent views on the proper function, object and methods of History may be divided into eight different classes. The exponents of each of the eight views are convinced of having arrived at the sole solution vouchsafing the bliss of absolute insight. It may, however, do no harm to remark that

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a knowledge of History, although in reality one of the rarest and most difficult of achievements, is cheerfully taken for granted by the majority of the builders of historic methods. Nobody is ashamed of admitting that he is no proficient in chemistry, or bridge-constructing; nearly everybody will assert with becoming dignity that "History teaches us that . . .", or "it has long been proved by History . . .," or "it is an incontestable fact of History . . ."

From such phrases one might easily be led to believe that our true knowledge of the past is very considerable. Alas! nothing is less susceptible of proof than such an assertion. We know very little of the past. The broadest facts of the past have as yet been brought no nearer to a real understanding of their causes and growth. Where we want realities we get words, such as "race," "*milieu*," "historic vocation," "providential dispensation," or the name of this man or that. As all the world knows, Carlyle, who carefully fed an inordinate esteem of his own powers by an extravagant contempt for those of the rest of white or Anglo-Saxon humanity—Carlyle taught that History is made by the deeds and ideas of single overtowering individuals. For Carlyle, History is hero-worship. It never occurred to him that Dalmatia, Corsica, or the Basque country, which produced heroes of the first order (Diocletian, Napoleon, and Loyola), never had any great history of their own; nor did he ever condescend to think of the palpable fact that it was really his own Frederick the Great who lost the battle of Jena and dismembered Prussia, twenty years after his death, it is true, but none the less certainly. The personal element in History is great, but only in the manner of the peaks created by, yet rising above, their own mountains. Even Napoleon could not have raised Corsica to a power of the first order; the mountains of which he was the peak were in France. To underrate the personal element would be folly. M. L. Bourdeau, in a series of writings, has proclaimed the glory of the anonymous men. Monsieur hates names; names are mere advertisement and the result of puffing.

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Madame Roland, he says, was astounded at the mediocrity of the famous heroes of the French Revolution; Montaigne, he adds, was unable to find amongst his contemporaries a person worthy of Plutarch. Even in literary matters, M. Bourdeau attributes everything to the masses; and the greatest writer, he holds, is only an inimitable imitator of ideas and expressions floating in the masses. It is, however, scarcely likely that any serious thinker will ever accept that view. At any rate, as far as France is concerned, the opinions of M. Bourdeau have found a welcome counterpoise in the teachings of M. Tarde, for whom "imitation" is the most elementary phenomenon of History, and the *inventeur*, although one is sorry to hear that he is "a kind of idiot" (*une sorte de fou*), is the real originator of all that has moved History.

In strong and forbidding contrast to the modern exponents of the "overman" (*Uebermensch*), as Nietzsche has called Carlyle's "hero," there is a great school of historians believing in the "economic" or "materialistic," hence impersonal, view of History. According to them and to their master, the famous Karl Marx, History is nothing but the make of economic causes. Given the economic needs and possibilities of a time or country, the historical events and institutions follow from it, as do the geometrical qualities of a curve from its form. In addition to Engels and Lafargue, two Italians, A. Loria and A. Labriola, are the most convinced adherents of the economic or materialistic school. In works in which the greatest problems of History, such as the strange fact of Hebrew religious supremacy, or the genius of the Greeks, in antiquity; the rise of Christianity and Feudalism; the Italian city-states and English Parliamentary institutions, &c., are shown to be the simple consequences of the industrial, capitalistic, protectionist or free-trade organisation of labour and commerce in the various countries; the Marxists reconstrue the past, determine the present, and foretell the future to the great satisfaction of their friends. Details are objectionable, and by omitting them the "materialists" are enabled to cover, in a

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few pages, the events of scores of centuries. However, nothing can be more evident than that a vast number of events of the past do not respond at all to methods based on purely economic grounds. It is fairly certain that the dominant events of France and Germany in the ninth and tenth centuries could be made tolerably clear by a full knowledge of their economic conditions only. But what about the eleventh and twelfth? How can the concept of economics help us in reconstructing scholasticism or the rise of Gothic architecture, both set on foot by men who scorned all regular modes of acquiring money; who in theory were penniless and won their wealth by the least industrial or contractual of transactions—by donations? And as to the Crusades, there is probably more truth in the assumption that they were mainly caused by the unbearable *ennui* of the knights in their lonely and tedious castles than by any economic motives whatever.

The third group of historians consider reason and knowledge as the chief motors of historical events. It is sufficient to mention, of older writers, Hegel and Buckle. For the former, History is the materialisation of the long process by which Ideas "live themselves out"; for the latter, History is mainly influenced by the amount and spread of knowledge. And since by "knowledge" principally "science" is meant, this view is received with great favour by students and professors of science proper. From Du Bois-Reymond, Hallier, Berthelot, Huxley, to Virchow and Letourneau, such a view has been, as a rule, adopted by men who have spent most of their lives in the study of science proper, and who for various reasons commenced a belated study of History when all their mental categories had long been formed. Knowledge, it may be admitted, has shaped many a human glory; and the apparently undeniable fact of Progress, is, where it occurs, probably due to knowledge. But History is the product of the emotions and the will, and not of Reason, common or systematised. There is little logic in History, and the human heart, its chief instrument, has in historical times changed in no perceptible degree.

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All attempts at establishing "laws of History" have hitherto failed, for the simple reason that in History we cannot frame "laws" such as we can and have framed in astronomy or physics. Comte and Buckle rightly tried to give History a more scientific character; it is, however, certain that by attempting to shape it after the model of sciences essentially unhistorical, both thinkers failed to realise their end. In History we may or shall reach scientifically proved truths fully as much as in any other science; but truths formulated in a manner *sui generis*. It is in the establishment of clear and technically conditioned correlations of facts and their causes, that History excels any other science. Correlations in biology are amongst the deepest secrets of nature; in History they are not. Thus Darwin despaired to account for the strange correlation, that white cats with blue eyes are nearly always deaf. It is already now possible to account satisfactorily for many a correlation in History in no way less surprising than any of the biological ones.

It was inevitable that the success of the doctrine of Evolution in the sphere of nature proper should persuade people that it must lead to equally important results in the sphere of History also. The well-known terms of Darwinian theories were confidently used, and it was said that in them we have at last found the key to most historic problems. Frederick von Hellwald wrote a bulky history of civilisation on purely "evolutionist" principles. L. H. Morgan, an American, published works in which the sequence of the various stages in the "evolution" of the family, the clan, the tribe, the state, and of the corresponding stages in the "evolution" of (1) pottery, (2) domestication of animals, and (3) working of iron utensils, is neatly formulated and illustrated, if not proved. For, indeed, Professor K. Buecher, E. Hahn, and others have shown, that, for instance, tribes that make and use iron hatchets will nevertheless persist in using wooden lances or ploughs; just as the Greeks, who had all the elements of printing in their mode of lettering coins, yet did not invent typography. Mr.

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Herbert Spencer treats only of the two ends of History—of prehistoric times and of the present moment. His evolution-theories as to History proper can therefore not be discussed. The belief in evolution as applied to History is prompted mainly by the childish vanity of the vast number of people whose only distinctive excellence lies in the fact that they are contemporaries. It is, indeed, soothing to indulge in the pretty pride of being a superior person, of being at the other end of a long growth, in one word of living in the twentieth century. Scientific value there is none in all the works hitherto published on History as an illustration of evolution theories.

The fifth group of historians starts with an unshakable belief in races, and declares all History to be nothing short of a series of race struggles, in which the race to which the historian belongs will, of course, prevail in the end. Hellwald, L. Gumplowicz, Gobineau, and, amongst older writers, Taine, are, together with most historians who accept the race theory incidentally, convinced of the reality of what is certainly the greatest delusion, or rather an evident political device, and not a fact. Temporary "race" qualities there undoubtedly are; that is, the same group of people, under the same circumstances for six generations, will, during that time, show the same physiognomy in feeling and temper. Alter the circumstances, and at once the physiognomy will be altered. The Irish in America, the French in Canada, the Germans in Russia are *toto cœlo* different from their co-nationals at home. Even so in point of time. Yet in the teeth of most palpable evidence to the contrary, the use of the vague concept "race" will continue in works on History. It is a convenient term; it looks learned, in that it calls for erudite adjectives, such as Teutonic, Turanian, Semitic, &c.; it helps one always when one is quite at a loss what to say. Call the unexplained fact of the secular anarchy of Germany an "irresistible bent toTeutonic individualism," and you have explained it. Call the unexplained rise of monotheism amongst the ancient Hebrews a matter of

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"Semitic gift" (Renan), and you have accounted for it in a respectable manner.

Another view of History is widely taught in the works of strictly Catholic writers. For them the whole question has long been settled by St. Augustine, and in the latest of the more elaborate works of Catholic writers, in G. Grupp's "System und Geschichte der Kultur," as well as in the "History of the Popes," by Professor Pastor, the greatest of living Catholic historians, the Augustinian view of History is taught as the only possible mode of treating History.

Professor Lamprecht, in Germany, has in a long series of articles, pamphlets and books published in the last six years, proclaimed what he calls a new mode of writing History. He terms his method "collectivist," in opposition to the old or individualistic method. The principal subject-matter of History ought to be, he says, the abiding or static institutions of a nation, such as language, economy, art, customs (*Sitte*), moral views and law. The professional historians, Below and O. Lorenz leading, have combated, and are still combating, Lamprecht's view with great energy. For them the proper subject of History is the state and statesmen. This was also the opinion of the famous Ranke, and naturally so, in that Ranke's studies were directed mainly to a period—the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries—when there was indeed, on the Continent at least, very little worth historical notice outside the state and statesmen. Below and Oncken have taken particular pleasure in pointing out numerous mistakes and inaccuracies in the "Deutsche Geschichte" of Lamprecht, to which the latter retorted by giving a similar list from the works of his adversaries. The upshot of it is that Lamprecht is quite right with regard to certain periods of history, more especially that period (the early Middle Ages) in which he is a specialist. He is wrong with regard to many other and more dynamic periods of History, during which the personal element undoubtedly was of the utmost importance. Germany had in 1850 all her *zuständliche* or static factors in fair order; she had

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her social classes, language and literature, science, philosophy, music, economy and her *Sitte*. Yet without Bismarck she could never have raised herself to an international power of the first rank. In one respect, however, one cannot but recognise Professor Lamprecht's merit unreservedly. He has insisted with greater force and clearness than most of his predecessors on the necessity of the study of collective or mass-psychology, without which History lacks the very kind of potent instrument that to astronomy is given in mechanics. Le Bon, Tarde, Letourneau, Tylor, and Herbert Spencer have either collected much material or furnished many a valuable *aperçu* for that important branch of psychology. At present we are in possession of the first two volumes of a "Völkerpsychologie," or psychology of social aggregates, written by the greatest living psychologist, Professor Wundt, of Leipsic. How far Professor Wundt has succeeded in preparing for historians that indispensable instrument of research which Galileo and Cartesius had prepared for Kepler and Newton, the next few years will show.

The last of the group of historians studying History from a particular standpoint has long been inaugurated by Karl Ritter, Alexander von Humboldt, Elisée Reclus, and other geographers, who held that the abiding and most determinative cause of the broad events of History is the configuration and physiology of the planet on which we live. At present the greatest exponent of Anthropogeography, as he calls it, is Professor Frederick Ratzel, of Leipsic. In various works, especially in his "Politische Geographie" (1897), he has thrown out an astounding number of suggestions and thoughts pointing out the correlation between Geography and History. Nor can it be doubted that the irregularly varying ordinates in History, that is, the events, cannot be reasonably supposed to be comprehensible without assuming the existence of regularly variable *abscissæ* in the form of geographical, or rather geo-political, influences of an abiding character. Let the Dogger Bank be a large island such as Ireland, or widen the Channel at Dover to the extent of its width at the

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Lizard, and the whole history of England is different from what it has actually been. Suppose the Danube, instead of flowing into the Euxine, to fall into the Greek Sea, and the history of the Balkan peoples assumes dimensions totally different from what it has taken these three thousand years. *Est locus in rebus.* Given the geographical conditions of a country together with that of its neighbours, and much of its history becomes quite clear. Draw a circle round France with the centre at Bourges, and one point of the periphery at Edinburgh, and you will find that Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and Madrid are all at equal distances from the centre of France; that France, therefore, for centuries lay in the centre of all the really important States of Europe, such as England, Germany, Austria, the Popes and Spain, and was constantly exposed to their attacks. How under such circumstances could France have a constitution other than a strongly centralised, ever ready monarchy? One only needs to look at such a circle to understand why the various dukes of France, those, for instance, of Burgundy and Brittany, together with numerous minor territorial sovereigns, failed to weaken the central power; why the estates in France could never develop into strong parliamentary parties; why Roman law was *de facto* the law of France as it was best cultivated by the Frenchmen Cujacius and Donellus; and why France, absolutely dependent on centralisation, could not dispense with the best organised of centralised institutions, the Catholic Church; in other words, why France did not become Protestant.

II

In reviewing all the attempts at raising History to the dignity of a science,[1] one cannot help seeing that all of them

[1] The reader will find a complete statement of all such attempts in the following works: Fréderic de Rougemont, "Les deux Cités" (2 vols., Paris, 1874, pp. 467, 617); R. Flint, "Philosophy of History in France and Germany" (1894); P. Barth, "Die Philosophie der Geschichte" (Leipzig, 1897); J. Goldfriedrich, "Die historische Ideenlehre in Deutschland," im 18. u. 19. Jh. (p. 544, Berlin, 1902).

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agree in the necessity of giving to History what has hitherto been denied her: a general part. No modern natural science is without its general part. There is a "general part" in Physics, in Chemistry, in Botany, in Biology, &c. In History alone there is no "general part." Historians, as a rule, begin the study of a particular period without in the least troubling themselves about the rectification or organisation of the general concepts which they are to use on nearly every page of their work. A physicist would be horror-struck at the idea that he had no definite and technical idea of gravitation, attraction, or any other general concept of physical science. Not so in History. What seems needed is solely the diligent reading of many, many documents or "sources." Whether or no the authors of those documents had the capacity of seeing into the real and intimate character of the persons and events they describe, that is seldom asked. The broad fact, however, is that the vast majority of "sources" are as little informing and instructive as the well-known depositions of a valet about his master-hero. No writer of a "source" of the thirteenth century realised in the least the importance of Magna Charta (1215). But without a due sense of proportion, the greatest mass of facts is only a mere heap of dust. Take Janssen's strongly Catholic History of the German people since the Reformation. In eight bulky volumes, hundreds of thousands of well-documented facts are dished up. The success of the book is probably unique. Over fifteen editions have been published. And yet in spite of all that immense display of "sources" and quotations, Janssen's work is nothing short of an ecclesiastical party-pamphlet. It lives on innuendos, and half of it is what Balzac said of one half of the French language, *des sous-entendus*. It gives a totally wrong impression, and is untrue from beginning to end.

Documents, and nothing but documents, are indeed sufficient in the case of Church History, meaning the history of the Catholic clergy, both secular and regular. For that clergy consisted—the regular at all times, the secular since Gregory VII.—of unmarried folk, strictly educated in a

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system reducing the pupil to an artificial product, in whom the world of family, sexual and civic emotions, had been blotted out more or less completely. Of such persons documents may indeed furnish a complete description. We can very well represent from the *regula* and documents of the Carthusians the whole psychic status and daily life of a Carthusian in 1150. We can, from the extant "sources" form only an inadequate idea of the mental and pyschic status of a *manant* or serf of the same year; and as to forming an idea of the inner world and temper of a woman, say of Lincolnshire or of Toulouse in 1150, the documents are utterly insufficient.

The character and value of "sources" is, it must be admitted, much greater since the middle of the sixteenth century, let alone for Italy, the "sources" of which are exceedingly valuable for the fifteenth century too. Yet it is absolutely necessary to insist that the indispensable and at present most needed department of History, its general part, cannot possibly be built up by mere digests of "sources." More, very much more, is needed. A correct and clear survey of the general facts and factors of History is required. There, however, is the great pitfall for so many students of History. They believe that a general fact is the mechanical aggregate of a host of particular facts. Nothing could be more remote from the truth. As a plane is not the mechanical aggregate of ever so many lines, although lines are all in a plane, even so the general fact is not pieced together from a mass of particular facts. The mind and the method required for the perception and co-ordination of general facts in History is, as a rule, quite different from the mind of the collector of particular events. Both are specialists; one for the general, the other for the particular facts. And as it is admitted that the specialist in the history of Bristol cannot fairly sit in judgment on the specialist in the history of Lyons, it ought now to be also admitted, that the specialist in particular facts of, say, 1600 to 1660, ought not to sit in judgment on the specialist in the general facts of that period.

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III

The necessity of a "General History" has long been felt, and both in Germany and France elaborate works have appeared to "fill the gap." Professor Oncken's vast collection of bulky monographs, forming over forty volumes, on all the periods of History, is a useful compilation; but its very size, apart from the internal arrangement, renders it unavailable for the purposes of a real general history. On a different, and we may confidently say, better plan is built the "Histoire Générale," edited by Lavisse and Rambaud, comprising the Middle Ages and Modern Times (till 1900), in twelve volumes. In that great work the peculiar character of a General History, that is, the plastic formulation of the general facts dominating all the particular events of History, is brought out with eminent success. Very useful, and frequently full bibliographies are added to each chapter; but an index—the chief deficiency of most French books—is absent.

In addition to these two works on General History, an incredible number of smaller or larger handbooks, digests, *précis*, &c., of General History have been published recently, more especially in Germany, France and America. In the last-named country such works are invariably schoolbooks, and need not be discussed here. In Germany and Austria, in addition to school-books (Universal History being an obligatory subject in all German schools), there is a number of partisan works written in the interest of the Catholic cause, of socialists, of the "general public," &c. It may suffice to quote the pious and voluminous "General History" of B. Weiss; the interesting work edited by Helmolt, now accessible in English; the brilliant still unfinished work of Professor Lindner of Halle, and the "Histoire" of M. Fontane.

The late Lord Acton, with a view of endowing the English speaking world with an authoritative statement of General History, conceived and mapped out the plan of the "Cambridge

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Modern History," the first volume of which has just appeared, under the editorship of Dr. A. W. Ward, Dr. G. W. Prothero, and Mr. Stanley Leathes (Cambridge, the University Press, 1902, alphabetical index, pp. 807, roy. 8vo). The volume is entitled "The Renaissance," and treats of the latter half of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth century, in nineteen chapters. The contributors are the late Dr. Creighton, Mr. E. J. Payne, Professor J. B. Bury, Mr. Stanley Leathes, Mr. E. Armstrong, Mr. Arthur Burd, Dr. Richard Garnett, Dr. Horatio Brown, Professor T. F. Tout, Mr. H. Butler Clarke, Dr. A. W. Ward, Dr. James Gairdner, Dr. William Cunningham, Professor Sir Richard C. Jebb, Dr. M. R. James, Dr. William Barry, Mr. Henry Charles Lea, and the writer of this article.

The period forming the introduction to Modern History is characterised by three broad or general facts; the first intellectual and emotional, the second geo-political, and the third political proper. The first is the Renaissance, or the new and incomparably deeper interest taken, first in Italy, then in France and the other countries, in the study of Greek and Roman literature and art. This great movement, by overthrowing the methods of Scholasticism, gave the European intellect incentives and tendencies so rich and so varied that within less than 150 years after its inception in the beginning of the fifteenth century the entire mental physiognomy of western Europe was completely changed. It took different shapes in different countries; yet the main feature everywhere was the irresistible process of Hellenisation of the then still barbarous mind of western and central Europe. The second great fact was the immense widening of the geographical horizon and of the possible area for political activity by means of the vast discoveries made likewise by Italians and by the Portuguese and the Spanish. At once the centre of gravity which had hitherto been in the Mediterranean was shifted to the eastern shores of the Atlantic; and England from having been almost outside the large currents of European politics, suddenly found herself in their very

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centre. For, the capture of Constantinople by the Turks (1453), together with the discovery of America (1492), itself in no small degree caused, if indirectly, by the fall of the Byzantine Empire, changed the hitherto thalassic stage of History into one that may fairly be called atlantic. The third great fact, intimately connected with the two former, was the intense individualisation of large, hitherto amorphous or disconnected territories by means of the establishment of centralised monarchies absorbing numerous minor and centrifugal polities. That process of individualisation, which in Burckhardt's well-known words was the chief effect of the Renaissance on the private individual too, worked during that period the integration or absorption of twenty-two large fiefs or provinces and *comtés* by the crown of France into one French kingdom, up to 1581. It likewise united in the strong hands of Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, and even in those of his two feeble successors, huge countries reaching from the middle Elbe to the Olt river in Rumania. It also coalesced into the "Papal State," the numerous tyrants and city-states of Central Italy, a gigantic task in which Cesare Borgia failed, and Pope Julius II. succeeded. It established the union of the kingdoms in Spain into one powerful Spain, and tightened the links connecting Wales and Ireland with England. Europe was taking shape. In France the centrifugal fiefs were nearly all in lay hands, and accordingly the French kings united them with the crown by political and military operations. In Germany, where the same strong tendency to individualisation of territory was felt, the uniting forces of the princes were confronted by ecclesiastical fiefs forming, between the Rhine and the Elbe, over one-third of Germany. To apply to the ecclesiastical fiefs in Germany the territorial unification that in France, Spain and Italy had been done by purely secular means, methods of a more religious or ecclesiastical character were required. And so the German movement of the Reformation, already set in motion by the renaissance of the intellect, was powerfully aided and precipitated by the renaissance of territory. It only needed the

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rise of Charles V., who was, in law, the master of the major part of Christian Europe, to stimulate all Germany to an outbreak of religious reform that was chiefly directed against the all-absorbing Hapsburgs.

In that attempt at individualisation of vast territories, the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, and the Kings of Hungary failed; and most of the German princes were likewise shorn of their expected territorial aggrandisement. The greatest success in the work of the territorial renaissance fell to the lot of the Valois and the Hapsburgs, and their achievements raised European policy from the local and petty level it had been working on in most countries, to the height of international considerations. A mistake or ill-luck in international or foreign policy was then visited with evil consequences very much more fatal than formerly. The inability of England, then stricken with the anarchy of the Wars of the Roses, to help Charles the Bold of Burgundy, the brother-in-law of Edward IV., did more for the downfall of the duke than his defeats at Granson and at Morat, in 1476, at the hands of the accidentally very much more numerous Swiss. For a similar shortcoming in foreign policy the Hungarians lost the important battle of Mohács, in 1526.

In the immense work of the Renaissance a great number of brilliant, important or useful persons took part. The reader of the "Cambridge Modern History" will find every one of them duly placed on the pedestal or in the corner which historical perspective has allocated to him. A large portion of the volume naturally treats of Italy, which gives in that period so adequate a proof of the principal thesis of History, the belief that History is made by minorities of men, if by majorities of geo-political factors. Separate chapters are devoted to Italy in general, to Florence (two chapters), to Rome and the Popes, and to Venice. Because of the vast importance of the Netherlands in the next period, the history, both external and internal, of those famous provinces is given in most careful detail. The vast economic change coming

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over Europe in the two generations preceding the Reformation is traced through all its ramifications; England's position and influence under the early Tudors is described on the basis of the latest researches; and the literary and religious aspects of the Renaissance are fully discussed in three elaborate chapters. A comprehensive study of the Ottoman Empire gives the English reader, for the first time, a full and clear view of that great Power, which was probably the chief cause of the vast change of history thalassic to history atlantic. A chapter enriched with telling parallels embraces the history and constitution of the German Empire. Last, not least, the discoveries of those ever memorable times are concisely but fully stated in two chapters. The minor countries are treated incidentally.

In keeping with the strictly scientific character of a work destined for the general public as well as for the student, each chapter is followed at the end of the volume by a systematic bibliography of its subject. The bibliographies thus added extend to no less than one hundred pages, and may be said to constitute the best guide to a serious study of the period they refer to. The entire work will consist of twelve volumes, and it is hoped that two volumes will be published each year. It is intended to publish the twelve volumes in two series—volumes appearing alternately in each, the second series beginning with America.

It is impossible to leave the subject of this, the first serious attempt, in English at a scientific General History of modern times, without adding a word of posthumous praise of the memory of the scholar to whom the idea and plan of the present work is due, the late Lord Acton. It is likewise impossible not to mention the immense labour and deep historic insight displayed by Dr. Ward and his colleagues in editing a volume entailing incredible work as well as great tact and forbearance.

EMIL REICH.

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ENGLISH AND INDIAN
A STUDY

TO study and admire two races as far apart in their differences as the East is from the West, as near in their resemblances and interests as children of one family, is to acquire a heart with a double pulse beat. Disapproval so often is but non-comprehension. To know better is to love more.

The Oriental is somehow, and in some things, nearer God's *non-human* creation than the more civilised Western. He has the fierce devotion, the more savage naturalness, the unreasoning dogged faithfulness, of an animal. He is also less grown-up; he is, as it were, a child among nations—wherefore his simplicity, his trustfulness, his credulity, his love for fairy-tales and miracles.

He is a part of God's creation first, next a member of a family. Is he ever a citizen?—the member of a state? I don't know. Where the travelling M.P. has attempted to make him one, the result has been disastrous. Perhaps the reason is, that his idea of a state was, and is still, that of a larger family. To be understood and taken into confidence is what he wants, rather than place or position for itself.

"You are of the Empire, yet not yet strong enough, perhaps, to be given as much authority as certain Westerns of the Empire."

This he would understand better than the attitude put into words by certain Englishmen of whom I have knowledge:

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"We must show you the difference between the conquered and the conqueror." As to that same "conquest," indeed, was it a conquest, *historically?*

I heard an old Mahommedan once address some very young and talkative Indians on the subject.

It was a meeting of thousands. The chief speakers had devoted their energies to advocating social reform; one or two of the younger men had aired a grievance. Then spoke the Mahommedan, in Urdu—for he was of the old school: "My children," he said, "'tis true that the British came here with a pair of scales in their hands. They have sat down with a sceptre. Yet—whose has been the advantage?"

Little doubt, I am sure, had the mass of people; and my old Mahommedan was wise. There is no need to mis-state the historical fact.

The *occupation* of India has blessed both Indian and foreigner. Often do Indians acknowledge their half of the truth. Perhaps an occasional acknowledgment of the other half would not be out of place; and a little trouble at understanding the *Indian* side of the question—would that not be well, too?

'Tis sad to me to notice how often speakers and writers hark back to the Mutiny, the best of them, with their "Look how the people rebelled!" But the wonder to my mind is not that there was that rebellion, but that it came and went so delightfully suddenly.

Think of the conditions of the country. For years there had been a succession of military despotisms. Any individual, were he strong enough, and could he but attract a following, might fight for his hand; and, holding the north-west stronghold, would hold the country. The province where the Mutiny began, and was at its worst, was the battle-field of centuries. The men who rebelled were warriors by race and tradition and education and practice.

That the country settled down as peaceably as it did, is to my mind the greatest proof ever given in Western history of

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the personal attraction and magnetism, of the sterling worth, and unflinching courage of the Englishman. Is it not also proof, too, of something else—of the dignified reasonableness of the Indian?

To a country divided with internal strife comes a strong man. Him the Indian recognised; to him he submitted.

"Each of us has had our chance; rule you now, you outsider. Do justice among us. That you are honest and brave we acknowledge. Fit are you for rule. We give you our loyalty—only, respect our religion, our prejudices."

And when the outburst came, was it not but—morally, mistaken resentment at a supposed insult to their religion? Physically, was it not only the untamed animal wanting his head?

Peace was so dull after centuries of fighting. I was talking once to an old Indian who had known some of the glories of the last Mogul.

"You can gather your wheat into your garners, your houses and occupations are secure now," said I.

"Yes," he replied; "yes, there is all that."

"What is there not?" I asked, curious.

"In the olden days," he replied, "the beggar by the wayside might become Prime Minister if the king but smiled upon him."

"But equally," I made answer, "might his head be cut off if he failed to appreciate the king's last joke?"

"*We took that chance!*" was the reply.

The answer was a parable.

Certainly, under a good and settled Government, life is no longer a gamble. And yet to a *fatalistic* people a gamble is perhaps a reasonable necessity. *The assured* has the same monotony as their creed of life. "What is written, is written," without doubt in every department of life and thought. But the only chance of excitement, of guessing at that inevitable writing, lies in uncertainty—something the fatalistic temperament wants for incentive, else is it too hopelessly inert. That

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is the explanation of any *unrest* that there may be found in the country. Our fault is, that there is too little of it, in the best sense. Too ready are we to accept the misfortunes of our own making, as God's decrees. Wherefore, oh! Englishman, try and understand that curious mystic fatalism, try and help and direct all aspirations. Behold, are they not natural? And in the right direction and training of these lies the eventual good of the country. India can never be depopulated of Indians, however many English folk come and settle amongst us. The Indian, as a factor, cannot therefore be neglected.

And, what is fatalism, after all, but the human recognition of divine justice. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" As said another Eastern: "God cannot err. Why I deserve this gladness, or wherefore I am so afflicted, who can tell? Justice must be justified of itself."

A Western calls this "faith"; an Eastern "*Nasib*." But the Eastern perhaps has the advantage, for his *Nasib* includes "resignation." It helps him not only to face the future, but to bear with dignity the present. Have you ever thought of the loneliness of an Eastern mind, in this constant converse with Fate? 'Tis the loneliness which most men are accustomed to associate with death alone. When the Eastern ceases from this —dialogue—he has attained his heaven, his absorption into the Divine. Fate has finally silenced him by annihilation.

Then take our standard of right and wrong. 'Tis a *personal* one in the East. We start with the idea that what may be wrong for ourselves may be right for outsiders. Indeed, the normal and ordinary, not the abnormal or extraordinary, is with us matter for surprise. There is no public opinion to mould either ethics or politics. To this fact I attribute the wondrous *tolerance* which you find in the East.

"That is not Eastern, therefore it must be wrong," is a criticism impossible. Before you are judged at all, much less condemned, many things will there be to be inquired of.

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(1) Are you an Eastern? If you are not I have no standard at all by which to measure you.

If you are—

(2) Of what class or caste of Eastern are you? If you are not of my particular community, equally are you without my orbit. If you are, and you have sinned, my condemnation extends to the exclusion of you from "bread and water." That rule our religion, which is greater than either of us, has made. But I will buy with you, sell with you, and talk with you. Generous and cheerful indeed is this tolerance among a people, who still will die of thirst rather than drink water from the hands of an outsider.

The fact is, contamination is ceremonial not moral. A prince might associate with a *badmaash*, if of his own caste. None would wonder.

Then again the standard of ethics is different for men and women.

"As you sow, so shall you reap," is orthodoxy for the man.

"As you sow, so shall they reap whom you love best—your son, your husband"—is the woman's religion.

You reap yourself. Yes, but as a secondary result; and it certainly never enters into the calculation of the individual woman, when the reaping is profitable.

Do good if you can; but if you can't or won't, stand up to your penalty like a man; or rather lie submissive under the full flood of it. Count the cost, the degradation to the lowest order of creation, the weary re-start through the gradations of re-genesis. At least there has been no deceit. Sometimes you may buy back part of the penalty by counterbalancing good deeds. An Eastern loves a bargain, and the business of salvation is one great mercantile transaction; but only men are allowed on that Rialto.

Vicarious *suffering*, with a woman for chief actor, is one of the tenets of the male. Vicarious *pleasuring*, with a man for chief actor, is the woman's.

I said that you took your penalty, you paid your price.

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True, but not always. In the highest scheme of punishment, whether for man or woman, some one else pays. The gods strike at the thing you love best. If the gods are angry with a woman they take away her husband. Is not the very treatment of the widow in India recognition of the fact? And does she not so accept it?

Or again, listen to an Indian cursing. He does not curse you, but your ancestors or descendants ("the son of a donkey," or "the father and mother of a donkey," not a donkey yourself, mark you!); or, most successful of all, those whom most you love.

Or take again, the old custom of sitting *dharna*. Why was it the best way of getting paid a debt, to sit fasting at the gate of your debtor?

Partly, no doubt, as reminder, but chiefly to bring upon his loved ones the judgment of your blood. You would starve yourself to death because of the contributory offence of an unpaid debt, and the gods would hold the contributory offender responsible. Anyhow, he feared this, the debtor, and borrowed at a rate, however high, to avert the catastrophe.

In observance of the letter of the law, indeed, and in the practice of religious duties, none can rival an Eastern, be he Mahommedan or Hindu. There is always reverence for the exactions of your faith, be it what it may. I believe even your worst enemy would stay execution if he had invaded your hour of prayer, would stand aside while you spread your mat and made your prostrations.

And no one is ashamed of practising his religion. The praying at the corners of streets or by the wayside, which is so common a sight in North India, is not pharasaical. The man prays there because the shrine is there, if he be a Hindu. If he be a Mohammedan, because 'tis the hour of prayer, and he must not neglect it, even though it take him unawares on a public road. He does not expect the reputation of sanctity for such duty, just as, certainly, he would not accord it.

Nor is he less zealous over his fasts. In India, fasting is as

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national an institution, at the appropriate times and seasons, as is Christmas feasting in England. Men, women, and even children, keep faith with God about these things, and their loyalty knows no temptation. I remember a dear, small boy, the son of our night watchman, a Hindu. His small soul loved mangoes, and on a day, as he followed me about the garden, I offered him one.

"No!" he said wistfully, "I may not take it."

"But why?"

"Does the Miss Sahib not know 'tis my fast? The giant of darkness strives to overcome the sun, and not even water must pass my lips for so many hours."

The duty, in his case, was self-imposed, for he was but six years of age, and so not yet within the pale of orthodox rigidity. But the story is illustrative of the Eastern spirit.

Do not women keep faith over their vows, even though it mean the sacrifice of a best-loved child?

To men it is permitted to lie; but not to the gods. For, look you, the gods hold the keys of *revenge* as well as knowledge. And they are powerful, too. They can take what you will not give. Better give and win merit.

Such various things "win merit." Listen to the priestly beggar: "Do God service by giving me of your plenty!" he will say. And his bearing is imperious, not cringing. He is there as *a means of salvation*, part of a divine scheme. Begging is a profession in the East.

I saw a crowd in a London street the other day laughing at and applauding a poor legless cripple, who danced on crutches. The man who showed him, made money for himself, for others amusement, out of the deformity. In India monstrosities still attract worship, not ridicule. The abnormal is akin to the supernatural, and so to be worshipped or propitiated. The true Eastern hushes himself in its presence. That, I expect, is one reason why ascetics deform themselves. As normal men they are too human to attract due reverence.

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Towards the great facts of life—love and death—the attitude of the Eastern is peculiar.

"We grow up to think that such an one belongs to us," said an Indian girl to me of her boy husband. "We take the relationship as you do, your brothers and sisters. You do not choose them. You do not, however, therefore resent them."

"English people do not understand our relationship to our wives," said another Hindoo to me once. "They treat their wives as we treat—left-handed relations."

The love-making on park benches, or the flirtation in a ballroom, would be equally impossible in the East. And yet, despite the difference of ideals, and habits, and circumstances, that love is seldom more beautifully rendered than in some of these Indian homes I have found time and again. Certainly in devotion and self-abnegation any woman, anywhere, would find it difficult to *out-love* an Indian lady.

Towards death the attitude is dignified fearlessness; not death but contamination is to be dreaded. In dying let nothing be done, or omitted, which would affect the after-life. This life is but one of the chambers in the many mansions of development. There is a disregard, indeed, of the present life, which is almost reckless; and the rapid disposal of the dead draws life and death extraordinarily close together—"Which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven." Equally rapid are the changes in the earth. Brown bare soil to-day; to-morrow the green growth of a night's rainfall.

In the year 825, the then Rajah of Travancore left his throne and disappeared in the forest. The formula which the Rajahs of Travancore still use, I am told, in ascending the throne, is:

"Till my uncle should return."

Think of all that that implies in continuity and age, and place beside it the fact that this is the very same nation that within the last fifty years has absorbed the radically different civilisation of the West, is ruled in many matters by Western

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standards of right and wrong, submits to Western ingrafts in commerce, education, administration.

The story goes that a man offering tribute to Lord Dalhousie remarked: "We refused it to Timur!" Hear that story with a thrill of gladness for the nation that can command such submission; but hear it also with a throb of comprehension for the nation that has accorded it.

Every year pilgrims still hold festival at the junction of the two great sacred rivers, the Jumna and the Ganges, and from the sandy godlet-strewn bank you can see the towers of the Government College, where men of the same race and religion (some even the very same individuals now bathing in the sacred stream, and giving gifts to ash-smeared priests) read Kant and Sidgwick and Mill and "The Wealth of Nations."

The very same individual again, in the robes of an English barrister, will plead the principles of English law in an English Court in the English language, and come home to—*the vernacular*—in speech and clothes and food, to the domestic conditions of two thousand years ago.

Again, the same individual will, as a result of his contact with the West, advocate liberty in thought and action in matters of public and personal advancement; and the government of his very own kingdom, his household, will be the despotism of a conservatism so rigid that the ordinary common-sense rules of hygiene or humanity may not invade it.

In the position of women, indeed, is found our greatest anomalies. In one part of the country you have women taking University degrees on the same terms as men. In another part of the country women of the same race and religion and class are shut away in a seclusion which even their own sex may not invade.

We relax our hold on the old too rapidly in some matters, and then for counterbalance, and by way of reaction, we tighten the bands of custom and superstition round those in our power, who have not the strength or individuality to ask for a reasonable progress. The strong man makes mistakes

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and revenges himself on the weak. Or again, the strong man yields to the tide of progress, and leaves the weak women and children to stagnate in the backwater. True, the women prefer the backwater themselves, fringed round is it with the rushes of the ages, so peaceful and private; and secure and safe is it with the sediment of many years; but is there not a nice clean pool of Siloam to which he might conduct them, where the angel of progress is an angel of healing stirring the age-old waters?

Some have asked me oftentimes of late whether *sadness* is a note of Indian life. 'Tis a hard question to answer, and depends on what you call sadness. Certainly the mass of people are not joyous. I personally have been much oppressed by the tragedy of life as I wandered up and down the country these last eight years. Sadder things have I known (as Westerns count sadness) than I have yet had the courage to put down on paper. Yet much depends on ideals. In India a woman's ideal is *sainthood*, not personal happiness. To *give* and not count the cost is her greatest pleasure.

Think, too, of the conditions of life in the home. Do they not make for what Westerns call tragedy? The multiplication of the domestic relationship in certain families, must not that create, of necessity, situations fraught with difficulty? If the woman loves, must not the pangs of jealousy assail her? If she does not care enough to love, if she is indifferent, is not that sad, too?

Then the rivalry of mothers—where there are children of more than one mother—is not that productive of tragedy? Think, too, of the intrigues of petty courts.

Even the efforts towards enlightenment and education make sadness. One of four ladies will be educated, and even allowed out of purdah, the other three will eat their hearts out at home. Or, there is but one wife, but she is not educated, and her husband has spent many years in England, acquiring habits and modes of thought to which she is a stranger. Even when he returns, their lives are on different planes. In his recreation

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she has as little share as in his work. The inability to keep step with him, does not that make for tragedy in the joint life?

Yet is there lightness in the mother's devotion to her children, in the simple contentment with domestic duties, in the picturesque customs and incidents of life, and, to my mind, above all, in the fact that the flowers of love and devotion and self-sacrifice can blossom even in the putrid atmosphere of disease and death.

You will find that even that backwater of which I spoke can be a bed of lotus flowers. Pluck them, you who linger so long under Eastern skies!

CORNELIA SORABJI.

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THE NOVELS AND PLAYS OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

I

BORN in the year 1864 in the old walled town of Pescara, in the Abruzzi on the Adriatic coast, Gabriele d'Annunzio is, at the age of thirty-eight, famous throughout Europe, chiefly by means of the influence of the great French critic, the Vicomte de Vogüé, who, as is well known, welcomed him as the angel of the Latin Renaissance. And perhaps it is by reason of this splendid annunciation, rather than by the power of his own genius, hidden or obscured, at least to the majority of mankind, by the general ignorance of so antique a language as Italian, that the world has received him so readily, and set him too among its gods. For, though it is in vain that one should deny his genius, for it is incontestable, it is strange that he is welcomed, everywhere almost, more readily than he is in Italy, seeing that it is really only the Italian who reads him in his own words.

Profound, in the strict sense of the word; never, as is almost a matter of course in modern English literature, without ideas, he is at one and the same time a Mystic and a Realist. Taking the side neither of the angels nor of the devils, he is even scornful of man, a passion for whom has led to some of the great indiscretions in literature. Yet as a Mystic he is never far from reality, even as in realism he is almost always a poet, consumed it would seem even when in the close embrace

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of the actual world, with a lust for the beauty of mere words, desiring almost before anything beside the emotion of their flight, and sweep and glory and terror. And in the quest for this beauty he has searched all lands and ransacked the fields of Cadmus and the burial-places of the Atridæ. Nor is he without the moods and the grave serious accents of the sensualist, pursued by the hallucination of desire, in which madness he, like all in the grip of that demon, is minute, dreary, infinitely infinitesimal.

His terror he has from the Greeks, and his sensuality, obscenity and passion from his own land, his realism from France and Russia, and his mysticism from Germany and Belgium and the profound saints of the Catholic Church. It is only from us he has learnt nothing, or next to nothing, at least till lately, finding perhaps in the plays of Shakespeare or the writings of one or two moderns, something less lengthy, less full of useless words and pages that might have been left out, than in the writings of Zola, or the works of Tolstoi, or the operas of Richard Wagner, that may, one is not slow to think, be of use to him, at least by way of example.

It is well to remember in reading D'Annunzio that he wrote verse before ever he wrote prose, and not verse only but poetry. Chiarini, the critic, welcomed him as early as 1881, when his "Primo Vere" was published, seeing in him perhaps another jewel for Italy's new crown, till later he found, as he supposed, nothing but "desire"; and as Jowett said of Swinburne so Chiarini may have said of D'Annunzio: "A brilliant youth! Too brilliant a youth! It's all youth!"

For even in those days D'Annunzio was chiefly an artist in himself, exploiting his own soul and mind and physical presentment in his work; so that behind the puppets, be they never so living, happy or sad, one sees Gabriele D'Annunzio smiling, with not quite truthful or unenigmatic brows. And so among his other delightful, splendid or shameful poses there is almost before all that famous name—for Gabriel of the Annunciation has not so sweet a prince's name after all, but is

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just Signor Rapagnetta in a world that he has as yet taught to smile for no other cause.

In his first work in prose, "Libro delle Vergini," one finds almost nothing of the Gabriele D'Annunzio of to-day. The strength and beauty of the "Trionfo" are not there, and even the very prose itself is almost sacrificed to a desire not for reality but for realism, and it is only when dealing with exterior things that he contrives to make a peace, broken over and over again with a beauty, without which, however, he is never quite himself.

In considering his novels first, and his poetry and plays afterwards, I deal with him as the world deals, treating him as chiefly a writer of prose. But in reading his novels it is before all things necessary to remember that the works of D'Annunzio are scarcely novels at all in our sense of the word. It is characteristic of the English novel that, apart from every other form of literature, it alone is indifferent to words, concerning itself chiefly with a tale of love or crime, interesting us not by its prose but by its inherent romance or realism. It is indeed to the rest of literature—to poetry, for example, in its preoccupation with form—what the photograph is to the work of the painter, appealing to us not by any beauty of its own, but by a kind of familiarity, as who should say, I recognise that person or event, so and not otherwise, such or such an occurrence must have happened. In other words, the English novelist is not to-day concerned with art or literature at all, he is merely anxious to interest a certain number of people in the tale he is telling: and because for the majority style or the art of words merely serves to confuse the story, he, wisely no doubt, and happily for himself, discards any attempt at beauty of sentence or choice of words, and sets himself to tell a plain tale as lengthily as he can.

Have not the great romances of the world all been written? There is but little to be said of love after Shakespeare has spoken. Exterior life that was so interesting to our fathers no longer charms us or holds us at all; we know it all so well.

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It is, so D'Annunzio seems to tell us, and not D'Annunzio alone, the interior life unsuspected by the majority breathing there so quietly, that shall quicken imaginative art. The adventures of the soul with itself—it is just there we encounter the eternal in human nature as we never do in the exterior world. Nor, as one can see in D'Annunzio's work, will imaginative art stop short of truth herself. For it is not realism, nor even reality, but truth for which we seek, and perhaps some beauty of sensation. And in this interior castle there can be no lying. In that quiet, profound life, where one realises perhaps for the first time that mankind was made after one image, it may be indeed, as our fathers have told us; in the image of God, no noise of argument or contradiction can come; one finds the assurance of music there, the certainty of life.

But there is no country of the spirit that does not include as part of its kingdom a sensuous or even sensual region also It is not in dreamland, be sure, that the world of D'Annunzio lies, but in a region of sensation, spiritual, sensual, of profound and ridiculous physical passions, and tears as terrible and moving as any looked at from the outside that have, oh, once upon a time, made the world laugh or weep. The phenomena are the same. It is the artist who is different. Concerned less with plot than with beauty he cannot excuse himself if he lies. An enemy really, rather contemptuous of story-tellers and realists, he is concerned with the adventures of the soul of man. Nor will he, in his use of words, emulate their slovenliness. As his highest aim is beauty, so he finds that, at least in his own art, it is not to be divorced from words; that in themselves perhaps words are the most beautiful things in the world, to be used carefully, and not without a real love.

So, in comparing D'Annunzio's work with that of the English writers of to-day, it will be found doubtless to be less excited and excitable, but I think more enthusiastic. For most of our own novelists are always a little out of breath. It is a bad habit.

One speaks so many languages, one goes so swiftly by train

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or electric tram, one lunches so soon after breakfast, that a real sense of humour—that looking on the world as a spectacle of which nothing is strange to us—is among the rarest of habits or gifts. Nor, indeed, can one say of D'Annunzio that humour is a habit with him. Is there, I wonder, a smile other than that of contempt in all his work? I doubt it. But there, in the silence and remoteness of "L'Innocente," or the wilder "Trionfo," and even in "Il Piacere," too, I find time to feel the genius of places, the enchantment of quiet cities, the breadth of the country, the vastness of the sea.

In the "Piacere" he is perhaps more under the influence of French work than in any other of his longer books. This history of a lust is in some parts almost as ugly as that title; redeemed, indeed, by the genius of the author from the mere sordid and exciting tale of ordinary French fiction; one has glimpses almost from the first of a new manner of handling landscape, nature, music, everything indeed that is outside the miserable soul of the hero. One is not at the trouble (it is never very wise) to look at any man's work from the point of view of the morality of the day, or fitness for the rather bilious mind of the seventeen-year-old girl, or the schoolboy. Yet it appears to me that D'Annunzio is often quite needlessly obscene, worrying subjects usually treated with a certain care, as a maniac will twist and turn his fingers, never letting them rest for a moment the whole day long. And so, almost in spite of himself as it were, D'Annunzio often attains to a profound morality; for when he has described with the weary minute ness of the sensualist some scene or passion, one is filled with disgust, one finds the whole thing detestable, where a man of lesser passions and equal genius would have moved us to desire.

And here, too, as in all his works, one finds the hero, Andrea Sperelli—as at other times one finds Giorgio Aurispa, or Tullio Hermil, or Cantelmo, or the extraordinary being of "Il Fuoco"—isolated, alone, cut off from the world in which he lives, by some impassable barrier of the spirit, so that, as it were, the very atmosphere he breathes would prove too rare for

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other men, who, after all, one may believe are not consumed by the same flame as that which is slowly burning the very life out of these sad and passionate people. And so one may say of D'Annunzio, as has been said of Praxiteles, that in spite of his sensuality, in spite of his implacable animalism, his aim is ideal. And curiously enough it is generally in writing of the sea that one finds that ideality without which we may believe the artist works but in vain. For it is not in the actions of men or women, or in their thoughts about one another, that D'Annunzio is interested, but perhaps a little in their loves and in their hates, and chiefly in their thoughts about themselves. And so when for a moment he forsakes humanity and turns to nature, it is that most human of nature's elements, the sea, with its absorbing passions and furies, its persistence, its incorrigible ugliness, its majestic beauty, its sadness, its changefulness, and, above all, its isolation, that becomes for him almost a god after the Greek fashion, possessing in its heart even the passions of men, but confined by no law, ruled by no relentless morality, persuaded from an expression of its desire by no equal voice.

There are no people in D'Annunzio's novels, just as there are no plots, and scarcely even a story. His men and women, his peasants and young Roman patricians, are only real in so far as they are of little importance, in so far as he has spent but little pains on them. Of his men, Andrea and Giorgio, and Tullio and Cantelmo—yes, even the hero of "Il Fuoco"—are but expressions of the same soul, almost of the same body, expressions if you will of the author's self, but also of the whole world, as we know it, of the men of our own day, of men as they must have been yesterday, as they will be to-morrow; not in their strength, scarcely ever that, but in their weakness, and their desires, and their temptations to which it is necessary that they should succumb, so that one finds in them no heroes at all, scarcely even reasonable people, but certain aspects of very life, where people do not usually rise above the implacable circumstances of their lives, and are not too much in love with chastity or asceticism of any sort; and

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do not concern themselves very often with the necessity of resistance to evil, or desire, which come to them almost always as friends with promises. And as all these things come to men not outwardly at all, there is but little action in this book, and one feels something at the least of that isolation which is to become more pronounced in the "Innocente" and complete and never to be broken at all in the "Trionfo." And it is in a moment of profound emotion, of disgust almost, at the ridiculous figure cut by the pilgrims at the shrine of the Madonna, a scene which perhaps to one less scornful of humanity, less cruel, would not have appeared as ridiculous at all, that D'Annunzio speaks to us really honestly from behind the mask of Giorgio Aurispa in "The Triumph of Death."

It could not be [he says] that his being had its roots in that soil; he could have nothing in common with this multitude which like the majority of the animal species had already attained to its definite and fixed type. . . . He was as much a stranger to these people as though they were a tribe of South Sea Islanders, as much an alien to his country and his native soil as he was to his family and his childhood's home. . . . That dream of asceticism which he had constructed with so much splendour and adorned with so much elegance, what was it but another expedient for warding off death? You must train your mind to avoid truth and certitude if you would live—renounce all keen experience, rend no veils, believe all you see, accept all you hear. Look not beyond the world of appearances created by your own vivid imagination, adore the illusion.

It is thus in reality he would counsel us; so that one comes to see that it is not Truth for which we seek but Beauty, and not Beauty perhaps entirely but creative power. So in another place he can say:

You think too much [she cried], you pick your thoughts to pieces. I daresay you find them more attractive than me, because your thoughts are always new, always changing, whereas I have lost all novelty for you. In the first days of our love you were less introspective, more spontaneous. You had not acquired a taste for bitter things then, because you were more lavish with your kisses than your words. If, as you say, words are such an inadequate form of expression, why make so much use of them? you often use them cruelly.

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And, indeed, D'Annunzio, like Giorgio Aurispa, is intensely cruel, without pity, utterly scornful, never appeased, keeping his anger for ever against a humanity that has displeased and disgusted him.

He describes the plucking of a living dove with an exactness that is wonderful and needless. His description of the Pilgrimage in the "Trionfo" is one of the most terrible things he has written; yet it is horrible too, for he makes no sign of pity, he sees with the eyes not of a man but of a god or a devil, and is eternally scornful of poor people who were worthy of tears, who would have called forth the tears of a greater man. So he becomes brutal, and sees a suffering human being only as an object for ridicule, for scorn; sees the cripple as a barbarian boy might see him, and the unsound mind as an example of nature's humour. His manner of describing the Aunt of Giorgio in the "Trionfo" is an example of what I mean, not an extreme instance by any means; and so one sees the pose of the cynic, perhaps his most natural attitude, becoming the most frequent of all his poses, utterly destroying his insight and his creative power, till as in the "Fuoco" he flies over the sky himself a sight for men and angels, having exposed not his own soul alone to the gaze of a world he has hated. So I find him guilty of a deep and ingrained cruelty, that as I think he will never quite be able to forget, to unlearn; for is not cruelty the real malady at the heart of the sensualist, and has D'Annunzio not told us almost with a great boast that sensuality has claimed him and held him for its own?

"It was his Aunt Gioconda." . . . She was his father's eldest sister and about sixty years of age. She was lame from the effects of a fall and somewhat stout, but with an unwholesome stoutness, pale and flaccid. Wholly absorbed in religious exercises, she lived her own life shut away from the rest of the family on the upper floor of the house, neglected, unloved, regarded as semi-imbecile. Her world was made up of sacred pictures, relics, emblems, symbols; her sole occupation religious practices; sighing out her life in the monotony of prayer and

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enduring the cruel tortures imposed on her by her greediness—for she adored sweet things, turning in disgust from any other kind of food, and very often she had to go without. Giorgio, therefore, was high in favour with her, because, whenever he came home, he never failed to bring her large quantities of sweetmeats.

"Well," she said, mumbling through her poor old toothless jaws, "well, so you have come back! Eh? come back!"

She looked at him half timidly, not knowing what else to say, but there was a gleam of evident expectation in her eyes. Giorgio felt his heart contract with a pang of pity. This poor creature, he thought, who has sunk to the last depths of human degradation, this miserable bigoted old sweet tooth, is connected with me by the insuperable tie of blood—she and I belong to the same race!

"Well," she repeated, seized with obvious anxiety, while her expression grew almost impudent.

"Oh, Aunt Gioconda, I am so sorry," he answered at last with painful effort. "I quite forgot to get your sweets this time."

The old lady's face suddenly changed as if she were going to be ill, the light died out of her eyes. "Never mind," she said brokenly.

"But I will get you some to-morrow," Giorgio hastened to console her. "I can get some easily—I will write——"

Aunt Gioconda rallied. "You can get them at the Ursuline convent, you know," she said hurriedly.

A pause ensued, during which she no doubt enjoyed a foretaste of the delight of the morrow; for, judging by the little gurgling noises in her throat, her toothless mouth was apparently watering at the prospect.

Is that true? If so, it ought never to have been written; at least by a man or woman. In hell's library no doubt such cruel scorn of foolish or bestial men and women is welcomed: on our earth are we not all too nearly approaching the grave—in which, be sure, could we but see ourselves, we should appear ridiculous enough, and desire for our poor bones a little pity from the living—for such betrayal as that, for such scorn as that?

And it is not only in such passages that D'Annunzio accuses himself of cruelty; for "Il Fuoco," his last book, is, it appears to me, scarcely anything more than a long torture from

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beginning to end of a woman, whom one is continually on the point of recognising, by a man one is never in doubt of for a moment. In this book the egoist has for once obtained entire command, so that art and artistry, passion, laughter, and tears, everything is forgotten, is never really thought of at all, so absorbed is the author in expressing himself; in which object I think he scarcely succeeds at all, showing us, indeed, instead of a man, a human monster, very often ridiculous, whose mad or silly passions or freaks of mind he does not scruple to label genius to an astonished world.

It is not, however, in such vagaries of a great mind that we must look for the expression of the real D'Annunzio—but, I think, in the marvellous and quiet pages of the "Innocente" and in the "Trionfo" itself. Of all his women, and they are all adorable, I love best her he has named "Turris Eburnea," the divine Giuliana. But, in truth, she is no Tower of Ivory, nor has she other right to Madonna's title save in that her body is very white and sweet; for she is full of the sensuous and almost dreamy desire of life, living and desirable and tender and in despair and almost reconciled with death. But, indeed, like his men, his women are almost always the same woman, with or without that profounder sensuality which crowns Ippolyta above Elena Muti as queen of harlots.

And this woman, sweeter than the shoulders of the mountains, desirable and desirous, trips through all his books to the mournful music of the castanets or the melodies of spring or autumn, or the thrumming of the blood in the ears, when she has succeeded in driving us mad for love. She comes to us first as the Duchess Elena; and having given us what we desired, leaves us still unsatisfied as the pale and dear woman of Sienna, Donna Maria. And she appears to us again, more desirable than ever, as Giuliana Hermil, Tullio's wife, of the white and flower-like body, whose secrets we learn always with surprise, whose misfortunes only make her dearer to us than before. And last of all, as the dark Ippolyta, stripped naked, her body marked with the bruises of love, in full womanhood,

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with red and clinging mouth and feet of clay, we see her crashing down to death locked in her lover's arms, keeping always life in her remembrance whilst he has forgotten it. There are no women out of Shakespeare so profoundly feminine. George Meredith's girls are girls, and sometimes borrow more than a little from his delightful boys. But place them for a moment beside D'Annunzio's women, and they would show their uncouthness, their shyness, their masculine powers of speech, or strength of character, or abruptness of manner, too well to be untroubled by the beauty of these we have learned to know as a lover knows his mistress.

And last of all, in the beautiful and mysterious pages of the "Vergini delle Rocce," we meet those three princesses Massimilla, Anatolia and Violante. Massimilla, who knows that "the shape of her lips forms the living and visible image of the word Amen." Anatolia, who possesses "the two supreme gifts that enrich life and prolong it beyond the illusion of death." Violante, whose hair weighs heavier on her brow than a hundred crowns, who has dazed herself with perfumes. In this book of exquisite prose one finds the aim and the achievement of the highest poetry. Scarcely to be read without emotion, or hurriedly at all, it appeals to one as some majestic and imperial dream. Yet there is nothing but truth in the book, a truth far more profound and necessary than any of the little obvious obscenities or indecencies that have, in fiction at any rate, almost usurped the very name of truth herself.

These three solitary princesses are no fable, but real beings, born in an old land, in a time that is in love with change, that is scornful of old things and its own past, and, like the youngest, looks for glory to the future.

After all we live in a world that shrinks all day long, and may be in the night too, from death. Let us hug to us then art at least, together with the brief charm of the world and the passing glory of the hills; content only with perfection; the proper state of mind after creation being, as one likes to remember, "that it was very good."

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II

D'Annunzio has written six plays of varying beauty, interest and power. Two only of these are at all known in England—viz., *The Dead City* and *Gioconda*. Of the *Dream of a Morning of Spring* and the *Dream of an Autumn Sunset* we know nothing, as they have not yet been translated either into French or English. And of his last and splendid tragedy in verse, *Francesca da Rimini*, it is impossible that we should know anything, seeing that as yet it is unpublished.[1] But on a night I shall not forget, in the glorious and splendid theatre on the Quirinal Hill in Rome, I heard Duse speak the magnificent and sad lines that D'Annunzio has written for her who has made hell as dear as heaven. It was not a friendly house. The Roman people, never in history remarkable for perfect taste, satisfied its contempt for the work of a man recognised all over Europe as one of the greatest men of letters of our day, by stamping and shouting continually whenever their slow and vandal minds were puzzled or disgusted by the beauty of the verse. It was scarcely a pleasant impression one had of beauty in the hands of the crowd. Yet, as the first act proceeded, almost in spite of itself the crowd was compelled to be silent, and the glorious verse swept over them, and vanquished them, and swept them away, till at the close of a long and perfect passage shouts of "Bello! bello!" rang through the theatre, and the beast with innumerable heads was cowed, nay, even loving for the moment, to him who had conquered it with beauty. It is impossible for me to speak of *Francesca da Rimini* as a critic. The night I saw it, and heard for the first time D'Annunzio's verse spoken by an artist, was one of intense excitement. It was the first representation of the play, which had twice been postponed. All Rome was at the Costanzi to see D'Annunzio's triumph or failure. There were, it was very evident, two parties in the

[1] It has now appeared in Italy, and an English translation by Mr. Arthur Symons is announced by Mr. Heinemann for publication this month.

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house—those who wished his success, and those who above all things desired his failure. These two factions were continually at each other's throats. Even the critics, and they came from Russia and from France, from all Italy, and from Germany and England, were hostile or friendly; it was impossible to be otherwise than excited. Magnificently staged, it was, I think, really owing to the acting that it was not a greater success than it proved to be.

La Duse is not what she was even five years ago, and her methods are, and always were, naturalistic; yet in this play she was more "stagey" than I have ever seen her before. Salvini, who played Paolo, on the other hand was classical in his method, so that really it seemed to me that it was Francesca rather than Paolo who was, as it were, the guilty one; that, indeed, Paolo had very little to do with the matter, he was so little moved, so unconcerned, even when caught in the very arms of Francesca by his brother, Malatesta lo Sciancato, Francesca's husband.

And D'Annunzio, too, in writing this play, has not treated it romantically as one would have expected, but psychologically; so that one finds, or seems to find, that he has analysed and laid bare the very soul and inner histories of the characters, and, as indeed in all his plays, one seems rather to be reading a novel than to be watching the action of a play. There seemed to me, too, to be more than a suggestion of *Tristan*, yes, Wagner's *Tristan*, in a play that was fulfilled always with desire and the inevitable mastery of passion. But *Francesca da Rimini* seemed to me to be almost as beautiful as anything he has written. To be, also, something new in his work, written as it is in a classical language, in verse that he has desired "shall not be too unworthy of Dante."

Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera—a "Dream of a Morning of Spring"—is a play written probably after a study of Maurice Maeterlinck, and it is to be noticed, not in his plays alone, that D'Annunzio is always strongly influenced by most unlikely people. Nietsche has influenced him strongly, and the Russians,

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and even Wagner and Maeterlinck. A curious story, as lovely as horrible, that might, perhaps, have been omitted by Boccaccio from the "Decameron," owing to its morbidness, or its horror, told as those stories were, we may remember, not far from the dying and the terror of great misfortune.

Isabella, the beautiful wife of the Duke of Poggio-Gherardi, is mad. For her lover, a young lord, was killed as he lay in her arms on her breast, by the Duke, her husband; and she, drenched in his blood, still held him close—and at sunrise they found her mad! That is the simple and morbid story of a play that is certainly not the least beautiful of all D'Annunzio's work. And one gathers, as the play proceeds, that Isabella has been sent, together with her sister Beatrice, away into the forest to a villa, there to remain under the care of the doctor, that he may, if it be possible, cure her. So he banishes from her sight everything that is red; and the poppies are no longer suffered to grow in the field, nor are there any red roses to be seen in a world that, for Isabella, must for the future be green only, with the leaves of the trees, and the grass, and the whole forest life. And it is really in her becoming one with this green life that the solution of the play seems to lie.

And there is in this play, as in *Gioconda*, a curious half-Shakespearean creature, wholly delightful—Virginio, who, like La Sirinetta in the *Gioconda*, stands really outside the action of the play, hears and sees all that is passing so inevitably, but is as it were untouched by it, a little lower, a little higher—who knows?—than the human race, than the characters of the play, chiefly concerned with listening to the tragedy of a world by which he is moved so little. Ah! it is impossible within the limits of an article on the works of D'Annunzio generally, to do justice to the fantastic beauty of what, after all, is almost as nothing beside the *Trionfo*, *La Gloria*, or *La Citta Morta*.

The *Dream of an Autumn Sunset* is really not a play at all, but a vision. The terrible and impossible scenes of lust and blood and glory cannot even be realised, save in the mind, and

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would be ridiculous on the stage, and before a public that shrinks from blood as from the very secret of death. The immense conflagration with which this play closes is certainly a piece of glorious imagination; but the play, as a whole, is excessive in its very intention, and can scarcely have been written in the saner moments of an author who, after all, is living in a reasonable world.

It remains, then, to discuss *La Gloria*. I will say at once that, in many respects, and especially because of its magnificent symbolism, this play is the most remarkable that D'Annunzio has ever written. It is really a picture of Rome—yes, Rome to-day. For, as I read Gloria, Cesare Bronte, who is dying, and passing, courageous to the last, impervious by new ideals, fighting to the end those ideas that are destroying him, Cesare Bronte is the Pope, the Papacy; while Ruggero Flamma—the elect one—he who has been chosen by the people and has allied himself with La Gloria, he whom, in the end, La Gloria kills, is the New Rome, the Third Rome, the kingdom that the people chose with so much enthusiasm. I do not think it is possible to give a clear account of this extraordinary play without reproducing it almost word for word. One finds in it a new character—a character entirely new in drama or, indeed, in Art—"La Folla," the crowd, the multitude. The play opens, as it closes, with this tremendous character governing the issues of the play and of life, till it brings about really its own destruction, shouting for the head of Ruggero Flamma, the elect one, its chosen leader, whom, after kissing him upon the forehead and the lips, La Gloria slays. And can any one who has read this play ever really forget that terrible monster and its awful cry, "La sua testa, la sua testa, Gettaci, la sua testa"?

La Comnèna or La Gloria, it is the same, is talking with Ruggero Flamma.

"You have longed for me, it was for me you waited," she says.

"I looked for Fame," he answers.

"La Gloria mi somiglia," she says.

The Crowd. Death to Flamma! death to Flamma!

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Flamma. [*To* La Comnèna.] Who are you? who are you?

La Comnèna. Listen! [*She goes to the window.*

The Crowd. The Empress! the Empress! Death to Flamma! death to Flamma!

[*She goes to* Flamma *and kisses him on the eyelids and on the mouth, and then drives her dagger through his heart.*

La Comnèna. Listen! listen!

The Crowd. The Empress! the Empress! Kill her! kill her!

La Comnèna. Listen! Ruggero Flamma is dead.

[*There is a moment of silence, and then a long indistinct roar from the multitude.*

La Comnèna. Ruggero Flamma is dead. I have killed him: I, even I myself, have killed him.

The Crowd. His head, his head, throw us his head!

[*The sacred city is in a great shadow, and to her, as she turns insolently to withdraw the stiletto, there comes a moaning that becomes one vast and terrible cry.*

His head, his head, throw us his head!

So ends a play that is, I say it advisedly, without parallel in our time for significance and terror.

For here for the first time an artist has attempted the study not only of his own time but of Demos, that ugly and merciless being who is, at our own day, really master of the situation, who, even as the other, hails La Gloria as the Empress.

In the *Gioconda* and the *Città Morta* we have two plays that probably contain the finest work of D'Annunzio. But he who runs may read, for Mr. Arthur Symons' translations are so excellent that they can leave nothing to be desired. And before ending this article I should like to say something as to the English translations of D'Annunzio's work.

The two plays, *The Dead City* and *Gioconda*, are almost perfect examples of the art of translation, and this is easily tested by the ordinary reader, for in *The Dead City* Mr. Symons has translated some passages of Sophocles as they have never before been Englished; I wish he would give us the whole of the *Antigone*, for we have not even a readable version of that masterpiece in English.

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Of the novels, the best translated is the "Virgins of the Rocks." The "Trionfo" probably could never have been properly translated owing to the seventeen-year-old English Miss and the sixty-year-old Mrs. and Mr.; and the same unfortunate habit of blushing would prevent "Il Piacere" also from being translated fully and honestly. However, all these can be read, not in their entirety but perhaps as much so as is desirable, in the French.

What D'Annunzio's future may be I cannot say. That he will accomplish something, and not a little thing, I believe; but since he is now thirty-nine years old, it is time that he came down from the clouds, and forgot such visions as the "Dream of an Autumn Sunset" or the "Episcopo and Co.," and turned towards a living world, not less wonderful, in which, as he has already shown us, his true inspiration lies.

EDWARD HUTTON.

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TO A TERRIER

POOR little mortal! In that wiry frame
Reason and energy are well expressed,
And memory and faithful love confessed;
Thou hast a central will, a special name,

A moral nature, shown by sense of shame
When, different motives battling in thy breast,
Thou hast preferred the worst and left the best
Knowing full well the act that merits blame.

If all thy hopes are in this earthly span
Of fleeting life, thou art a charge indeed;
Thy all depends upon thy master, man.

But if in thee is strong immortal seed,
If thy feet press the course we lately ran,
Then let us help a brother at his need.

MARY E. RICHMOND.

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DANNY

LXV

THE WARRIOR WAKES.

VERY sorrowfully next morning Robin awaited his Weary Heart.

Long he waited at the old trysting-place beneath the riven fir, where the two had met at dawn any morning these eight years past; yet no Danny came.

The minutes passed, the mists drew off from the face of the moors, and still there came no sad trailing shadow of grey. Once indeed he thought to hear a merry hunting cry in the wood above him; then knew it for the ghost of such a sound come to him out of the dead long ago.

A sudden horror seized the old man. The shadowy presence of Simon Ogg the night before, come and gone before he could stay it, had unnerved him. All night long he had tossed uneasily, and awhile before the dawn had fallen asleep, and in his sleep had dreamed. And in his dream he had seen the Laird dead upon his bed, a handkerchief across his face, and on his breast one lying, eating his heart away. He had screamed, and the eater had looked up, and, lo! it was Danny; yet not Danny, but one like him as himself only with serpent's eyes.

As he recalled the horror of it, a panic seized the old man.

He turned and fled fearfully down the hill towards the

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house; and just then there appeared to him, cantering over the brow of the hill, a sturdy warrior in grey.

. . . . . .

Robin brought up with a gasp.

The little man came ploughing through the bracken at three-cornered canter, greeting the old man merrily as of old with grin and friendly twinkle of ears.

Robin regarded him incredulously.

Here was not the Weary Heart of the night before, who had refused with sad eyes to pursue Simon Ogg. This was the Warden of the Marches, glowing, battle-alert, the shadow lifted.

Robin fell upon his knees.

"Is it my man indeed?" he cried, and stretched forth doubting old hands to feel the warm body, throbbing and solid beneath his touch.

Then he rose from his knees.

"It is a miracle!" he cried with breaking voice, "or he has killed again!"

. . . . . .

As the two entered upon the woods, fragrant and shimmering from bath of dew and stars, Robin dared hardly breathe. He walked stealthily, all eyes upon his ancient battle-fellow. And Danny, the delight of life tiding back on him, marched in front as though to pipe-music, his silver stern like a young knight's banneret amid the bracken.

Busy, bloody, alert, he went, rousing the sluggard woods. Now he stood at gaze, stone-still and with sentinel ears; now he scurried away, nose down and with spurting hind-legs, as though upon the track of Missie late walking in the dew. Renewing fellowship with life, he greeted again many a half-forgotten boulder and lawn among the bracken, where, while he slept, had gathered, in the moonlight councils of friendly foes, red tod and hoary badger and all the dew-loving outlawry of moss and moor.

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And when by the cleft rock whence springs a rowan like a lady's plume, loved long ago of one who would lie beneath its feathery canopy and dream, the Warden flashed out of his path and slew a mole, with all the old fervour of devotion, Robin, knee-deep amid the bracken, took off his cap, and with face lifted to the fair heaven, "He cares to kill; he cares to live!" he cried, and said grace to GOD because his warrior was himself again.

Afterwards he gathered the sleek corpse, patted its little dead hands fatherly, and thrust it into his bosom for the Laird to see. Then he spoke burning words to the little knight, and marched triumphant through the singing morning.

So they came to the northern borders of the wood, where in summer Lammermore laps its edge like a purple sea: Danny still skirmishing in front.

Robin watched him hunt past the spot where last night the vagrant hen had pitched her tent, and cast on up the moor.

Robin wondered. The Lady of the Ditch had not arisen to curse him as he passed; nor had the courtly Warden thrown her greeting.

"She has deserted," thought Robin, and approached to inspect.

As he had thought so it proved. The nest was deserted, and the eggs stone-cold; and yet he knew her for a mother, this gipsy lady, admirable among many.

The old man looked about him, marked a slur in the dust of the dry ditch as of a body dragged; and pursuing it came on a soft curled feather blood-dabbled.

There could be no longer any doubt: here had been a moorland tragedy. And at the moment up came Danny, rapt in search.

Robin scratched his head. And first he said it would be a tod; and then he said it would be a Visitation of the Lord; and last he said the Laird would be a fashed man the day; for, next to Danny, the Laird held his Silver Greys dear to his

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soul, because in the past they had been the particular care of Missie.

Pondering thus the old man trotted home to report. And because he was afraid, he clothed himself as ever in brazen armour. Brazen was his report and brazen his end.

"The Lord gave and the Lord took away; and there's just no more to be said on it."

The Laird rose to his feet.

"Ye breed o' the gowk!" he said, swept his cloak about him, and went forth into the morning, he and Danny and rude injured Robin, to inspect.

On the borders of moor and wood he stood over the scene of the tragedy, white and with thunder-brow.

"How came it that you let her bide out here away in the wilderness?" he asked, turning on Robin.

"You never tell't me not," said injured Robin.

"I knew you for a fool," said the Laird. "I hardly thought you was an Abject."

Robin turned his back.

"Ye can tend yer own fowls from now," he said shortly.

So while he sulked, Danny must needs show the Laird all there was to see; and the Warden did his part keenly, while the Laird watched him.

"He is better," he said at last. "He is more himself."

"I tell't you if you left him to me I would cure him for you," said Robin, his back still on his master.

"It's no fault of yours," said the Laird. "It is this murder you have let take place."

Robin turned.

"And who was it but me left her there to be murdered?" he cried hotly. "There is no justice in your Honour whatever. I had to waken him as best I could, and well I kenn't the only gate was by battle or murder. And now that I have let this murder take place and have cured him for you, my reward is to be called a Abjeck!—a Abjeck!"

"Blethers!" said the Laird, and turned to Danny's cry.

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The little man was busy unearthing the corpse of the murdered lady scantily sepultured beneath a juniper bush.

The Laird picked up the body. The neck seemed wrung, and a bead of blood hung from the beak. For the rest there was never a scar on her plump broody body.

"This is no fox," said the Laird.

"Na," said Robin, "it's just a Visitation of the Lord."

"It's nothing of the sort," said the Laird, "it's murder."

. . . . .

He turned round suddenly to find Danny, with lowered tail, mouthing the murdered bird.

A thought, like a stab, seemed to strike the Laird.

He stared at Danny, and still stared; and the little man seeing him, ceased his chewing, came in to his master's feet with slow-wagged tail, and dear eyes uplifted, and sat down throbbing languidly.

The Laird turned to Robin.

"Has he had any hand in this?" he asked.

"Him!" cried Robin. "Would ye make our man a murderer?"

"I'd know that," said the Laird, very still and grey.

"Never!" said Robin. "He'd sooner kill your Honour than a fowl. Missie put that into him—'*A Murder, A Lie*,' ye ken ——"

The Laird looked long at the little man throbbing at his feet, and the colour tided back into his face.

"Well for him!" he said, striding off. "I will have no murder, mind!"

"*Why then have you murdered Minnie?*" wailed a shrill and sudden voice from out of the wood

The Laird came to a sudden halt.

"Who's yon?" he cried up to the woods.

There was a moment's silence; then the wailing voice replied:

"*The son of a murdered man and a murdered Minnie.*"

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The Laird turned to Robin.

"Is Widow Ogg dead?" he cried aghast.

"Certainly so," said Robin. "Your Honour banned her, and she died ere sun-down. Ay," he said, regarding his master with reluctant admiration, "there's power in your Honour's arm yet."

"I never banned the body," said the Laird. "God rest her poor soul! I must go and see to this," and he strode off the hill, Danny hopping three-legged at his heels.

LXVI

DEATH AND THE DEVIL

The Laird swept down the street, Danny at his heels; and the people stood darkly in their doors and eyed them as they went.

The house of the dead was shuttered, bolted, barred, when they came to it, as though the inmates had tried to keep Death out by lock and key.

The Laird tried the door. It was locked. He listened, his white head close to the panels, while Danny stood behind, hushed and hearkening as at the Kirk-door on Sabbaths.

All within was silent as the grave.

The Laird knocked reverently.

There was no sound of answering feet.

He knocked again.

"It is me, Simon," he called low. "Don't you know me?"

"Ken ye?" replied a dark and brooding voice—"I ken ye fine. Ye're Death—and the Devil at yer heels."

"I am Mr. Heriot; and there is none but Danny at my heels," said the Laird quietly. "Will ye just let me in?"

"Let ye in!" said the smothered voice. "Would I be like to let Death in? Na. Soft I may be, but I'm none a softy. I

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ken what ye're after. Ye'd just streek me alongside her by whose side I sit, her hand corpse-cauld in mine."

The Laird turned down the path with a grave, grey face.

"I'll come again," he said quietly.

"Come again!" cried the voice, the fear in it horrible to hear. "Will ye?—Bide a bit!"

Hasty feet scuffled up rickety stairs. Followed a crash of breaking glass.

The Laird turned in the honeysuckled gate.

Simon had thrust his flaming head through an upper window-pane, and now stood, his face bleeding, blurred, splashed with red hair, and framed about with jagged glass; while in his hands trembled an ancient fowling-piece.

"Death and the Devil!" he screamed. "I'll bag ye both at a bang!"

His fingers fluttered about the lock of the old piece; and the wild face flickered in its horrible frame.

The Laird picked up Danny, and tucked him beneath his arm.

"Have a care now, lad!" he called gravely. "Ye'll be lettin' it off else, and hurting yourself."

"It'll hurt more than me!" yelled Simon. "If it is to be you or me, I'm for it's being you." But as he said it, the gun dropped from his uncertain fingers, crashed on to the stone-flagged path beneath, and fell against a rose-bush, there to loll ungainly.

The Laird picked it up, and looked up into the face over his head.

"The piece is safest in my keeping for a bit, lad," he said, "I'll bring it back when next I come;" and he marched down the path between the rose-bushes, Danny tucked beneath one arm, and the old piece beneath the other.

"Ay," screamed Simon. "First daddie! next Minnie! now me—it's just as Minnie said."

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LXVII

ONE KENS WHAT HE KENS

THE Laird was writing busily that morn when Robin appeared in the hall. His hand was behind him, and Danny at his heels.

"I was right," he said, nodding.

"You aye are," said the Laird, writing on. "What is it?"

"It's the Lord, as I tell't ye," said Robin; and he held up a lank-necked cockerel.

"I knew it," said the Laird. "Once you let it begin, it would go on. Where did ye find him?"

"I didna find him."

"Who did then?"

"Danny."

"He's worth six of you," said the Laird. "What's he at now?"

"Catching the drops from the neb of the departed," said Robin.

The Laird looked and saw his Squire sitting still as a grey statue, with delicate pink tongue and tilted muzzle, catching the red drops as they fell from the beak of the dead bird.

"Danny!" called the Laird harshly, "don't play at murder!" And the little man rose and came to him across the stone-flags, looking for once a little foolish. "And you," said the Laird to Robin, "might go down to the village and see if they know anything there," said the Laird. "There's mischief hatching in Hepburn or I'm mistaken."

. . . . .

That evening Robin betook himself to the village ale-house. There he found the people gathered as of wont; but now there was no clack of voices as he entered. The topers sat round sipping, a darkness brooding over them.

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"I wonder if any will know why I am here to-night?" said the moist-eyed old man, beaming in on them.

For some time no one replied; then young Cockie Menzies spoke.

"I will," he said.

"Why then?" asked Robin kindly.

"To get drunk," said the meek youth.

No man laughed; the tragedy of the night before sat on them too heavily for that; and Robin made as though he did not hear.

"I will just tell you why I have come," said the old man. "I have come with a word of warning for all of you from his Honour."

The darkness that had been brooding over them clapped down upon their faces.

"What's Mr. Heriot want with us?" growled old Andra' Gillray at length.

"It is just this," said Robin. "There has two murders taken place in this parish these last two days."

"Two!" cried Cockie. "One's well kenn't!"

"Among his Honour's fowls," continued Robin. "And he has sent word by me that you shall tell him all you know."

No man made move to speak.

"I will just drain this dram," continued the old man, lifting his glass to his lips, "then I will away and tell his Honour what you know—or if you know nothing that you will not tell."

He drained his glass, slowly rose, and crossed the room.

No man spoke till he was already at the door; then old Andra' drew his hand across his mouth.

"Bide a wee, man," he said huskily.

"A-well?" said Robin, hovering in the door.

"It's little I ken myself, mind!" began the old man shakily. "But I jalouse maybe there might be just one kens what he kens. He is not here," said Andra', looking round him stealthily.

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"Where then?" asked Robin.

"He is sitting beside his minnie dead, her hand clay-cauld in his, thinkin' on her last word."

. . . . .

Next evening, the Laird, tramping home from the village, met Robin arrayed in all his blacks.

"Where away?" asked the Laird, pausing.

"I go to comfort Simon Ogg," said the old man.

"Do ye?" said the Laird. "Ye don't. I ken your comforting," and laid great hands on the other's shoulders. "I'm not going to have you making a beast of yourself over this business," he said, and trundled the old man home before him. Nor was it till he had thrust Robin into the kitchen that he let him go.

"You're best out of the village till after the funeral—d'ye hear me, Crabbe?" he said, as he was going out. "There's black feeling enough among the folk as it is, without your stirring it."

"What!" gasped Robin. "Will I no even follow her funeral—I who have made it my duty to follow every funeral in this parish for sixty years and seven?"

"You'll make it your duty to do your duty for once," said the Laird. "There's going to be a plague of murder among my fowls, from what I can see; and it's for you to stop it. And as you'll never do that by yourself I'll leave Danny to help you. Besides, I don't want *him* in and out of the village just now. Simon Ogg's scarce himself from what I can see, and he might do Danny a mischief."

Robin sat down in dudgeon.

"I will not follow the funeral as it is Mr. Heriot's orders," he said; "but if the Lord wants his fowls He shall have them for me."

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LXVIII

HER

NEXT morning Robin appeared in the hall with customary lank corpse.

The Laird barely looked up.

"Which is it this morning?" he growled.

"It is Adoni-Bezek," replied the resigned old man.

"Of course!" said the Laird—"the best there was left!"

"Would you grudge your best to the Lord?" said Robin, with round reproving eyes, and retreated into the kitchen.

Two hours later the Woman coming in with Danny found him there with folded arms asleep.

She leapt upon him, flapping a dead bird in his face.

"A fine watch you are!" she cried furiously—"sitting there snoring while his Honour's fowls are being exterminated to death."

"What another?" said Robin mildly. "A-well, it's the wull of the Lord!" crossed his legs, and fell again to sleep.

Thereafter it was as the Laird had foretold: murder was among them like a plague, and Danny, ever alert, unearthed the victims meagrely buried in secret places in the woods; yet Robin devoutly refused to stir.

"What must be must be," said the good old man, "and I am not complaining."

"You would not be!" cried the angry Woman. "The fowls are not yours."

"Na," said pious Robin, "they're the Lord's, to do with as He wills," and sat with folded hands fast in his devout belief.

"Would it pleasure the Lord to put a plague on his Honour's fowls?" scoffed the woman.

"Ay," said Robin. "If Danny might thereby be made whole."

So far indeed the old man was right, for the campaign of blood and mystery had done for the little knight what seas of

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drops and drinks would have failed to do. He was born again miraculously; and Warden of the Marches, he was indefatigable in the cause.

Morning and evening he patrolled the hill alone, and it seemed he never slept. Now you might come on him visiting far outposts on Lammermore; again he stole forth from some lurking-place of watch in the bird-woods, and stood anon, alert, warrior-figure on some eminent knowe amid the bracken to scan the passes; yet the plague grew.

"We will lose all our fowls for sure!" cried the Woman in despair, as on the morning of the funeral Robin brought home the seventh victim.

"If the Lord has appointed it we will surely so," said the fatalist of the folded hands.

"The Lord!" screamed the angry Woman. "It is little the Lord you are considering! It is just spite because his Honour forbad ye the funeral because of your drunkenness."

"Ay," cried Robin, with sudden passion, "seventy and seven years have I lived in this parish, and never thought to live to see the day when I would miss a funeral. Oh!" he cried, breaking down utterly, "I'm an old man now, and I'd but the one wee pleasure left—just now and again a funeral jaunt—and r[illegible]hat's taken would I were taken too."

That afternoon the old man, standing on a bare hillock in the birch-woods, was hearkening wistfully to the tolling of the minute-bell in the village beneath, when he beheld the Woman moving secretly among the woods beneath, like a lean old witch.

He followed and sprang upon her.

"What gars ye anowt among my woods, Sowie?" he asked with asperity. "Are ye searching husks?"

"I'm just takin' a turn round," said the Woman shortly holding her hand behind her.

"Ha' ye seen anything?"

"I saw Danny," said the Woman.

"Danny!" cried Robin. "What then was Danny at?

"What you should be at," snapped the woman—"creeping."

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"Creeping?" cried Robin. "Who was he creeping?"

"Her," said the Woman.

"Who?"

"Her what is murdering your fowls; Her that there is all this talk of in the village."

"Is there talk of Her in the village?" asked Robin, pricking his ears.

"Talk!" scoffed the Woman. "There's talk of little else."

"Who is She but the Lord?" asked Robin uneasily.

"You still hold Her to be the Lord?" asked the Woman.

"Certainly so," said Robin.

The Woman shot forth a lean neck.

"If it is the Lord," she cried, "why for d'you set traps?" And she jangled a broken-toothed trap before his face.

"Ay," she cried, shaking it furiously in his face. "Do not think you have deceived me with yer make-believe sittings and sleepings and do-nothing ways. I have followed ye! I have spied ye out! I have known the lyingness of your heart! It is not that you have not tried to catch Her, it is that you *have* tried and tried and tried and failed; and you would conceal your shame. Ye've marched the hill by day! Ye've sat with the gun by night! ye've set traps and traps! all the while a-thinkin' none saw ye but the Lord."

"And none did," said Robin sulkily, "but Danny."

"And Deborah Awe!" cried the Woman. "I have seen ye settin' traps by night with yer hand gloved, and Danny sittin' cannie as a Christian at your side, while ye showed him the way of them. And I have followed you when you went your rounds in the drip of the dawn, and found them same traps that you had set over-night, and buried, lying sprung on the bare earth, mockin' ye. And I have heard ye swear and tear and gnash because ye said the Devil was in Her; and Danny all the while sittin' by, laffin to hear ye. And well he may laugh! for, try as you may—traps, guns and cursings and a'—you come no nearer catching Her."

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"I will catch Her when I put out," said Robin sulkily, who had been up all night in vain.

"Have you not then put out yet?" asked the mocking Woman.

"Not to say put out," Robin replied. "I have been waiting till Danny was whole. This Visitation has been the mending of our man, and I do think Missie besought the Lord to send it upon us for his sake. And if I had caught Her at the beginning, he would have fallen back upon his misery. It was worth a hantle of fools to have Danny whole again."

"He is whole now," said the Woman cunningly, catching the grey man up in her arms. "Ye might put out now."

"And maybe I will," said Robin, "and you will see."

"And I will believe," said the Woman, "when I see."

"I will bring you the Head of Her," said Robin.

"Will you?" cried the Woman joyfully. "When?"

"When I have it," said Robin.

"And when will that be?"

"When I put out," said Robin, and trailed on.

"Time too!" screamed the Woman after him. "For you are a mock to all Hepburn because you canna catch Her. The very weans are saying they could catch Her and kill Her and stuff Her, and a' while you wiped your dreep-eye."

Robin turned.

"And how will I that am but mortal prevail against the Devil?" he cried with sudden passion.

The Woman stood on the base of the hill beneath him, her grey wean nursed in her arms.

"It is little I expect *you* to prevail against the Devil or Her or any!" she cried, mocking. "But whiles I wonder that my wean does not!"

. . . . . .

Now the Woman was right. For Robin, despite his pious seeming resignation, did set traps. And the traps had caught many—foumart, sweetmart, and once an otter by the saugh at the passage of the burn; and Danny out of his heart of pity

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had gone his rounds and put the captives out of pain; but never had they caught Her; and the old man at heart was harassed exceedingly.

For he knew it was truth what the Woman said that the folk in the village were mocking him. Worse! it sometimes almost seemed as if with devilish laughter She herself was making sport of him. Only last night he had tethered a young bird as bait in a lonely likely spot beneath the wall on Lammermore, where passes and repasses in the night the traffic of the moors; had set around an array of traps cunningly earthed over, while Danny sat by and approved; and that very morning, in the dripping dawn, had hurried, he and Danny, to inspect, and, lo! the bird was dead, and all around, in grim, ironic circle, the traps lay naked, sprung, grinning with clenched teeth up at the mocking heavens—and in the middle of them the bird stone-dead.

Danny had looked up into the old man's face with dear innocent eyes, moved to much laughter by the humour of it; but Robin in childish passion had seized the dead bird by the legs and bashed its unoffending head against the ground.

"I'll learn ye to be killed by Her when I put ye to catch Her!" he had screamed, bashing furiously. "I'll gar Her make sport o' me!" and bashed and bashed till the bird's poor head was flat as a farthing; while Danny sat apart upon his hunkers with grave eyes, trying not to laugh.

. . . . .

An hour later, Robin, hurrying forth through the great gates, stumbled against the Laird, all in black, returning from the funeral.

"I thought I forbad ye to go down the street," said the Laird.

"Till after the funeral, Mr. Heriot said," Robin reminded him. "The funeral is over this hour past. Your Honour is coming from it now."

The Laird paused in thought.

"What ye after?" asked the Laird.

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"After Her," said Robin shortly.

"Her?" said the Laird; "who is Her?"

"She is Her," snapped Robin, "who else?—her that is desecrating your fowls."

"I thought ye said——" began the Laird.

"I said nothing of the sort," cried Robin passionately. "I say She is Her and Her ways are the ways of Death. She comes like the Shadow and goes like the same; and what she *is* in heaven or earth or under the earth I ken no more than the unbornest babe—and none does," he added, "save Simon Ogg."

"Simon Ogg!" said the Laird. "He is the very last person likely to know anything of this business. He's scarce crossed his threshold since his mother's death. Try as I may, I've not been able to come at speech of him. He's locked himself up like a hermit. I went to have a word with him just now after the funeral; but directly he saw me coming he was off like a hare. As you're going down the street you might look in on him and bid him come up to the House to see me. He can't live on alone in that cottage, poor lad; and there's none in the village 'd house him but me; so I must take him in and find him work in the garden for a bit. The poor lad seems to have taken his mother's death to heart, as though she'd been the best mother in the world to him."

"She was the only mother he ever had," said Robin sourly.

"I thought as much," mused the Laird. "And I suppose a man's mother is a man's mother still—however much he wishes she was some one else's." "And you," he called after the little figure disappearing in the dark, "might remember that, and that once you had a mother yourself. . . "You'll likely find him alone in his cottage brooding over his loss, poor lad," he added, not without feeling, and passed on.

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LXIX

SIMON WHISPERS

Ten minutes later Robin was passing the ale-house bent on earnest errand, when a roar of laughter from the tap-room brought him to halt.

The tap-room door was ajar, and a spear of light gashed the darkness without.

The laughter ceased suddenly as it had risen, and through the silence a single voice ran tittering like a thin thread of sound.

Robin crept to the door, and standing at the edge of the dark, looked in.

The tap-room was full to overflowing. Scarcely in the old man's memory, never certainly since the night following the sudden death of the father of Simon Ogg twenty years before had he seen such a gathering. Women with their babies were there, children not a few, and the accustomed topers of the place, all silent as in kirk, all backs towards the door, all hearkening to that single voice running through the silence.

And the teller of the good tale, the man of wit, the lord of sudden laughter and awful stillness, was he whom the Laird had pictured sitting bereaved and brooding by his lonely hearth—Simon Ogg!

He was standing on a chair in the ingle-nook, only his shoulders and flaming head seen above the press. His pale eyes were twittering, his shoulders twitching; and all the while he told his tale in rapid tittering voice, the people punctuating it with roars of laughter and applause.

Through the open door a gust of wind blew.

The teller looked over the heads of the people and beheld in the door an old ringleted face regarding him.

Simon stopped, the titter still upon his lips. "Hillo!" he gasped. "I scarce expected you here to-night."

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"And I scarce expected *you* here," Robin replied.

The people turned like one, and saw. A clammy silence fell on all.

"Tell on," said Robin. "Tell on," prompting him, '"Danny."' For all answer Simon jumped down from his chair, and was lost among the people.

These began to fall away like leaves from the dying tree, tumbling past Robin in the door.

"Why away?" asked Robin, staying old Andra' Gillray as he stumbled past.

"I'm off home to the good wife," said the old man hurriedly.

"But here's your wife ahint you!" cried Robin.

"Then I'm off to see her home," said old Andra', and blundered into the night.

"And you?" said Robin, stopping young Cockie Menzies as he shot past, "are you away to your wife?"

"Ay," said Cockie, struggling to pass.

"But ye've not got one!" cried Robin.

"I ken that," said Cockie. "I'm off to find one;" and he burst free and was gone.

Last of all came Simon, seeking to sneak by at the tail of the rush, as once a man of wiles sought to escape a blind Cyclops barring a cavern mouth.

"Na," said Robin; "you bide," and stood stalwart in the way.

Simon retreated into the ingle-nook, and there sat down. A forlorn and fallen hero, who not ten minutes since had been the centre of a breathless crowd, he now sat in the silence, smoke, and reek of the deserted room, the cynosure of but one pair of remorseless eyes.

At length he looked round shivering; Robin still leaned against the door, regarding him.

"I wonder any comes from the House to me this day of all the year," he croaked.

"His Honour gar'd me come," said Robin.

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"What's his Honour want with me?" asked Simon hoarsely.

"He has sent me to bid you to him," Robin replied.

Simon leaped to his feet.

"Did not Minnie say," he screamed, "First your daddie! now your Minnie."

He ceased suddenly, and began to smile fearfully as though ashamed.

"And next you!" said Robin. "Just so."

He leaned against the door, regarding Simon.

"Will ye come then?" asked the old man at last.

"Come!" cried Simon, the frenzy on him again. "Is it likely I would come? Na! Na! Na! If Mr. Heriot would murder me too he must come and do it here. I winna go to him or any man just to be murdered."

"That's sense for a softie," said Robin, phlegmatically, yet made no move to go.

Simon's frenzy passed. He became sullen, cowed, uneasy, beneath the other's stare.

"What gars ye glower at me so?" he asked.

"Just nothing at all," said Robin softly. "Just nothing at all. I was but wondering if you would be long for this world."

He swung slowly round, his eyes over his shoulders still on the other's face.

"See here!" said Simon, pale-eyed, "What is it at all?"

"It is just this," said Robin, spearing him with watery eyes, "that you ken what you ken."

Simon nibbled.

"Is it Her?" he asked.

"It is Her," said Robin ominously. "And his Honour would know why you are keeping what you ken of Her from him."

"Is it his Honour?" asked Simon.

"Have I not tell't you it was his Honour sent me to bid you to him?" cried Robin.

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The hunted look grew in Simon's eyes.

"I would ask Danny," said Simon. "There is few things hid from him."

"And I have," said Robin.

"You have!" cried Simon, leaping like a fresh-run fish. "And what said he?"

"He tell't me," said Robin slowly, "that an enemy had done this thing."

Simon collapsed.

"It was shown to me," he said shaking, "that it was a friend."

"A friend?" cried Robin. "Whose friend?"

"Danny's," said Simon, watching the old man.

"It is the same," said Robin, entirely unmoved. "He loves his enemies, like the Christian he is."

Simon sat back.

"If Danny can tell you who She is," he said, "he can tell you the best gate to overcome Her. That is a sure thing."

"What!" cried Robin indignantly. "Would ye ha' him betray his friends?"

Simon thrust his hands home in his pockets and tilted back.

"I will tell you nothing," he said, and tat-tat-tatted with his heels on the floor.

"I am not asking you," said Robin. "And why will you not?"

"I canna," said Simon, bowing his head in his hands. "I just canna."

"Why for not?"

"The Laird would kill me," said Simon, his face lost in his hands. "That's just why."

"There is worse trials than Death," said Robin ominously. "A dour man's his Honour—he spares none."

"None?" asked Simon, suddenly looking up.

"None," said Robin—"and least of all one of your familee!"

Simon rose to his feet.

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"Ay," he cried recklessly, "he may murder here and there one yet; but he's wearin' awa', he's wearin' awa'! He will soon be at his rest now, and Hepburn will know peace. I will be free! We will all be free! There'll be no more kirk-keeping and blethers. His Honour is the last of the Heriots. When we have won through him there will be none left to follow him."

"None," said Robin quietly, "but one."

"Ay," sneered Simon. "Robin Crabbe."

"And more than me," said Robin.

"An heir?" cried Simon, startled.

"An heir," said Robin nodding, "and more."

"A Heriot?" cried Simon, rising.

"A Heriot," said Robin, "and waur."

"Waur?" cried Simon. "Who?"

Robin looked at him.

"Danniel, son of Ivor," said Robin.

"He is but a dog," said Simon uneasily.

"But a dog!" cried Robin, and stared at him. "I do wonder at that from you of all men, Simon Ogg. Who was it tell't his Honour that you broke your kirk? Who was it was drowned and came to life again? Na," he said, "na," upraising his hand as though to quell a clamour. "I may not tell you much, but I will tell you this."

He drew closer mysteriously.

"There's some of ye hold his Honour's a hard man—I kenna what ye'll think when he's gone. But if *ye should* think that then there'll be no more kirk-keeping and the like, ye'll be sore mista'en."

Simon sat long rocking, wrought in mind and body. Then he rose, and his face was the colour of curds.

"Is Danny outside anywhere?" he whispers.

"Na," said Robin.

"Where is he?" asked Simon suspiciously.

"He is watching against Her while I am away," Robin replied.

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"Would he hear me if I was to whisper?" queried Simon.

"Not if you was to whisper low," the old man replied. "He is a mile or more."

Simon tiptoed to the door and looked out; then he locked it, barred it, bolted it; went to the window, and shut the shutters.

Inside the room was darkness, and the red glow of the peat fire.

"Whisper!" said Simon, and knelt beside the old man now sitting by the fire; and even in the dimness Robin marked his face white as a winter's moon, and Simon whispered.

LXX

ROBIN TAKES A TURN

As the Laird sat in the hall in the dusk of that evening, like a deserted eagle, very gaunt and old, Robin came in.

Leaning against the door the old man shook with silent laughter.

"Where is Danny?" asked the Laird peevishly.

"He is here with me," said Robin, and laughed and laughed against the door.

"He is all the time with you these days," snapped the Laird. "He has quite deserted me."

"It is Her he is after," said Robin, shaking still with mirth. "I have taken a fine turn!" he added, wiping his eyes.

"You've taken something besides a turn," said the Laird, "or I'm mistaken."

"Ne'er a taste nor a toothful," said Robin; "I was hieing back from the village where I'd been——"

"Pot-swabbing," said the Laird.

"On your business," said Robin.

"While She visited my fowls like as not," the Laird retorted.

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"Which I left Danny to watch and ward for you," said Robin. "It was at the fall of night," the old man continued, "and I came by way of the wood for fear I might happen on Her for your Honour; and of a sudden I heard hard by me a girning and scraffing among the bushes. 'Her!' thinks I, claps down on my flat-face, and creeps and keeks, and creeps and keeks, till I came where I could see. And there in an opening stood a bit bushie, and anunder it like it might be a tod stirring and scraffling. And I kenn't what it would be: She had murdered and was burying Her dead."

The old man paused to pass his hand across his mouth.

"A-well I stopped to keek; and as I stopped the scraffling stopped, as though She suspeecion'd me. I just lay still and look'd, and there beside the bush against the light I saw two projectiles—like so!" said Robin, holding up two fingers.

"Like what?" snarled the Laird. "I can't see."

"Like two spears, or the ears of a tod upcocken," said Robin. "And I kenn't She was looking for me, but I lay flat. After a bit the projectiles dropped, and the scrafflin' began. Now, thinks I, the Lord has delivered Her into my hand! and I heft on to my stick and I lowpit."

He paused to snigger.

"And as I lowpit, She look'd up."

"It was Her, then?" said the Laird.

"It was Danny!" cried Robin, and leaned against the door, shaking with laughter—"just Danny!" he gasped. "Who but Danny?"

The Laird thrust out of the dimness.

"Damn you!" he cried huskily, "stop that giggling and get on!"

"I am gettin' on without your damns," said Robin, and went on. "As I saw him he saw me. And man?" cried Robin, "for the first time ever I kenn't it Danny was fear'd. He cower't away like as I'd been the Cherubim with the flaming sword, and he'd been the Serpent—yet glowerin', and girnin', his teeth stripp'd, and hair on edge. I'm no easy

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fley'd, but I was most scared myself—he look't that unchancy. And I'm no denying I looked mighty fearsome myself—in the, half-dark, and my hand raised, and the battle-look on my face enough to put the fear into a thousand. Then he saw it was me."

"'What it's you, Robin?' he seemed to say, 'I thought you was Her!' and he came to me kind o' wae and wankly and ashamed. And when I'd done laffin' and cryin' and pettin' him, he led me back to the bushie—'See what I have here for you, Robin!' says he, and brings her out ——"

"Her?" hoarsed the Laird.

"Not Her," said Robin, laughing still—"Her handiwork!" and threw a dead bird to the Laird's feet. "It was mighty queer," he cried, laughing still, "what I took for Her burying Her dead being Danny unburying it."

The Laird sat breathing noisily in the silence; and Danny padded across the floor and sat down at his feet.

Robin was still laughing by the door.

"Oh!" he cried, "it was mighty laffable!—me thinkin' him was Her, and him thinkin' me was She."

"I don't know about the laughableness," said the Laird, "I know you gave me a fair turn," and he cleared his throat. "If you were as good at catching Her as Danny at resurrecting their corpses," said he, "I for one'd be a pleased man."

"I have catch'd Her," said Robin, "as good as."

The Laird eyed him grimly.

"You have tried traps and failed," he said. "You have tried sitting for Her with a gun—and failed. What will you try next—before you fail?"

"I will try poison," said Robin, smacking his lips. "And I will not fail."

The Laird hearkened darkly.

"And what of Danny?" he asked.

"He and me, we will lay it together," said Robin, "and I will tell him and he will ken, who is as clever by far as any Christian of us all."

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"Have a care then!" ordered the Laird. "I'll have no playing with poisons, mind."

Robin turned sourly.

"With regard to playing," he said, "it has been shown to me that the folk in the village are thinking they will have a fine playing when you are not still among them."

"Indeed!" said the Laird, lost in thought.

"They are saying you are wearing away," the old man continued, "and I was not denying it; and that the day of your death will be a day of Jubilee in Hepburn."

The Laird came back from thought.

"They do not cherish me in Hepburn then?" he asked.

"They'd vomit ye if they could," said Robin.

"Nor you?" asked the Laird.

"Nor me!" Robin admitted with sleek complacency. "I have put the terror on them fine."

"Now tell me," said the Laird, "think you there is any one of them would dare to do a hurt to Danny for love of me," said the Laird, "or of you."

"If they dared do what they would do," Robin replied, "nor you, nor me, nor Danny here, would be long in this flesh I'se uphold."

"They dare not," said the Laird. "I know them, as my fathers knew their fathers."

"I kenna," said Robin, "there's many would dare do to-day what not a buckie of them a' would have dared dream a year or two since."

"Any above all?" asked the Laird.

"Certainly so," said Robin; "Simon Ogg above a'."

"Simon Ogg!" said the Laird. "When is the lad coming to see me?"

"He is not coming," said Robin.

"Why not?" sharply.

"He says if your Honour would murder him, you must go to him, he winna come to you."

"Murder him?" said the Laird harshly; "what should he think I want to murder him for?"

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"Because he is saying you murdered his daddie and minnie, and that it will be his turn next, and because of his minnie's last word."

"Her last word!" said the Laird alert. "What was that?"

"Just that if he didna kill your Honour, your Honour would be after killing him," said Robin. 'And who kills Danny, kills the Laird,' she whispers with her last breath, and straight she put the Black Ban on ye and died."

"Did she say that?" asked the Laird, suddenly roused.

"So they are saying in Hepburn," Robin replied.

"Who was it put ye to this poisoning?" asked the Laird harshly.

"I put myself to it," said Robin.

The Laird leaned forward.

"Answer me now! Had Simon Ogg any hand in this, or has he not?"

"A-weel," said Robin, a little cowed, "maybe him and me together a bit."

The Laird sat back.

"To-morrow, the Sabbath," he said; "Monday I will see Simon Ogg."

LXXI

ROBIN SOWS

All that Sabbath evening Robin and Danny worked together secretly in the birch-woods, and all along the burn where at night passes the traffic of the moors. And ever and anon in some hidden likely place the old man paused as one who sows; then he turned to Danny and spoke, and the little knight listened shrewdly and understood as the other expounded to him that the seed he sowed was the seed of the Tree of Death.

In the hallowed calm of evening the two came down together from off the hill; and at the brae-foot the Woman met them.

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"And what bloodiness and slaughter have you been up to on this holy day?" she asked, with ill-boding face.

"We have been after the work of the Lord, on this day of the Lord," said Robin.

The Woman eyed him darkly.

"How do you call that work?" she asked.

"Mortifying the flesh," said Robin.

"Whose flesh?" asked the Woman.

"Hers," said Robin, "for it was shown to me in a dream that She would defile this day with Her murders and abominations, and it is not well," said the good old man, "that such as profane this day should go scathless."

"It is *not* well," said the Woman, ominous-eyed.

"And so," continued Robin, "I, having my Message, set forth blithely. And I do think she will be like to take home with Her this night a comfort that will gar Her mind the Lord's Day for aye and for ever."

The Woman was long silent. "So sure as you have defiled the Lord's Day, so sure you will have brought ill upon this House!" she cried at last, scowling on him.

(*To be continued.*)

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EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The Coming of Downy V. Green	Page 1
On the Line	6
THE FRENCH PRELATES ON THE POLITICO-RELIGIOUS CRISIS——*Edited by* M. A. Gerothwohl	21
THE AGE OF THE INHABITED WORLD AND THE PACE OF ORGANIC CHANGE—I——Right Hon. SIR EDWARD FRY	43
CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY AND THE TEMPORAL POWER ——ROBERT E. DELL	54
CANADA AND IMPERIAL IGNORANCE——W. BEACH THOMAS	69
THE MUSIC OF RICHARD STRAUSS——ARTHUR SYMONS	80
THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN—V (*Illustrated*)——ARTHUR MORRISON	92
ADAM'S CURSE——W. B. YEATS	112
SONGS OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE——A. E. KEETON	114
JAMES SUTHERLAND LIMITED——E. F. BENSON	126
A NEW LIGHT——FILSON YOUNG	144
THE DRONE——LADY CURRIE ("VIOLET FANE")	161
DANNY—LXXII-LXXVII——ALFRED OLLIVANT	163

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CONTENTS FOR LAST MONTH (NOVEMBER).

EDITORIAL ARTICLES:

The French-Canadian and the Great Commonwealth

On the Line

A YEAR OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—SYDNEY BROOKS

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN IRELAND—SIR ALEXANDER MILLER, K.C., C.S.I.

THE HORSEMEN OF THE FUTURE—BREVET LIEUT.-COL. G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND, C.B.

HOW ZOLA WORKED—THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS"

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN—IV—ARTHUR MORRISON

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY—EMIL REICH, D.C.L.

ENGLISH AND INDIAN—A STUDY—CORNELIA SORABJI

THE NOVELS AND PLAYS OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO—EDWARD HUTTON

TO A TERRIER—MARY E. RICHMOND

DANNY—LXV-LXXI—ALFRED OLLIVANT

NOTE.—*In the January number of the* MONTHLY REVIEW *Mr. Ollivant's "Danny" will be concluded, and a new Serial Story will at the same time be begun. This will be a philosophical and religious romance of modern society; the Author is well known to the public, but prefers to remain anonymous until the work appears in book form.*

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW *is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents* (i) *to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter;* (ii) *to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the* EDITOR, *"Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.*

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THE COMING OF DOWNY V. GREEN

THE Titan has her moods. From 1887 to 1897 she was jubilant and perhaps a little lazy; toyed with yellow books and dreamed of an invincible army and an unassailable commerce. In 1899, lighthearted still in spite of Dr. Jameson, she fell headlong into Mr. Kruger's tortoise trap; and spent the best part of three years in grim Titanic doggedness, bearing the vast orb of her fate on shoulders lamentably stiff and awkward. Once in training again, she seems to feel her energy and her old good humour return together; she will organise, adapt, expand; she will have a naval intelligence department, and half an army instead of none; play at long Atlantic bowls with Uncle Sam and at long asbestos spoons with more doubtful friends; personally inspect her new undertakings, personally greet her old feudal tenantry; throw open her College gates with Titanic liberality to all Saxondom, and welcome the new scholars with Titanic laughter at her own expense and theirs.

Her sense of humour is among her saving graces: when in her foolish or fanatical moods she loses it for a time, she makes strange and dismal errors; talks like a lunatic of Christmas at Pretoria with infantry preferred, of methods of barbarism and hecatombs of slaughtered babes, of fighting irreligion in Board Schools and refusing to pay County Council rates. There was a solemn moment when she came near to babbling of the Americanisation of Oxford and the sacrifice of that English culture which . . . but somebody laughed in time

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(probably Mr. Godley), the danger passed, and when Mr. Parkin sailed down the High with a cargo which was rumoured to include bullion, even those who are but children in matters of business were ready to help him in unlading. As for the real Oxonians, than whom none know better the difference between clique and culture, fellowships and pensions, they remembered Erasmus in Praise of Corpus, the merry days of the New Learning and of international courtesy, and they prepared with exhilaration for the contest of wits implied in the coming of Downy Verdant Green.

It is a fact full of happy significance that the first account[1] we possess—it is indeed a very early account—of the adventures of a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, is from the pen of an Oxonian whose Englishry is less than half a century old. We have always been the gainers by free trade in brains; and not least when we naturalised, a generation ago, the great Spanish name of Calderon. Not only has English culture survived this importation but a danger of the opposite kind has arisen. Mr. George Calderon has inherited a share not only of the wit of the famous dramatist, but of the artistic power of a nearer ancestor, and has joined in a conspiracy with the Kiplings, the Somervilles and other persons of ambidexterous gifts, to raise the standard of authorship to a height beyond the reach of ordinary genius. They not only illustrate their own books—Thackeray did that—but they illustrate them better than any one else could do. At this rate the Academy of Literature will be soon uniting with the institution in Burlington House to confer a degree of "Magister Utriusque Artis," and Publishers' Unions will be asked to pass resolutions "That candidates shall not be required to offer both manuscript and drawings in their applications for serial or book publication."

With Mr. Calderon's help then, the Titan is hugely enjoying the prospect of the Expansion of Oxford, and there is good sense, as well as good humour, in her anticipations. She

[1] "The Adventures of Downy V. Green, Rhodes Scholar at Oxford," by George Calderon. Smith Elder. 1902.

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makes a fine figure in the ingenious frontispiece, where she sits at the receipt of nations, with the trident and shield of Britannia and the academic gown and mortar-board; and above her head is the motto, *Qui docet discit.* The hopeful view could not be more tersely or more gracefully expressed; and no doubt our oldest University will learn much from the young "rustlers" coming across "the big drink"; something more than a quick-firing vocabulary and the "manners of the extremely early gods." And first and best of the things she will be taught will probably be a keener love of learning and especially of classical learning.

She may be taught this either by competition or by contradiction. Mr. Calderon lays more stress upon the second method, and we faintly hope that he may be right. Downy V. Green enters Oxford as one who has already pretty nigh exhausted the Greek and Latin literatures: it appears, however, that he has read only two books of Homer, knows no Herodotus, Æschylus, Aristotle or Plato, and has never read any Latin authors but Ovid and Cæsar. What is more to the point still is that his view of education is apparently that of his countrywoman Mrs. Sarah Chadband Cheney: "No, sir! Turnin' out pore imitations of the trash (*i.e.*, the "Odyssey"!) that some coloured folk down South scribbled on sheepskin two thousand years ago is not civalisation. . . . If you want to see civalisation, go to America. Look at our overhead railways, steam-heat, and hydraulic ullavators in the poorest quarters! Look at our Trusts; our Beef Trust, our Boot Trust, our Steel Trust, our Shippin' Trust!" His Dean, he thinks, is "a good fellow though unsound on the Greek question; says you can't make scholars out of shorthand and modern languages; allows the students need something harder to grit their teeth on; and barneys about 'completed civilisations,' 'the purely human standpoint,' and other groceries. *But*," Downy concludes, "*he has a clear head otherwise, and I am giving Greek another chance.*"

We too, at this rate, shall soon be giving Greek another

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chance. It has too long with us been merely "the hall-mark of a gentleman," or, worse still, the track of the sheep through the hedge, on the other side of which they stand huddled together, bleating helplessly at the open country before them. We have in short come near to making Greek of none effect by our tradition. But under the wholesome stimulus of American contradiction—if it is to contradict that they are coming—we shall experience a revival of faith, we shall realise that man does not rise by ullavators alone. Greek is not a hall-mark, but it is a refining process; as a sheep track it is not so very much better than others, but for all nobler brutes than sheep it is indeed a way out, a way through the hedge. Whether or not every kind of Animal in the whole Noah's Ark is to start life on this particular path seems to us a question of small importance; the vital point is that those within whose reach the classics lie should understand with a full understanding what it is that they must choose or reject.

They are heretics who speak of Greek and Latin as alternatives: Night and Day are not more necessary complements of each other. Latin is the language of religion, Greek of philosophy. If without Greek we should never have emerged from the Middle Ages, without Latin we should never have lived through them. Greek may murmur of the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, of "youth and bloom and this delightful world"; it will always be in Latin that man will groan his *Dirige de Profundis* and hear the answer *Requiem eternam*.

And there is a special reason for each of them why it must be retained as a whetstone—what Downy calls "a sharpenin' rock"—for the minds of Englishmen. The most "practical" advantage gained by using the classical languages as a means of education is that they are the best known gymnastic process for the intellect, the surest method of attaining power, as distinguished from immediate results. It is the method of high farming, and the unprogressive rustic who grudges spending his money on "bone dust" will soon find himself left hopelessly behind. The German is beating us

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because he puts more "stuff" into the mind he cultivates; not because he sows more seed—that can easily be overdone. There is some doubt among the experts as to whether Latin or Greek is the better "top-dressing" for the intellect; we cannot but think that from this point of view Latin has a decided advantage. The mere fact that it is the basis of the languages of modern Europe, the master-key to nearly all of them, makes it indispensable; this and its influence on style are considerations of such weight that we need not stay to pile a dozen lesser ones upon the scale.

But if Latin is the world's greatest language, Greek is its greatest literature, and is in a peculiar degree the special need of Englishmen. Whether as art or as philosophy, we must have it to complete and correct our own temperament. We need not play with foolish hopes of putting back the clock, of living to see a second dawn, a second breed of young Greeks "seizing one world where we balance two," but we must recognise that in that balance between Israel and Hellas we incline by nature far too much towards Israel. We have never thought of ourselves as Gentiles, but we cannot deny that we are born βάρβαροι. Puritanism—the fierce spirit of militant intolerance, militant other-worldliness, militant distrust of beauty—is the strongest part of our Saxon inheritance, and the Hebrew Bible, which in our inspired version might by itself form a liberal education for a less kindred race, is for us, as it has been to the Boers, too often a positive hindrance to culture and even to Christianity itself.

No, there is no substitute; Greek we must have, if it be but in "the blackguard travesty of a translation." And whether the Rhodes Scholars come like the oversea migrants of an earlier Renaissance, laden with fresh stores of learning and intellectual passion, or rather with that bold challenge which goes even straighter to the heart of the Englishman, they may be sure that they will be "right joyfully met with"; and we on our part shall secretly hope to see them take as good as they give.

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ON THE LINE

THE writer of parodies must be equipped after a peculiar fashion of his own. He is an actor who must never compose a play. He dances on a tight rope, the abyss below him if he should swerve by an inch. *Not too much*—the motto of every man on occasion—must be his for ever and ever. He is bound to be original, but not too original. He must possess the gift of style, or he will not be able to copy style; his sense of it must be a handmaid, not a queen, for if she lead him astray by so much as the length of a bad pun, he will annoy and bore. He must have faultless taste, and not a grain of sentiment; and he must be able, every other moment, to solve that hardest problem of all—when to stop. He should admire, for without sympathy his art will degenerate into foolish caricature. He must be critical to the last extent, or he cannot avail himself of the joints in his victim's armour. It is, no doubt, a remark that must have been made, at one time or another, by an Irishman, but there are some kinds of fighting that can only come off between friends; and the writer of parodies must be the friend of the writer parodied. Parody that is born of mere malice dies in an hour. Gilbert, the Parody King, is full of good humour; so was Calverley, so was Lewis Carroll, so was Praed. And so is Mr. Owen Seaman, the *rara avis* who has lately decked himself with **Borrowed Plumes** (Constable, 3*s.* 6*d.* net), to the delight of his many admirers.

But—and this is an important point—if the writer of such a book is under laws that he may not break, the reader of it is under a law likewise. The beginning of the law for the reader

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is: that he should never read the book through. Let him be wise. Let him be warned ere he ruin his own pleasure. Salt is good, but no one eats the contents of a salt-cellar straight off. Two grains twice a day, and not more! The law goes on to say that times and seasons also must be observed. This is not a book to be read in the serious hours of early dawn, for humour never gets up with the lark, and even the most humorous are sometimes melancholy as Jacques until the sun be past his meridian splendour. It is not a book to read at a mothers' meeting; mothers prefer "Crumbs for the Birds." It is not a book for a wedding present, nor for the train, nor for the sea-shore, within sound of the eternal waves, nor for Sunday. It is a book for dainty boudoirs, a book to rest on polished wood, gleaming with bright reflections, a book to travel quickly from hand to hand in places that know the smell of tobacco smoke. Let it lie on the drawing-room table, and the hostess, in the dreadful moments that elapse before the clock strikes eight, will forget that twenty icebergs are coming to dinner and she must thaw them all. Keep it within easy reach of the man in a velvet coat with a pipe in his mouth, and he will need no other company. Laugh over it with this friend and with that. Quote it to some one who answers by quoting it again. And it will make this merry life yet merrier.

We have remarked, upon an earlier page, that the country after a period of anxiety and depression, is once more awakening to a sense of the joys of humour. For the last two years they have been forgotten, and this no doubt accounts for the fact that **The Wallet of Kai Lung** (Grant Richards. 6*s.*), though it bears the date 1900 upon its title-page, is not yet so widely known as it deserves to be. We make no excuse whatever for bringing it out afresh from the cupboard where it has been hanging, and setting it forward, so far as we can, on its journey again; for it is a wallet crammed with laughter and good things. You may tramp a long day's tramp through the Republic of

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Letters without meeting a pedlar like Kai Lung, sitting on his mat under the mulberry-tree and pouring forth (after he has passed round the wooden bowl) a string of entirely new stories in an entirely new style. As for the stories, we are probably wrong: no stories are, or can be, new; and Mr. Lang could no doubt quote parallels to these from the legends of Peruvian tribes and the archives of Antananarivo; but the style, though it may be compounded of the most primeval Chinese pigments, becomes in English and in the hands of Mr. Bramah as fresh as that of Artemus Ward once was, and a hundred times more truly humorous.

"The Transmutation of Ling" is the longest and perhaps the best of these stories. Ling's examination for a place in the Chinese Civil (and Military) Service ends in his appointment to the command of a valiant and bloodthirsty band of archers in a distant province, for which he sets out on foot. Only a blue china plate of the best kind could illustrate the adventures which follow. As he makes his way through a dark cypress wood he beholds "a young and elegant maiden of incomparable beauty being carried away by two persons of most repulsive and undignified appearance, whose dress and manner clearly betrayed them to be rebels of the lowest and worst paid type." Ling, though a meek student, "at this sight became possessed of feelings of a savage yet agreeable order, which until that time he had not conjectured to have any place within his mind." It is easy to foresee the end; eighty pages further on

> As the great sky-lantern rose above the trees and the time of no-noise fell upon the woods, a flower laden pleasure junk moved away from its restraining cords, and without any sense of motion, gently bore Ling and Mian between the sweet-smelling banks of the Heng-Kiang.

They have in fact reached "that period of existence when a tranquil and contemplative future is assured to them," and, indeed, it is only fair that it should be, for except in the countries explored by Mr. W. S. Gilbert no pair of true lovers ever experienced such a series of "short sharp shocks" as these two. But humorous and unexpected as the events of these

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stories are, the secret of the book lies in the method of the story telling, the far Eastern politeness, the attitudes and platitudes of the rice-paper personages, and the Celestial parody of our own customs and institutions; for publishers and authors, artists, traders, company promoters, and Government officials will here find the Chinese mirror held up to them in a very candid and moving manner. They need not complain of the distortion, for in caricature it is the distortion that saves the victim's face.

Just So Stories for Little Children. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by the Author. (Macmillan. 6s.)—It was a child, and it sat by the bars of the high nursery fender, with a flat red book in its hand. It was fond of looking at the fire, but it forgot the fire. It was afraid of shadows, but it forgot the shadows. The room was full of strange animals—out of the Zoo some of them, out of Noah's Ark some of them, and some of them out of Nowhere. The Butterfly was nearly as big as the Camel, and the Mouse had an odd likeness to the Leopard, but this troubled the child not at all. It liked them even better than the animals in the book, though it was fond of these by daylight, except for a misgiving which came upon it now and then, that, for all their appearance of Magic, they were like the maps in the atlas and "meant something." The suspicion recurred in full force whenever it looked at the boxes in the picture of the Animal that "was really quite a nice Animal." But for the rest it was perfectly happy. It loved the tune to which the stories sang themselves, a tune with many a refrain. The way the words fell charmed its ear. When it heard them, it dis-remembered the lessons that it had to learn and all the troubles that lay outside the nursery door. There were but two things that it feared—bed-time and the end of the book.

Now this was a very curious child indeed, for sometimes it was a boy and sometimes it was a girl, and sometimes it was very old and sometimes very young, and sometimes it had long

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curls and sometimes its hair was white, and it was not always a child of the same nationality. But always, in whatever form it sat by the fire, reading, reading, reading, it was a child, with a child's heart.

He read the story of the Whale seven times over, and the story of the Camel and his Hump seven times over, and nine times over the story of "The Crab that Played with the Sea,' and the tale of The Armadilloes. What he liked best was "The Cat that Walked by Himself," because it had a Wild Horse in it and a Wild Dog, and because it was about the beginnings of things. He would have liked to live with the Man and the Woman, the First Friend and the First Servant, and "the little upside-down Bat that hung in the mouth of the Cave." He read everything that he could about these creatures fifteen times over at least. What she liked best was "The Butterfly that Stamped," because of the babies and the Queens. She read it fifteen times and a half. She did not care for the Rhinoceros, nor for "The Elephant's Child" (but *he* liked this very much), nor for "The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo;" and he did not care at all "How the First Letter was written." She thought—and he thought—that the beautiful puzzle picture was by far the best part of the Leopard story. He thought—and she thought—that the Alphabet story was dull. It was tremendously clever, of course, and Taffy talked like the child in "The Child's Guide." But where was Taffy beside the Woman that gave Cat "the warm white milk for always and always and always," and the nine hundred and ninety-nine Queens who "put their veils over their heads, and their hands over their mouths, and tiptoed back to the Palace most mousy-quiet?"

Then behold, and lo, a Nurse came in, and when she saw what the child was reading, she said, "Nonsense!" She changed in appearance almost as often as the child; and as the child was always a child, so, however often she changed, she was always thick, old, wrinkled, hairless and toothless. She wore a cap, it is true—a black cap as often as not—and she had

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false teeth; but no child would ever have been deceived by them. The child took not the slightest heed of what she said. For, after all, she never could understand; and it was her loss, not the child's.

"In these times words are actions, and we do not want flowers on the points of bayonets. Take your flowers away if you can; take a less beautiful form more abrupt, more striking, drier, less worthy of an artist, more worthy of a pamphleteer. Succeed you must; it will be my only consolation for your resolution. Instead of the silence you refuse me, give me victory."

It is not strange that these words should have been written to a young man, but it is strange that a young man should have written them. Hamlet and Horatio at Wittenberg never corresponded in such an austere fashion as did Hippolyte Taine with Prévost-Paradol. The *Letters* now before us in a good English translation (by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Constable. 7*s.* 6*d.* net) are clear and striking evidence of the remote purity of mind natural in early youth to men of good education and philosophical temperament. It is the atmosphere of a white-washed schoolroom at the top of a very tall house, on the top of a very high hill. What is it that these young men care about? Philosophy, first of all. Prévost-Paradol believed in a Fluid, which annoyed Taine, because he himself believed in "the extended *ego*. . . ." Style next, as the foregoing quotation will have shown; and another, still more remarkable, from a letter written when Prévost-Paradol had lost an intimate friend, proves the same thing.

"What is to be done for such grief? If you continue I shall find another Rousseau in you, his talent, his passions, perhaps, and especially his sorrows."

After philosophy and style came music; and there was nothing else. Prévost-Paradol insisted on taking thought for politics, and was addicted to Socialism; but this exasperated Taine even more than the Fluid.

"Since you have decided to be printed alive, and do not answer my objections, I look upon you as fallen into final impenitence. Therefore, dear damned one, I accept you as such, and I am going to converse with you as if you had definitively gone to Hell—I mean, to Socialism."

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"The extended *ego*" cost its worshipper not a little. It was highly unpopular with the orthodox professors of the old school, and, as orthodox professors of the old school will, they did all in their power to crush the brilliant pupil who was so disastrously clever as to be able to give reasons for what he believed.

"It seems to me that the august Doctor's diploma, cap and gown, flee from my sight, saying, 'Never to return.'"

The spirit in which he bore the dreary provincial exile imposed on him is not less admirable than his unconquered devotion to what he thought was truth. We hear enough of the delights of the solitary cup of coffee, the piano, the book-shelf, to know that he was very dull, so dull that he almost cried for letters. He measured even the sentences of those which he received.

"You are acquiring a deplorable habit of putting your lines six feet apart from each other, and of making each letter as tall as a house; the result is that your epistles are becoming painfully short."

He made epigrams as easily as any other Frenchman, and no doubt the remark that "Education is but a card of invitation to noble and privileged *salons*" consoled him at the time. But those to whom the *salons* of the Past lie open have also, as a rule, a keener sense than others of the possibilities of intercourse at the Club; and perhaps only a man condemned to silence because no one about him can understand his language, knows what the stimulus of talk may be. "A conversation which is an exchange of ideas brightly expressed is perhaps the greatest pleasure to be met with," says poor Taine, at a time when he never did meet with it. He reflects upon his different friendships and analyses them.

"With Prévost and About I am constantly on the alert; friendship is almost militant; with you I feel as if I were sitting in the *Ecole* playground during the summer, peaceful and happy, with my head on your breast, do you remember?"

"Solitude increases friendship. It seems to me that I now think of you with a tenderer recollection. Why does Planat forget me thus? Ideas are abstract; we can only reach them by an effort. However beautiful they may be, they are not enough for the heart of man. We can no longer have any Love properly so called. Only Friendship from man to man remains; nothing teaches me

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more than to read of the friendships of the ancients. Marcus Aurelius is my catechism; read it over again. You will find ourselves in it."

In the stern society of Marcus Aurelius he reduced himself to himself, until he felt ambitious only once a fortnight. He read no papers for six months, and never spoke of politics nor of religion.

"I am giddy and dazed, like a staghound after chasing one deer for thirty-six hours," he wrote, when he had finished copying out a treatise on "Sensations." "But it is a good system, and I do not think there is a better way of writing anything than by doing so straight off and in one breath, so to speak, after lengthily meditating over it."

Flashes of bright criticism light up even a syllabus, as when he says of the philosophers of the Renaissance:

"They are isolated points, pure curiosities, accidents. They are the dead called forth, and immediately disappearing."

The few words that describe the "population of students and professors" at the Museum of the School of Medicine, show the same judicial attitude of mind:

"Butchers and scientists, what devotion is theirs to Man and what contempt! On the first day, I, with my spiritualistic education, was absolutely dumbfounded. But I had not a moment of disgust. Those laws, which repeat the same organs, in the same places, in all bodies, are magnificent."

The life of the Man of Thought as opposed to the life of the Man of Feeling or of Action, is indeed a strange business. Love and death play no part in it; he hardly alludes to them. Religion, in the accepted sense of the word, appears but as a phantom. There are no alarums and excursions, no adventures; he never schemes to improve any part of the universe, nor does he paint portraits and scenery. "It suffices to seek seriously in order to believe in Truth, and to live within oneself to believe in the spirit," says he. One touching passage reveals the infinite harm that may be done by stupid people:

"The will is not lacking, I do not think I shall ever find it so; but perhaps a spring is broken in my moral machine—the spring of Hope. I am beginning to see Life as it is, old fellow, and to understand what it costs to introduce oneself into the world or to introduce an idea into it; I judge of the second by the first; and my reflections are destroying in me the militant *ego*. I only

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look upon study now as a sort of opium, useful in dressing the wounds of pride killing *ennui* and exhausting the superabundant activity of the brain. I shall take more of the drug than ever, for I want it. I live in a world of sad reflections when I do not live in a world of serious thoughts; I need to gather round me a cloud of abstract ideas to veil from my sight my own smallness and insignificance."

Against stupidity, said a mighty German, the gods themselves fight in vain. But men do not fight always in vain against that awful power; and so Taine learnt in the end.

Criticism of the New Testament. St. Margaret's Lectures 1902. With a Prefatory Note by Canon H. Hensley Henson. (Murray. 6*s.* net.) We look to Canon Hensley Henson's Prefatory Note for an indication of the line taken by the successive St. Margaret's Lecturers. He tells us that "the condition of sound interpretation of Scripture is honest and thorough criticism"; and that what the Lecturers desire is "to awaken popular interest in Biblical Science, and to set out clearly the broad principles on which that criticism proceeds." "No worse disaster to religion could well be imagined than the divorce of critical scholarship from average belief." This is clear enough: but what is meant by the next sentence? "Criticism must not be allowed to take an esoteric character, but, at all hazards, must be held closely to the current teaching of the Church." Criticism, if it is to be "honest and thorough," cannot be "held closely to" anything but its own methods, and has nothing to do with "current teaching." We presume that what is meant is that critics who approach the question from outside must not be allowed to ignore Christian tradition and ecclesiastical history. Criticism and "the current teaching of the Church" are to throw light on each other, keeping clear of the eccentricities of the Tübingen school, of Renan, Strauss and other dogmatisers, which have retarded the growth of a sober estimate of evidences, no less than the desperate efforts of orthodox writers to prove the finality of the old learning.

No fault can be found with the temper of the essays as a whole. The writers wish to state fairly what general con-

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clusions are firmly established, and to be cautious in stating as final, conclusions which hold the field at present, but are not to be considered as proved. The tone of defence is unmistakable; for to recede from untenable positions is in many cases the best line of defence. The writers express their desire, in the first place, to look all facts in the face, and in the second, not to make assumptions against the Christian tradition, not "to put a document out of court simply because it contains the miraculous."

They maintain "the priority of St. Mark," and incline, though cautiously, to believe in the existence of "a second primitive document, commonly called the *Logia* or *Oracles*."

The latest view of the dates involved puts back the composition of the books composing the New Testament, or most of them, to an earlier period than that assigned to them by the criticism of fifty years ago. The final redaction of a work, however, may not be of the same date as its materials. This is in harmony with the practice of ancient and mediæval chroniclers, who embodied earlier annals in their own work without acknowledgment. The third Gospel and the Acts are unquestionably by the same hand. It does not necessarily follow either that the writer or editor of the Gospel was a contemporary of the events recorded, or that the complex work made up (it may be) of Acts of Peter, Acts of Paul, and personal Narratives of Journeys, was put together by the author of "the 'we'" passages, who very probably was St. Luke. In any case, both the Gospel and the Acts contain material of very high antiquity.

One of the most interesting results of the latest criticism is the confirmation by external testimony of the early acceptance of four Gospels and no more. In the Johannine question "the simple and natural explanation is the orthodox one; it takes the facts simply as they are."

The "higher" criticism, *i.e.*, the general consideration of all questions of "authorship, date, sources, composition, literary and "historical character," is more subject to controversial heat than the "lower" criticism, because its conclusions are closely

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connected with the historical truth of the New Testament record; though, if St. Paul wrote the Epistles, or most of those which bear his name, there is no doubt that the whole scheme of Christian theology was professed in the Church within thirty years of the Crucifixion. The "lower" criticism, that which tries to determine "what the author really wrote," moves in a calmer region; for the time is gone by when it was thought that important doctrinal issues depended on the presence or absence of a single stroke in a single letter of a single manuscript; and newly discovered facts, such as turn up in Egyptian rubbish-heaps, can now be pigeon-holed without raising much theological dust. Theological terms also are not confined within dogmatic definitions so closely as they were a generation ago. Theologians and scholars of different schools hunt in couples instead of flying at each other's throats. Not that *odium theologicum* is extinct; nor is it, perhaps, to be desired that all heat should disappear from controversy. Perfect tolerance is too cool a medium for religious ardour; morality must be "touched by emotion" to become religion; and when men feel warmly they will express themselves warmly.

We welcome the comparative absence of "viewy" argument in this volume. The writers may be too much set on proving early dates and rehabilitating discredited tradition. There is and must be some colour of *tendenz* in a book of this kind. But on the whole the object of the writers is to introduce its public to historical and critical facts, not to air new theories or support old traditions. In this point wvoe if we think the most valuable lectures in the book are those of Mr. Kenyon on Manuscripts and Professor Sanday on the Higher Criticism.

The fifth volume of the complete edition of the **Poetical Works of Robert Bridges** (Smith, Elder. 6*s*.) contains "great riches in a little room." There may be tragedies which are better suited to limelight than "The Christian Captives,"

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and comedies that appeal more to popular taste than "The Humours of the Court." These are pure poetry. They demand an audience of poets—the kind of pit that Marlowe had, or Victor Hugo—the rough student gallery, educated, and full of enthusiasm, that applauded the first efforts of Maeterlinck. It is perhaps for want of such an atmosphere that the great gifts of John Davidson seem to have run to seed. Mr. Bridges must have felt it also; but his nature is more robust, or more independent of praise. He continued to write for a theatre that had no existence, and he did without the cheering.

His treatment of the beautiful story of the Constant Prince differs essentially from Calderon's. Starvation plays a much more important part in the old version. Mr. Bridges tires of starvation after three days, and boldly stabs his hero by the hand of the King of Fez, who flies into a rage on the refusal of the Prince to give up the Christian town of Ceuta, even when bribed with the hand of his true love, the converted Princess Almeh. It is odd that the King should not insist more on the danger of the Princess, who has touched no food since the starvation of the Prince began. The extreme trial of constancy is, to give up, not one's own life alone, but the life of the one beloved. If a highly wrought picture of her sufferings had been drawn for him, he—well, he would not have yielded, of course, but the struggle might have proved, from a human point of view, even more intense! However that may be, the scene is, as it stands, wonderful. Ferdinand has a speech at the beginning to set beside "For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius!" The King warns him not to trust that he will be delivered by his brother, Enrique of Portugal:

> "Nay, O king:
> For cometh he at even or at morn,
> To-morrow or to-day, he cometh late.
> My eves and morns are passed, and my deliverance
> Is nearer than his coming: yet for that,
> Tho' I shall see him not when he doth come,
> Not the less will he come; for so he saith."

The King makes a swift end.

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"The parting genius is with sighing sent."

The scene of the apparition recalls the ghostly echo in "The Duchess of Malfy"; and every one who had the good fortune to witness "L'Aiglon" will remember how exquisite a similar device became in the hands of M. Rostand. This Act ends with a romantic vision of the gallant spirit, riding away to the camp of the Christians.

The Act that follows excels in perfect beauty. What could be lovelier than the speech of Almeh when she appears in the garden?

"Air, air! that from the thousand frozen founts
Of heaven art mined upon the drowsy earth,
And gathering keenness from the diamond ways
Of faery moonbeams visitest our world
To make renewal of its jaded life,
Breathe, breathe! 'Tis drunken with the stolen scents
Of sleeping pinks: heavy with kisses snatched
From roses, that in crowds of softest snow
Dream of the moon upon their blanchèd bowers.
I drink, I drink."

Her very being echoes to the music of grace and pity; she is herself a flower among the flowers. When, earlier in the play, she questions Ferdinand,

"How, being a Christian, thou professest arms?
Why hast thou come against us, with no plea
Save thy religion, and that happy gospel
Thou hast trampled on in coming, Peace on earth?"

We cannot wonder that he replies very much as the Czar might reply, if he were in a like predicament. Conscience stood in his way from the first, it appears; ambition and zeal blinded him, and the heavenly omens were against him, though now in honour he cannot turn back. This is strange news in 1420, and on the lips of a grandchild of John of Gaunt. His brother, Enrique, repeats the lesson and drives it home in the last speech of the play:

"For myself, I vow
Ne'er to draw sword again. I count all days

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That ever I spent in arms lost to my life,
Man's foe is ignorance: and the true soldier
May sit at home, and in retirement win
Kingdoms of knowledge; or to travel forth
And make discovery of earth's bounds, and learn
What nations of his fellows God hath set
In various countries; and by what safe roads
They may knit peaceful commerce,—this is well,
And this hath been my choice."

We are reminded of the magnificent, unexpected close of "The Voyage of Maeldune." There are many roads to peace; but the way that leads through war is one of the finest, and a very meet subject for tragedy.

Almeh's vision of the Last Day glows with sublime fire:

"For in my dream I saw the spirits of men
Stand to be judged: along the extended line
Of their vast crowd in heaven, that like the sea
Swayed in uncertain sheen upon the bounds
Of its immensity, nor yet for that
Trespassed too far upon the airy shores,
I gazed. The unclouded plain, whereon we stood,
Had no distinction from the air above,
Yet lacked not foothold to that host of spirits,
In all things like to men, save for the brightness
Of incorruptible life, which they gave forth.
Wondering at this I saw another marvel:
They were not clothed nor naked, but o'er each
A veil of quality or colour thrown
Shewed and distinguished them, with bickering glance
And gemlike fires, brighter or undiscerned.
As when the sun strikes on a sheet of foam
The whole is radiant, but the myriad globes
Are red or green or blue, with rainbow light
Caught in the gaury texture of their coats,—
So differed they. Then, as I gazed, and saw
The host before me was of men, and I
In a like crowd of women stood apart,
The judgment, which had tarried in my thought,
Began: from out the opposèd line of men
Hundreds came singly to the open field
To take their sentence. There, as each stepped forth,

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An angel met him, and from out our band
Beckoned a woman spirit, in whose joy
Or gloom his fate was written. Nought was spoken,
And they who from our squadron went to judge
Seemed, as the beckoning angel, passionless.
Woman and man, 'twas plain to all that saw
Which way the judgment went: if they were blessed,
A smile of glory from the air around them
Gathered upon their robes, and music sounded
To guide them forward: but to some it happed
That darkness settled on them."

Space and time are wanting to discuss the charm of the Twelfth Night comedy that follows next in order. When the Duke of Milan heads the list of *Dramatis personæ*, and the scene is laid "at Belflor, the residence of Diana," Countess of Belflor, we know something of the joy that lies before us.

"Here all is peace:
The still fresh air of this October morning,
With its resigning odours; the rich hues
Wherein the gay leaves revel to their fall;
The deep blue sky; the misty distances,
And splashing fountains; and I thought I heard
A magic service of meandering music
Threading the glades and stealing on the lawns."

This is music indeed. Now for one of those ethereal songs, woven of light, that never can be sung, because there are no tunes in the world that are worthy to marry them:

"Fire of heaven, whose starry arrow
Pierces the veil of timeless night:
Molten spheres, whose tempests narrow
Their floods to a beam of gentle light,
To charm with a moonray quenched from fire
The land of delight, the land of desire."

Alas, that there should not be room for a hundred other quotations!

"Bring ye these lovers in.
Let there be no more speech."

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THE FRENCH PRELATES ON THE POLITICO-RELIGIOUS CRISIS

IN France, during the greater part of August and September, I was able, in quite diverse districts of the country, and among acquaintances of diametrically opposed political tenets, to calculate to what degree the present conflict between the Government and the congregations monopolised public interest, even at a time of Parliamentary and general holiday.

It seemed then that it would be of interest to consult, on the question of the deeper springs, of the internal aspects, and the prospects both immediate and remote, of the crisis, the most enlightened party in the Church of France in the persons of its best known representatives. With this view I forwarded a list of six questions separately to several Cardinals, bishops, and other members of the higher clergy. Their replies, I hoped, would be a brief statement of their plain and simple ideas on the capital points at issue. Some excused themseves, but the majority replied to me with a frankness and a fulness of detail exceeding my most sanguine hopes.

From the very first I had noted flagrant contradiction between the sympathy enlisted by the persecuted bodies from the great majority of the people and the physical apathy of these same people in the face of hostile action. The explanation of this want of external effort is to be found at once in "the general weakening of the religious conscience," which the Archbishop of Albi, Mgr. Mignot, deplores in

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measured and weighty language. The lamentations of the minor clergy have served to strengthen this opinion. Indeed, apart from the clergy, in France of to-day the people are Catholic for every reason except the all-sufficient one of sincere belief carried into practice. There is no enthusiasm in their profession of faith, which is the result of tradition or atavism. Political ambition may be the inducement to some, and in such cases a pretence of enthusiasm may be detected. Unprejudiced minds, with a leaning to the abstract, are yet to be found attracted by the moral and social mission of works. There are still writers and artists who allow themselves to be dazzled by the mystical and historical treasures of Catholicism, and keep it like a precious vessel, under guard in a library, a museum, or a salon of twentieth century *précieuses*. But to all these religion is merely a matter of interest, fancy, or taste. We look in vain among them for the stuff of which martyrs are made.

The Ministerial policy finds opponents among the anti-Clericals also, and they in numbers as in influence form an imposing body. Some of them are on principle respectful of faith. Others there are whose principles are not so lofty, and who disregard the *doctrines de haine* for more practical considerations. The uncemented character of the alliance between these different elements is thrown into strong relief by the penetrating criticism of my correspondents in their replies to my first question :

(I.) " Is the present agitation in favour of the congregations the result of a slow evolution, a progressive return to Catholicism, of which the present revival of religious feeling in the intellectual sphere would be the precursor ? Or is it the spontaneous and temporary product of external political or social circumstances ? " The movement is accurately separated into its constituent elements by the distinguished scholar and theologian, Mgr. Battifol, Lord Rector of the Catholic University of Toulouse. He says :

"The present agitation in favour of the congregations is among the people at large a sentimental movement, while on the part of enlightened men it is a

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movement towards liberty. It is a spontaneous outburst totally independent of the suggested slow reversion to Catholicism heralded in the sphere of intellect. It is more correct to say that the further we go the more the French interest themselves in politics. The Radical party has exhausted our patience, and the result is that the opposition centres round the two principles of Catholicism and Liberalism."

Archbishop Mignot dwells more particularly on the sentimental side of the popular awakening:

"The present agitation in favour of the congregations should not be considered the result of a gradual return towards Catholicism. It is a genuine movement, but neither so old nor so general as to have reached the masses of the people among whom resistance is engendered. No more is it the spontaneous and temporary product of external circumstances. . . . Rather we should look on it as a natural reaction due to the profound attachment to Christianity still preserved by the French people, in spite of apparent indifference. Rather it is the expression of a general recognition of the services of the charitable and teaching congregations. In short, it is an awakening of the traditional conscience, still quick and active among a large part of the nation."

To emphasise this I may insert in this place the appeal to common sense made by Canon Gayraud, Deputy of Finistère, whose name has of late been prominently associated with the resistance in Brittany:

"The voice of the people is the voice of common sense. Why not let people live in their own way when they do no harm to any one? Why substitute for the gratuitous services of the Brothers and Sisters, paid assistance which would not be better and would be a considerable burden to the ratepayers?"

More characteristic still is the scepticism of Mgr. Lacroix,[1] Bishop of Tarentaise (Savoy). He is a prominent educationist and clerical reformer, but his incisive remarks show him to be a man of the world besides:

"The present agitation in favour of the congregations does not by any means imply a return to Catholicism. Had the Government attacked the

[1] One of the few bishops who refused to sign the recent petition to the *Chambre*.

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male congregations alone, probably no one would have lifted a finger. But the employment of vexatious and brutal measures against perfectly inoffensive sisters of charity, most of whom were acting in all good faith, has outraged national feeling and that touch of chivalrous courtesy which is the essence of the French temperament (*cette pointe d'esprit chevaleresque qui fait le fond de l'âme Française*)."

In opposition to the prelates above mentioned who see in the pretty general sympathy expressed for the exiles only influences that touch but remotely the living faith, the Bishop of Quimper and Léon declares that:

"The present agitation in favour of the congregations has its root in the Christian feeling of our people. . . . The other causes which you suggest are but accessory. They have aided the movement, but did not start it."

In the same strain writes the Abbé Garnier, the influential missionary and editor of that advanced organ, *La Justice du Peuple:* "Throughout the last fifty years a really religious revival took place in France." An assertion based on the statistics of crowded congresses and meetings. He proceeds:

"These assemblies were the fruit of many individual efforts made in broad daylight, with no object but to carry into practice the principles of the Apostles, and to do good to one's neighbour under whatever rules. The most effectual of the means employed would seem to have been the spreading of the Gospel, its reading in the family, and sundry other methods of popular religious instruction."

Whilst I cordially appreciate this generous attempt to evangelise the masses, I am bound to remark that the results, due no doubt to the vigorous "whipping-in" of all available forces, including the lame the halt and the maimed, have been purely local. The reference of Mgr. Viry (Quimper) is evidently to his Breton flocks, who still preserve the antique virtues of heroic times.

The venerable Archbishop of Reims, Cardinal Langénieux, who apologised for his inability to reply *directly* to my questions, owing to pressure of work and an impending journey, was kind enough to send me cuttings from three recent sermons and speeches more or less connected with my purpose. His Eminence believes in the approach of a liberal regeneration of the people:

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"The people are not sectarian. They love liberty, they desire it in all sincerity. Use this as your watchword and they will give you anything. It has been the cause of revolutions, and will be so again in the near future, when the need arises to crush apparent injustice or oppression."

Optimism, but optimism singularly qualified by the admission which follows:

"Unfortunately the people are delivered over bound to leaders who use them for their own purposes. By the people's aid they rise to power, but only to abuse the people's trust, and thus the people, deceived by their leaders, come to destroy with their own hands the very liberties they sought to defend."

Very significant, too, with regard to the confiscation by the law of the property of the congregations are these remarks:

"The people are logical and follow all these events with a very attentive eye, and they cannot be brought to understand that the property of individual persons is more sacred than the property of religious bodies. Mistaken indeed would be the hope to put the grasping covetousness of Socialism off the scent by dangling before its eyes the supposed wealth of the congregations."

However this may be, and whatever its constituent parts, it cannot be denied that Catholicism is at the moment the gainer by an imposing sympathetic movement. Can it turn it to its own advantage? Certainly it can; but, as Mgr. Lacroix insists, "only on condition that the retrogressive parties do not misdirect the movement." And that, I may add, is precisely what they have never failed to do for a quarter of a century, and my correspondents are the first to admit it. On this point some evasions were to be expected in the replies to the second question, which was thus framed: II. "Estimate the importance and influence of the political element from the religious point of view. Do you consider the alliance, deliberate or unconscious, between the French clergy and the political opposition, actually an evil, but one indispensable to clerical independence of the Government?" Very significantly none of the prelates who were addressed sought to evade the delicate question. Almost with one consent they censured the political

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maladroitness of that Clerical party, apparently the vast majority, which back in 1882 provoked a cry of alarm from the famous Dominican, Father Didon, in a letter published last spring. He wrote:

"There is nothing but greedy personal interests, nothing but mediocre free-thinkers who would make France into a Masonic lodge, or half-enlightened believers, whose only thought is to establish a France of ancient days. It is a speedy return to cannibalism."

We cannot but admire this Order of St. Dominic, which, during the last century, has so nobly redeemed the shame of the Inquisition by proving itself the pioneer of progress and peace. Its generous efforts, however, if they have succeeded in winning the higher clergy—some of whom are sincere Republicans, as we shall see, while others have definitely abandoned all idea of a return to the dead order of things—have unfortunately failed to gain a hold either on the more enterprising congregations or on the country vicars and curates, who, though often Republican at heart, are, from their precarious position, at the mercy financially of monarchical squires and patrons.

Once more it is Mgr. Lacroix who most trenchantly condemns the compromise:

"The constant and fatal alliance of the great majority of the clergy with the political opposition is perhaps the capital fault of our religious position. As a matter of fact no one has understood or has desired to understand the directions of the Holy Father. To comply with these directions, it has been thought sufficient to say, 'I am on the side of the Republic.' But in practice the clergy have continued systematically to fight against the Members and the acts of the Government without any show of justice, just as if the Pope had never spoken."

The Archbishop of Albi and the Bishop of Quimper express themselves to the same effect, if somewhat less severely. The former writes:

"The Church of France is between two parties, one of which would destroy, and the other compromise her. The alliance of the clergy with the Opposition serves as a pretext for the annoyances to which they are subjected."

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The latter thinks that:

"the more the Catholic cause in the present crisis is separated from all political parties, the better for it."

All, however, seem to endorse Mgr. Mignot's reservation—"we must, however, recognise that the trend of political power fosters the alliance and makes it almost fatal." Of this acute stage Canon Gayraud traces with a master hand the historical development, adding all the force of a warm profession of Republican principles:

"It seems to me impossible, especially in France, entirely to separate religion and politics. There is to-day a struggle going on between the party who would organise society without religion and those who claim a place for religion in society. In this great conflict there have been different phases. The State has been represented as anti-Christian when it is anti-monarchical. Hence an alliance between the clergy and the parties in opposition which posed sometimes, *in spite of their past*, as defenders of religion and Catholicism. At the present moment the Monarchists on the one hand, and the Radicals with the Socialists on the other, are again endeavouring to keep alive in the mind of the public the fatal confusion of the Republic and anti-Christianity. The Papal watchword of 'Rally' failed to banish the misunderstanding. . . . The anti-Clerical policy of the Republican party has been a grave mistake. If the statesmen of this party, instead of treating the clergy as irreconcilably hostile, had wisely set themselves to prove to them that the Republic was a constitution more liberal towards religion than any form of Monarchy whatever, *no difficult task*, peace would have been signed and sealed between Church and State in France long ago. Nothing more would have been required but to settle with Rome the various questions which the Concordat left open."

I regret that this logical Abbé could not treat in detail his last suggestion. It would no doubt provide us with that *terrain d'entente*, so strongly demanded by the Bishop of Tarentaise, without which, he declares, Catholic interests in France will be irremediably compromised. But after this luminous and profound dissection, it will be understood that I attach but little importance to the reassuring evidence of the Abbé Garnier, who seems to believe that all is for the best in the best of all possible Frances and Republics, and that the Masonic party is already moribund from the effects of a Con-

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stitutional and Liberal revolution. The same would apply to Mgr. de Cabrières, of Montpellier, who alone fails to perceive any symptoms of an active co-operation:

"And first, is such an alliance as you suggest extant between our clergy and the opposition parties? You have certainly heard of the rallying policy, which our bishops, priests, and churchmen were advised to adopt by the Pope himself, and which the majority did practically adopt. That was an alliance of a kind. But the Government, having obtained this advantage, pursued nevertheless its anti-religious policy. Against the latter Catholic feeling is bound to protest, not assuredly through any inimical bearing towards Republican institutions, but by conscience and by duty. It is indubitable, however, that thousands of Catholics are daily estranged from the present Republic owing to the sectarian guiding-spirit of the Government. But here we have a consequence, and by no means a cause."

At the same time, Mgr. de Cabrières, a member of the aristocratic minority of the French episcopate, freely acknowledges his indebtedness to the political "traditions" of his country, an influence which asserts itself in this peremptory pronouncement:

"The motto of 'Throne and Altar' has been recently much abused. The alliance of our Church with faithless men would be far more difficult to explain, creating as it doubtless would a monstrous scandal and endless woes."

It is better to halt at the interesting programme elaborated by the Lord Rector of Toulouse, who in a way combines the question I have just examined with that which follows.

(III.) "On what points and on what bases do you think that French Catholicism should concentrate its resistance to the encroachments of the Masonic party?" Mgr. Battifol is bitter in his description of the political bankruptcy of the clergy of France:

"As a matter of fact, being without political education, they unite the violence of the Radicals of the Right to the fancies of the Christian Democrats, the *doctrines de haine* to the socialism of the seminary!"

On the subject of the independence and the influence of clerical opinion, he is keenly sarcastic:

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"The French clergy inveigh against the Government as a whole, but are particular to pay respect to each administration."

This remark is not inconsistent with the contradiction which was noticed earlier between the words and deeds of the public. But he is on his guard against "the movement whose aim is to organise universal suffrage," and would fain guide it in the paths of wisdom:

"We must see that this political catholicism does not absorb the Radicals of the Right and compromise Liberalism, to which it should be the reserve. We need not envy Belgium or Germany, but should work for the triumph of Liberalism."

This same solution is the aim of the Archbishop of Albi. Still more concisely put, with more moral depth and perhaps a suspicion of melancholy regret for the broken altar of his "buried temple," are his wise and weighty words:

"French Catholics cannot hope to regain power, or to see established a constitution of their own choice. Their best policy is to find a *modus vivendi* which they can accept on a basis of common rights. They must renounce every privilege that public opinion no longer sanctions. They will find solid support in the remnants of the liberal spirit, which is still alive among us. They will be rendering the greatest possible service to their country if they contribute to establish liberty, to make it loved, and teach its use. This achieved, they will have nothing further to wish for, and will be able to work, outside the political arena, for the moral and social regeneration of the nation by the preaching of the gospel, the revival of belief, and the reorganisation of good works."

These last expressions find eloquent endorsement from the Abbé Garnier, whose advice is:

"To instruct the working masses soundly from childhood, and not to be content with putting ideas into their heads, but to make them value and love religion, and to provide for each person the moral weapons necessary for its defence. Above all, the place of the Gospel must be restored in the family, the school, the parish, and society at large."

Equally emphatic is the Bishop of Quimper, who further advocates the full and complete proscription of political and even purely social questions. This is utopian, not extravagant, but utopian in any case. We may hope that France

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may be enabled to solve the problems which arise conjointly in the religious and political spheres, but that such problems should vanish is too much to hope for. What, indeed, of the rights and duties of the individual citizen, which have only been increased by republican institutions? To this increase attention has been particularly drawn by so high an authority as Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun and member of the French Academy, in a recent treatise, of which a copy has reached me. His Eminence after showing that

"In a Social Constitution such as ours, the vote constitutes at once a right and a duty for the citizen, a right by exercise of which he forms a very effective part of the collective sovereignty of the nation, and a duty which is laid upon his conscience in the name of the most lofty reasons and the most sacred interests of his country no less than of himself,"

proceeds to lay stress on the powerful but unassuming influence of women, whose rights the male elector must be equally careful to safeguard.

In the view of the Abbé Gayraud, liberty of instruction is the point to maintain to the bitter end. But this is a matter treated of later.

"We must," he thinks, "take from the enemies of the Church the right to nominate bishops and vicars. No sacrifice will be too great in order to free the Church of France from this restriction."

This judicious remark touches one of the capital drawbacks of the Concordat,[1] which, as Mgr. Battifol observes,

"has created a certain ecclesiastical state of mind, which can be described as *Sthats Katholik*, a state of mind which accounts for the animosity of a fraction of the faithful towards our clergy of the Concordat."

To cause the disappearance of this tutelage of the Church under

[1] An original agreement between First Consul Bonaparte and Pope Pius VII., signed in 1801, but subsequently enlarged and still in force. It subjects the clergy to the civil power by providing: (*a*) that the Pope shall confer canonical institution, but the right of episcopal nomination be vested in the Government; (*b*) that the clergy be paid out of the public funds and at a fixed rate, as a compensation for the landed-property confiscated by the Revolution.

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the civil power, which, according to the Abbé Gayraud, is the obstacle to Catholic liberty, we require the radical suppression of the Concordat. A modification of the literal terms, or even a pleasant settlement of this arrangement which was, and remains apparently, a *pis-aller*, could only be accomplished by the harmonious and active co-operation of Liberals and Catholics of all degrees, and this union of the majority is still in the future. It is evident that the pacification cannot proceed from the obstinacy of the party in power, while a theatrically sudden rupture which the Extreme Left might in the near future be able to force upon a complacent Minister would only hurl the Church of France into a chaotic administration, out of which would little by little be revived the Gallican[1] peril, whereof the *Staats Katholikismus* mentioned above is merely the embryonic form. It is no doubt dread of this peril that guides the Vatican's conservative policy towards the Concordat. But to my genuine surprise, I found in the replies received to the fourth question that I propounded—IV. "Do you think that the suppression of the Concordat would revive the Gallican peril?"—that all my correspondents but one considered the fear vain and groundless.

Canon Gayraud voices in some degree the general negative when he writes:

> "Nothing is more opposed to the state of the mind of the French clergy with regard to Rome. My fear would rather be lest the Church of France should become the puppet of the Roman Curia."

This hypothesis might doubtless be justified of a large proportion of the episcopate and the higher clergy, that portion which dispenses political and financial influence, but, if I may rely on the impressions received from my conversations with the lower clergy, it would be impossible to apply it to the mass of the latter, except on one condition, which all admit to be beyond realisation. The condition would be that Rome

[1] The establishment of a national Church, independent of Roman administration and discipline, as unsuccessfully essayed by Louis XIV. and Bossuet in 1682.

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should eventually undertake the support of the clergy whose salary would be suppressed by the civil power. In view of the admitted inability of Rome to meet the deficit, the clergy would be forced to have recourse to the charity of individual persons entirely; if we grant that the enthusiasm of the people did not shrink from such sacrifices, a consummation by no means assured, in any case the old parishes would become a crowd of quasi joint-stock companies, and the prey of private interests which would greatly threaten the possibility of unity, while at the same time the earnestness of a large part of the clergy would undoubtedly cool, for they would owe no material support, even as at present indirectly, to the influence of the Holy See. Mgr. Lacroix foresees this new organisation gather vaguely if without apprehension:

"The connection with the State being broken we should be obliged to form groups and come to an understanding on a variety of points. The Church of France would necessarily possess new life, new originality, but her new physiognomy would be adapted to fidelity to the Holy See."

The Bishop of Quimper is the only writer who follows out my own idea, and he develops it with remarkable lucidity:

"Separation of Church and State cannot at the present moment separate the Church of France from the Holy See; but should it take place, there would be the fear that side by side with the Ultramontane clergy would be evolved, under the protection of the State, a Gallican clergy—*i.e.*, a schismatic clergy—to whom insensibly the people would drift, either because there were no other priests, or because they had no means of supporting them by themselves."

Suggestive, indeed, is this reflection of Mgr. Viry when we consider the economic crisis in the country, which complicates the religious and social difficulty. In this connection a graphic illustration was afforded us by the depreciation in the congregationist estates confiscated under the Associations law of July 3rd, 1901. It were nevertheless presumption to conclude that the more pushing among the regular orders, those in particular whose narrow and inauspicious policy is largely responsible for the present distress, do not appropriate beyond

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all reason and justice the voluntary contributions of the French Catholics. So the country vicar hardly conceals his delight at the departure of such neighbours as these, who almost inevi tably rob him of the gifts and legacies of kindly parishioners, when they do not rob him of the parishioners themselves by building a rival chapel in the modern style. Of course, the higher clergy, while regretting the impossibility of enclosing in the episcopal fold these organisations so powerful in brains and money, do not suffer so severely from their encroachments, and even derive some decided advantages from them. No further proof is necessary than the reply from the Archbishop of Albi to my fifth question:

(V.) "Will the suppression of the congregations have any effect on the condition of the secular clergy?" He expresses the practically unanimous view of the bishops:

"The suppression of the congregations, if completed, will be a disaster for the Church of France as a whole. Most disastrous will be the suppression of the female congregations, who are within the episcopal province. The dis-appearance of the great male congregations will be equally matter for regret. The clergy will miss the assistance rendered them in preaching. Some of these Orders have perhaps been so ill-advised as to develop their own influence outside the secular clergy and to exert a power which was not sufficiently in alignment with the power of the bishops. Hence an apparent antagonism between the two orders of clergy. There may have been in this respect abuses and mistakes, but it would be wrong to believe on that account in the existence of any real opposition."

I quite recognise that the secular clergy are undeniably on a lower intellectual plane than the regular clergy who specialise early and are always busy perfecting each his individual part of the corporate mission. This is a point on which most of my correspondents insist. But on the question of an understanding between the two Orders, I rely on my personal observations and remain sceptical. Besides, if there is a misfortune here, every misfortune has its good side. This is admitted by Mgr. Mignot himself, when he adds to the words already quoted:

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"But perhaps the disappointment of the regular clergy will improve recruiting for the secular clergy, will breathe fresh energy into them and bring them to adopt a clearer attitude towards public opinion. It promises to be a great gain that the Church of France should take its orders from itself conformably to the rules of the hierarchy, and that irresponsible influences should cease to dominate its actions."

This view is supported without the qualification by Mgr. Battifol:

"The secular clergy will gain distinguished adherents and more consideration at the hands of the faithful."

Mgr. Lacroix, on the other hand, is singularly pessimistic, though he is alone in expressing no regret at the departure of the regular Orders:

"If the suppression of some congregations could have the effect of awakening in the clergy the taste for higher study, and of familiarising them with the idea of an apostolate more scientific and better adapted to the needs of the present day, clearly the crisis through which we are passing would be the dawn of an era of emancipation for the secular clergy. But will they know how to profit by the inheritance they are called upon to receive? We shall be able to answer in ten years' time."

I pass to those "indispensable auxiliaries," as the Abbé Gayraud well puts it, of the secular clergy and French society, the charitable and teaching congregations. The more blindly they are persecuted, the more sympathy they win from every unprejudiced mind, and Catholics, Liberals, even disinterested Freethinkers, are unanimous, if on different counts, in warmly protesting in their favour. In the eloquent language of the open letter addressed to the President of the Republic by his Eminence the Archbishop of Rheims:

"It is not only that the people who know and value them are against their expulsion. Very often *those who avow themselves their most determined opponents are the first to entrust them with the education of their own children, and to call them to the assistance of their own sick.*[1] They are being banished, and the

[1] When they do not entrust to confession the moral guidance of their wives

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destruction of their various charitable and teaching agencies must inevitably entail enormous expense, which will be a burden on taxation at the very moment when the state of our finances points to disquieting deficiences already. They do nothing but good. Their services are appreciated by the mass of the population, and are of vital importance to the country. The immediate result of the suppression of their working will be widespread ruin and wasteful sacrifice. We are driven then to the conclusion that the sole reason for their proscription is religious envy and hatred. They are persecuted because they personify Religion in themselves, and the desire is to take Christian instruction out of their hands."

Here we touch the kernel of the question. Ever since 1789, in spite of the maxims of public rights relating to the liberty of the conscience, established by the Revolution, to which all the succeeding Governments with one exception declared their allegiance, there was still found in every Government a Minister sufficiently illogical to claim an exclusive State monopoly of education, or in other words the right to form the intelligence of youth in an arbitrary mould; the promise, as he fondly imagined, of docility on the part of the generations to come. These various attempts were always aimed at the Catholic schools, which formed almost the entirety of the free establishments. The present phase of the struggle, and the most illogical of all, since it unites practical despotism to a republican profession of faith, can be traced to the famous secularisation of the primary schools in 1880. At that time, on the plea of impartiality, every shred of religious feeling as well as religious instruction went by the board. There was a flagrant contradiction, as Cardinal Langénieux pointed out to me, and one hardly consonant with the spirit of Democracy. The administrators showed especial regard for the wishes of the leisured classes when they retained religious instruction in the secondary schools with an optional clause. That made them secure of merely nominal resistance on the part of the middle-class Catholic who did not feel personally aggrieved. Generous private initiative continued as before to contribute its share of taxation to support the official instruction, but at the same time furnished the Christian population with countless schools

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worked by the Brothers and Sisters. Of these a remarkable proportion has been suppressed by the law of Associations, in spite of the favourable Reports of Government inspectors and the prayers of the municipalities. And now in many districts, poorer parents have no means of finding for their children education combined with instruction in Christianity. The official Administration is not content to remain in the negative state. This would have been sincere and honest neutrality. Instead, the influence of the Masonic lodges has caused the display of aggressive hostility towards every declared religion.

The Government gradually came to adopt an attitude which, naïvely or hypocritically, they declared ought to please all parties. They injected into the primary schools in children's doses (and in what concerns civic duties let us banish the word "rights") the pseudo-philosophic potion which was administered in adult doses to complete on the moral side the secondary curriculum. Pretentious eclecticism forsooth, fancying itself the cream of all the "isms," and in reality nothing but the scum, viewed with a pitying smile by serious thinkers of every party. In this country we are to-day looking, and in vain, for some form of religious instruction to satisfy differing creeds which are yet united by the all-powerful bond of sincere Christianity, creeds possessing a common historical basis of feeling and reform. It is easy for us to imagine what success has attended a similar effort in France to bring together two opposing and incensed parties. The indispensable preliminary would be a true desire for an understanding, and not the wish to subject to sectarian tyranny the conscience of a large proportion of the people. How threatening is this contingency was convincingly shown by the conciliatory and moderate tone in which the majority of my clerical correspondents replied to my sixth and last question.

(VI.) "At the worst, which of the two following proposals do you think the less harmful to the cause of religion? The removal from the school course of all religious instruction

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which would thus be relegated to the care of the family and the parish priest, or the introduction of moral instruction, of a neutral kind, so called, based on the principles of official philosophy?" To dispose of it, I quote at once the view which contrasts most strongly with the general moderation of tone. It is a telling shot from the witty quiver of Mgr. Battifol:

"Pseudo-religious instruction based on the principles of official philosophy, M. Buisson's for instance, would be, in my opinion, the best possible dissolvent to destroy the religious feeling in the conscience of a young man or maiden. Better far to erase God and conscience from the official syllabus of instruction and reserve all for the confessional. Besides, the official, when he gives up making converts to secularism and the anti-clerical party, invariably ends by preaching nothing but that grandiloquent word: anti-alcohol!"

Without subscribing unreservedly to the last remark, I cannot wax enthusiastic over the present diversions of the moral offspring of *l'école buissonnière*. The premises of the fiery Bishop of Montpellier contain a large amount of truth, but his conclusion would render necessary a radical reorganisation of the public schools. This, under present circumstances, is a practical impossibility:

"There is no such thing as pseudo-religious instruction. You may be silent on the subject of religion, and that is to attack it indirectly, for it is to treat it as a negligeable quantity. Or you may combat it as far as the primary schools of the towns, and in some cases of the country districts even. The instruction here is but in human morality with no foundation, no sanction. It is absolutely imperative to maintain the religious instruction of Christianity in the schools."

Mgr. Douais, Bishop of Beauvais, whose diocese is among the most flourishing from the educational point of view, agrees with Mgr. de Cabrières as to the necessity of maintaining at whatever cost in the schoolroom a standard of religious instruction, while repudiating on the other hand any attempt at Catholic monopoly:

"I champion both liberty and religion in education. Monopoly would produce irretrievable decay. As for adopting neutral ethics, based on official

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philosophy, I can hardly conceive such a course. Official philosophy? I fail to see it. Besides, ethics of that kind would not preserve an attitude of neutrality for very long; they are already being used as a weapon against religion, and, admitting that they would preserve such an attitude, I could never approve of the compromise. For it practically implies the teaching that man and the Christian find sufficient resources in their individual powers for the accomplishment of good, and this sounds very much like Pelagianism. But we know perfectly well that God, and He alone, can grant us *velle ac perficere*."

The solution proposed by the Abbé Garnier is, I think, an ideal one, but an ideal impossible to realise at present:

"The most favourable solution is to have schools to suit all tastes, as in Belgium, and to subsidise all the schools according to the number of the pupils. As soon as fifteen heads of families in a parish desire an undenominational school, they must have it. Should a similar number require a Protestant school, they must have it, and so must the same number who want a Catholic school. In this way the children will be brought up in the principles of their fathers. This will be perfect liberty. Pseudo-religious instruction based on official philosophy is the most fruitful source of practical Atheism."

In this final criticism both the Archbishop of Albi and the Bishop of Quimper concur. The former offers what I should be ready to declare at once the most practical and the most exact solution of the difficulty:

"Better assuredly would be sincere undenominationalism, for this is indeed the principle of a democracy—the Government once for all dissociating itself from religious and philosophical instruction, and leaving the care of the conscience to the family and the sectarian ministers."

Mgr. Viry adds the pithy comment:

"Under these conditions pastors and parents find virgin soil; in the other case the land is infested with brier and bramble."

But now come Mgr. Lacroix and Canon Gayraud to throw cold water on our warmest hopes. The Deputy of Finistère assures me that, while he prefers an undenominational programme to one that is formally anti-Christian, religious undenominationalism in the school is a psychological impossibility, in France at least. "Christian or anti-Christian, that is what it practically comes to."

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On the other hand, the Bishop of Tarentaise exhibits once more his alarmist pessimism, this time on the subject of the want of evangelical earnestness among the people as a whole:

"If the moral and religious training of children is left entirely to the family, the public schools will produce hordes of little pagans, for the majority of families will have failed to discharge their educational duties."

True, he suggests a remedy elsewhere attended with success:

"The smoothest way out of the difficulty would be to establish a kind of compromise, by which the priest, filling a position analogous to that of the chaplain at the *lycées*, would go into the schoolroom two or three times a week at the end of the class, and teach the catechism to those children whose parents had asked for his co-operation."

It is notorious that Minister Combes has in view the bold step of a State absorption of secondary education by suppressing entirely the influential colleges of the congregations in Paris and in the Provinces. This suppression has already been effected in part by the law against the Associations. The threatened proposal was embodied in a sensational letter to a mid-September number of *Le Temps* from the semi-official pen of M. Buisson, the already mentioned Director of Elementary Education. According to M. Buisson what is required is nothing less than to proclaim by decree the incompatibility of the vocation of "regular"—the approximation of the priest to the "regular" would possibly be left in the shade—and teacher. This doctrine is founded on the cheerful sophistry that the man who has turned his back on worldly life has by that act renounced all right to train others for that life. As well say that the abstainer is not entitled to prepare for life the child who is born with a hereditary craving for the public-house, as if such were the natural aims of morality! There is another aspect of the Government's tactics which is essentially revolting to our British sense of fair play. Government statistics themselves show the twofold superiority in educational progress and material prosperity of the free secondary colleges as compared with the analogous state establishments. The first count is

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proved by the proportional majority of candidates whom the former pass in yearly into the military, naval and other higher state colleges. As to the inferiority from the financial point of view of the Government schools, the statement sets forth plainly that the most liberally subsidised *lycées* seldom succeed in issuing a satisfactory balance-sheet. The religious institution, unendowed by the State, with rare exceptions, manages to make both ends meet, and often enjoys a most flourishing *budget des fêtes.*

Hence I cannot but agree with Cardinal Langénieux on the smallness and rashness of those who,

> "without following any preconceived idea of impiety think only of dragging towards the State colleges a class of *customers* who would not go there of their own free will."

Three years ago M. Combes' predecessor acknowledged this tendency when he brought before the Chamber of Deputies a proposal for a law to compel candidates for the *Ecoles Supérieures* and for public positions to spend the previous three years in a State *lycée* or preparatory school. The proposal was at the time rejected by the Parliamentary Commission charged to consider it, and that chiefly at the instance of the consulted University, a rival but a loyal one. The present Minister is not bringing forward his predecessor's proposed decree. He is going one better. He wants to crush entirely the religious orders and their gratuitous services. The apparently moderate Bill presented by M. Chaumié, the Minister of Public Instruction, at the October reopening of the French Parliament, has been promptly withdrawn in face of blustering discontent on certain Ministerial benches, whose monopolist zeal the new scheme in contemplation will doubtless gratify. The means implied will be prompter and more effective than the Associations law towards the closing of congregationist schools; apart from drastic measures in regard of the technical qualifications of teachers, the Bill provides for a meddlesome State supervision of the "moral," *i.e.* the political atmosphere of

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schools, which few will care to face. Besides, although only persons belonging to unauthorised bodies are *à priori* deprived of their teaching rights, I may remark that the immense majority of congregations are as yet uncertain as to the final issue of their demand for authorisation. If, eventually the regulars are replaced by laymen or by secular clergy —assuming the Government would put up with the latter— the expenses in salaries would reduce the establishments to a more precarious condition than the *lycées*, in the absence of public subsidies.

One word more. During my recent wanderings, I was assured that M. Combes in the days when he wore the cassock —days far off which he forgets, as he is entitled to do—wrote a charmingly mystical appeal in favour of some wonder-working *Bonne Dame*. I thought of that one evening as I was walking along the Grands Boulevards, and my ears were assailed by the brawling vendors of clerical or anti-clerical pamphlets, which, to the great shame of their literary reputation, distinguished Academicians do not shrink from signing. I thought how forty years before this people of Paris with its then picturesque humour would have printed, at the prompting of writers equally distinguished but more delicate, a hundred thousand copies of "L'Apologie de Notre Dame de B . . . ., par M. Combes, Président de la Loge Maçonnique du D^{e} . . . arrondissement;" to distribute them gratuitously one evening to the strollers of the boulevards. And on the morning of the next day the Ministry would have fallen beneath the ridicule . . . or the barricades.

MAURICE A. GEROTHWOHL, F.R.S.L.

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THE AGE OF THE INHABITED WORLD AND THE PACE OF ORGANIC CHANGE

IT is well known that for years past a struggle has been going on between eminent biologists and geologists on the one side, and equally eminent physicists on the other, as to the age of the inhabited earth; the geologists demanding for the work of erosion and deposition, and the biologists for the work of evolution, a lapse of time which the others are constrained to deny. We want, say the one side, almost countless æons for the slow progress of geological action and of the development of living things: we can, say the others, give you only a short time, for the life of the earth has been brief, and therefore you must, to use a modern phrase, hurry up your phenomena.

Lord Kelvin has presented two distinct propositions, the one of which he would, I believe, affirm to be conclusively proved, and the other to be made probable by his arguments. The first proposition is that the world has not existed as a habitable place for an infinite period: the second, that it has so existed for a period of from 24 to 40 million years and no more.

If an agency tending toward a given result has been acting through infinity, that result must have been reached. Now the earth is giving off heat into space from moment to moment, and the tendency of that action is to deprive the earth of all heat: but the earth still retains some heat. Again, the tides

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produce a friction upon the solid earth, and the tendency of that friction is to make the revolution of the earth slower and slower until it ceases to revolve upon its axis at all. But in point of fact it does still revolve.

Or again, if we look at the earth as a part of the solar system, we are met by this consideration. The sun, hour by hour and day by day, is parting with heat, and is contracting the dimension of its body; and the tendency of this action is to bring the temperature of the sun to absolute zero, and its volume to that which the utmost contraction from cold can produce; but in point of fact the sun has not reached absolute zero or its smallest possible dimensions.

From these and such like considerations the inference that the world has only been in existence as a world for a limited period of time appears to be an absolutely necessary one.

With regard to the length of that period, Lord Kelvin takes hold first of the fact of the tides acting as a force which retards the rotation of the earth. But the form of a rotating body is due to the speed of its rotation and to the condition of the body as to solidity, the flattening of the body being in proportion to its fluidity and the speed of its rotation. From these considerations Lord Kelvin says that "we may safely conclude that the earth was certainly not solid 5000 million years ago, and was probably not solid 1000 million years ago."

Another note of time is found by the illustrious physicist in the rapidity with which heat is now conducted out of the earth; and availing himself of recent investigations into the melting-point of various rocks, Lord Kelvin holds that we have good reason for judging that the time which has passed since the consolidation of the earth "was more than 20 and less than 40 million years ago; and probably much nearer 20 than 40."[1]

The Demand of the Geologists.—So much Lord Kelvin is prepared to allow for all the work that has been done on the earth, and not more. Now let us see what demand the geologists

[1] "On the Age of the Earth," *Phil. Mag.*, January 1899, page 75.

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make. They have found in the subjects of their study two facts from which to attempt the calculation of time, namely, deposition, or the laying down of the stratified rocks; and erosion, or the wearing away of rocks; and they have been accustomed, as Dr. Haughton puts it, "to deal with time as an infinite quantity at their disposal."

Mr. Darwin said "in all probability a far longer period than 300 million years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period."[1] Sir Archibald Geikie, in a presidential address at the British Association in 1892, said that if the various sedimentary masses that form the outer part of the earth's crust "were all laid down at the most rapid recorded rate of denudation they would require a period of 73 million years for their completion. If they were laid down at the slowest rate they would demand a period of not less than 680 million."[2] And Mr. Wallace, having cited the opinions of many eminent geologists, concludes that if their opinion as to the time since the Cambrian epoch be correct, the commencement of life on the earth cannot be less than 500 million years ago.[3]

The Demand of the Biologists.—The demand of the biologists for a vast space of time is based upon the propositions that all existing organisms are derived from one or more simple forms; that the present forms are due to two causes,—the variability of the organism, and the natural selection amongst the varieties and the parent stock of the forms most adapted to survive; that variation and natural selection have operated very slowly, and that there is no other form of variation or selection or derivation. "It may be objected," wrote Mr. Darwin, "that time will not have sufficed for so great an amount of organic change, *al. changes having been effected very slowly through natural selection.*"[4]

[1] This passage is cited by Lord Kelvin from an early edition of the "Origin of Species." I have failed to find it in my later edition.

[2] "Nature," August 4, 1892, page 322. [3] "Island Life," page 205.

[4] "Origin of Species," 4th ed., page 342. The italics are mine.

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Mr. Darwin's view I take to have been that there are two distinguishable kinds of variation—the slow and the rapid, and that the latter kind is of no avail for the production of new species from the want of permanence in successive generations. "It may be doubted," he wrote, "whether sudden and great deviations of structure, such as we occasionally see in our domestic productions, more especially with plants, are ever permanently propagated in a state of nature."[1] And with that double doubt whether they ever existed otherwise than in domestic productions, and whether, if existing in a state of nature, they were hereditary, he seems to have dismissed from all consideration, in the course of his argument, this remarkable class of variations. Nature, so Mr. Darwin seems to put it, may sometimes, especially when goaded on by man, make jumps; but she does no good by it, she gets no forwarder by so doing; all her real progress is by crawling, and not by jumping.

It is, therefore, exclusively on the other form of variation, on "the accumulation of innumerable slight variations,"[2] that he relies. "As natural selection acts," he says, "solely by accumulating slight successive favourable variations, it can produce no great or sudden modifications; it can act only by very short and slow steps."[3] What Mr. Darwin relied upon in his demand for time was the smallness of effective variations, the slowness of the operation of natural selection, and *the affirmation that there was no other mode of evolution.* It is on this negative proposition that the demand for time reposes; for, if there be sudden and large variations, as well as small; if there be natural selection exercised on rapid and sudden changes, as well as on gradual ones; or if there be any other lines along which evolution has proceeded more rapidly, then it is evident that the pace of the world would be accelerated, perhaps vastly accelerated. Mr. Wallace was at one with his great fellow worker in this insistence on the one line of slow progression: "Universal variability,' he wrote, "small in amount

[1] Origin of Specie, 4th ed., page 47. [2] *Id.*, page 543. [3] *Id.* page 556.

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but in every direction, ever fluctuating about a mean condition, until made to advance in a given direction by 'selection,' natural or artificial, is the simple basis for the indefinite modification of the forms of life." [1]

Mr. Huxley took a different view. In writing to Mr. Darwin, he said: "You have loaded yourself with an unnecessary difficulty in adopting *natura non facit saltum* so unreservedly." [2]

We shall consider whether, in this matter, Huxley was not nearer the truth than Darwin.

The biologists' demand for time was elaborately put forward by Professor Poulton in his opening address to the Zoological Section of the British Association in 1896.[3] He comes to the conclusion that the time occupied by the deposition of the stratified rocks is not sufficient for the whole of organic evolution, but that that period "must be multiplied several times for the later history of evolution alone," and that "the period thus obtained requires to be again increased, and, perhaps, doubled, for the earlier history." [4] The period during which stratified rocks were formed was put by Professor Poulton, proceeding on data from Sir Archibald Geikie,

	Millions of Years.
At	450
If we translate Professor Poulton's expression "several times" to mean 3—certainly a moderate figure—we shall get for the later history of evolution the figures	3
	1350
If we double this for the earlier history, we get the grand total of	2
	2700

as representing the age of the world, not as a world, but as a world inhabitable by living organisms.

A Case of Sudden Variation.—Now I turn away from

[1] Wallace, "On Natural Selection," page 290.
[2] "Darwin's Life," ii., 232.
[3] "Nature," liv., 500. [4] Page 509.

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the consideration of these mighty periods of time to an humble plant. Some time ago a friend sent me some specimens of the yellow toad-flax (*Linaria vulgaris*) of the variety which is known as peloric. Though I had read of it, I had never seen it before, nor even felt the full import of the divergence between the normal and the abnormal form. The latter is a plant, to all intents and purposes, like the common toad-flax in its stem, leaves, roots, and general appearance; but its flowers, instead of being irregular and highly specialised like those of the normal form, are regular flowers, with a long yellow tube and yellow limb divided into five parts; instead of having one spur, the flower has five spurs; instead of a calyx with one sepal longer than the others, it has a regular pentamerous calyx; instead of four stamens, two long and two short, it has five stamens all of equal length; and other points of difference exist. The two flowers are vastly diverse the one from the other, and a botanist called upon to classify them would describe them certainly as different in species, and probably also in genus and family: the one would take its place amongst regular flowered plants, the other amongst those with irregular blossoms.

We owe the first observations on this curious flower to Daniel Rudberg, one of that group of keen naturalists who sat at the feet of the great Linnæus, and seem to have been inspired with his zeal for knowledge and his love of accurate description. I fancy that the academic society at Upsala in those days was very eager and earnest, and very simple. However that may be, in 1742 one of the Upsala students of the name of Zioberg gathered a specimen of this variety on an island in the sea about seven miles from Upsala, called Norra Gassklaret and committed it to his herbarium. Olaus Celsius, a doctor and professor of theology, but given to botany, visits the herbarium of Zioberg and sees this strange specimen and wonders at it, and carries it to Linnæus himself. The great teacher thinks at once that he sees through the matter. Some one has stuck on to the stem and leaves of a *Linaria* the

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blossoms of some other plant, in order to have a laugh at the botanists. But Linnæus takes a needle and opens the corolla, and is more puzzled than ever, and determines to leave the question over till he can see the living plant. He goes to Zioberg and learns from him that he knows the spot from which the flower came. In 1743 the flower was eaten down by cattle before it could be obtained, but 1744 saw the plant in the hands of Rudberg, who described it in the "Amænitates Academicæ," vol. i., p. 280. He gives cogent reason for the conclusion, which has long been beyond doubt, that the plant in question is really a form of *Linaria vulgaris*. There are several noteworthy points in his account of the plant. It was found growing abundantly amongst the toad-flax of the normal kind, and yet no intermediate forms were found; again, he observes that the abnormal plants had perfect seeds. It is evident that the discovery of these two forms of one plant sent something like a thrill through the systematists of Upsala. Rudberg saw that in his observations there might be the germs of great truths. "Spes est," he says, "ex accuratius considerata ejus indole, ignotas antea maximi momenti veritates, vegetationi potissimum explicandæ, atque adeo Theoriæ Botanices amplificandæ inservientes, elucescere aliquando posse."

Soon after the publication of this discovery, the peloric form of *Linaria* was observed to exist in many other places—in various parts of Germany, at Brigg in Lincolnshire, and it has ever since been known to botanists as occurring here and there.

The consideration of this single flower is full of suggestions. It seems at once to show that there are other modes by which one organisation may pass into another than by the slow accumulation of small variations; that a single variation, not small, not accumulated, but sudden, may carry a race of organisms from one family to another, jumping, as it were, over species and genera: that such a change may occur in nature without human aid or guidance: that the new plant may be endowed with means of reproduction, and actually reproduce the new

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form: in a word, that the pace of organic change is not always slow but is sometimes rapid.

Pelorism.—This remarkable change in the yellow toad-flax occurs, as I have already said, as a not uncommon event in all countries. Sometimes the change affects the whole plant, and all the blossoms are of the new form known as peloric. Sometimes the same plant bears both normal and peloric blossoms, the two forms having received from De Vries the names of *Linaria vulgaris peloria* and *Linaria vulgaris hemipeloria*.[1] Peloric flowers have been the subject of a great body of botanical literature. They were much dealt with by Dr. Masters in his well-known book on Vegetable Teratology (1869); by Professor de Vries of Amsterdam in his very elaborate work on Variations, and, as he calls them, Mutations in the Vegetable Kingdom, and by Mr. and Miss Bateson in their very interesting Paper "On Floral Variations in Plants having Irregular Corollas."[2] The last-mentioned observers have found peloric forms of the *Linaria spuria* growing often on the same stems as the normal plants. They have made observations on four cases of symmetrical flowers resulting from unsymmetrical ones. In some cases there were more or less intermediate forms; in others this was not the case; but, as they observe, this fact tells nothing in favour of small variations: "since the descent is not from flower to flower, but from plant to plant, and since the same plant may bear normal flowers and flowers having the perfect symmetry of the variety as well as intermediate flowers, the presence of these occasional intermediate flowers in no wise enables us to avoid the conclusion that in the case of an individual flower as opposed to an individual plant the change is a sudden one."

There are some observations on this fact of pelorism on which I desire to pause. It will be found (1) that pelorism exists in very many flowers, and is by no means confined to the one species, on which I have for the sake of clearness chiefly

[1] "Die Mutationstheorie," Leip., 1901, page 556.

[2] 28 Jour. Lin. Soc. Bot., 386.

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dwelt; (2) that there is evidence to show that in many of these cases the doctrine of reversion will not explain the jump; (3) that peloric flowers are capable of reproducing themselves; and (4) that even when pelorism is abundant there is no reason to believe that it is the result of small and successive variations.

(1) Pelorism exists in many flowers; it has been observed, according to Dr. Masters, in no less than one hundred and ten plants, and these plants are to be found in a great variety of families and genera—in monocotyledons and in dicotyledons. The phenomenon is, therefore, wide-spread; it cannot with reason be dismissed as rare or exceptional—if, indeed, any exception, even a unique exception, can ever be wisely dismissed from the mind of an enquirer.

(2) But then it may be suggested that this fact of pelorism in the *Linaria* is a mere case of reversion, and that the fact that organisms can suddenly jump back to an older form does not justify the conclusion that they can suddenly jump forward. But this suggestion does not meet the facts of the case, even assuming that there is no doubt as to which direction is back and which is forward, a point on which I admit that our guides are for the most part agreed. "We have no right," said Mr. Darwin, speaking of the *Linaria* in its peloric form with five spurs, "to attribute these latter cases to reversion until it can be shown to be probable that the parent form, for instance, of the genus *Linaria* had had all its petals spurred."[1] Now, so far from its being probable that the present form of *Linaria* had all its petals spurred, the spurred nectary must, according to the current theory on the subject, be regarded as correlated with the irregular form of flower, and as adapted to attract the insects to the right place in order to effect fertilisation.

If, then, we cannot consider the step from the normal to the peloric form of *Linaria* as a jump backward, it is a jump forward—forward, that is, towards a new form of flower different from the existing or any probable ancestral form. There is a

[1] 2 Darwin An. and Pl., 58.

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new form of organism coming into existence by sudden modification, and not "by accumulating slight successive favourable variations," coming into existence in frequent instances and affording every reason to believe that it is capable of reproduction.

Nor is the evidence that pelorism cannot be attributed to reversion confined to the genus *Linaria;* for it has been shown that some of the peloric forms of *Antirrhinum* and *Galeobdolon*, have six stamens and six parts of the corolla; whereas the normal forms are pentamerous, and therefore must be supposed on the current theory to be descended from symmetrical pentamerous flowers.[1]

Again, Dr. Masters, in his interesting study of the subject,[2] has classified the cases in which symmetrical flowers arise from unsymmetrical ones under two heads—(1) regular pelorism, due to the non-development of irregular parts, as when a violet drops its spurs and the inequality of the development of the petals and sepals and appears as a regular flower; and (2) irregular pelorism, due to the formation of irregular parts in increased number, as in the case which we have already dwelt upon of the five-spurred toad-flax. If we may judge from the lists given by this author, cases of irregular pelorism are more common than those of regular. His list of the former contains sixty-four and of the latter forty-six plants. It is, of course, possible to assume ancestral forms which may explain every form of pelorism as a reversion; but such an assumption can only be regarded as highly improbable, and often at variance with the probable phylogeny of the plants concerned. This view corresponds with what Mr. Darwin has said of *Linaria* and is one to which Dr. Masters also inclines.[3]

(3) Peloric flowers are capable of reproducing themselves; at least in some cases. We have seen the evidence on this point of the earlier observers of *Linaria vulgaris* in its peloric

[1] 2 Darwin An. and Pl., page 59.

[2] "Teratology," page 219 *et seq.*

[3] Page 237.

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form. The latest authority,[1] whilst considering that this form is generally sterile, yet holds that it sometimes produces seeds, and he cites Willdenow as having raised from such seed pure specimens of the peloric form.

From a peloric *Antirrhinum majus* artificially fertilised by its own pollen Mr. Darwin raised a large bed of plants; "and sixteen plants which alone survived the winter were as perfectly peloric as the parent plant."

Another experiment is very striking. Mr. Darwin crossed a peloric *Antirrhinum majus* with pollen of the common form, and *vice versâ*, and not a single child of that generation was peloric. The crossed plants were allowed to sow themselves, and of the second generation of 127 seedlings, 88 were of the common form, 2 intermediate between peloric and normal, 37 perfectly peloric, "having reverted to the structure of their own grandparent."[2] And so, again, M. Helye reports that he has raised from seed three generations of *Antirrhinum* with regular flowers.[3]

Again, the *Corydalis solida peloria* is reported by Godson as having shown itself true through a succession of generations (1862–8); and another peloric flower, the *Digitalis purpurea monstrosa*, has for years been a favourite race with the gardeners, and has been cultivated in the Botanical Gardens at Amsterdam from 1844 to the present time.[4]

(4) I have said that even when pelorism is abundant there is no reason to suppose it to be the result of the accumulation of small variations. The facts are entirely against any such conclusion: often no forms intermediate between the normal and the peloric appear at all. "In these cases of symmetrical variation," say Mr. and Miss Bateson,[4] "the variation is frequently complete, and seldom incomplete, and the perfection of the variation is out of all proportion to the frequency of its occurrence."

I have dwelt thus fully, I fear tediously, upon the facts

[1] De Vries, page 555.
[2] 2 An. and Pl., pages 70–1.
[3] Masters' "Teratol.," page 229, n.
[4] De Vries, page 567.

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of pelorism, because they have seemed to me to be very remarkable, and to carry with them a great body of suggestion as to the course of organic evolution.

Variation is evidently as constant a factor in descent as likeness; no descendant is probably the exact counterpart of any of its ancestors; but of the variations which thus occur the greater part are well within the limits of the species; they would lead no naturalist to place the child in a different position in the classification of the organisms from that occupied by the parent. But there are, as we have seen, other forms of variation which affect either the whole organism or its more important and distinguishing parts, in such a way as to suggest that the younger organism is not of the same species as its parent. For this latter kind of variation the term mutation has been used by some writers, and I propose to avail myself of it as conveniently marking off the cases with which I am concerned. Pelorism is evidently a case of mutation; but it is by no means the only one, and I propose in my next paper to adduce, in the first place, a few cases of sudden mutations not arising from change of environment which are shown to be inheritable; and in the second place to give instances of sudden variations arising from change of environment which are shown to be transmissible so long as the new environment continues.

EDWARD FRY.

(To be concluded.)

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CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY AND THE TEMPORAL POWER

IN that valuable work, "Italy To-day," Mr. Bolton King gave an interesting and impartial account of the Christian Democratic movement in Italy, and he prophesied that, important and useful as the movement was, it would not last long, but would inevitably be crushed between the upper and nether mill-stones of Ultramontanism and Socialism. Mr. Bolton King has proved a true prophet, and the course of events since his book was written has shown how shrewd and prescient an observer he is of Italian affairs. Some months ago the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs issued to the Christian Democrats of Italy a set of "Instructions," which were received with suspicious exultation by the *Civiltà Cattolica* and other organs of obscurantism and reaction. These "Instructions" contained some praise of the Christian Democratic movement, and aimed ostensibly at its regulation and better organisation. But, in spite of the protestation of the *Osservatore Romano* that nothing of the kind was desired or intended, it was plain to any one that could read between the lines that the destruction of the movement as an effective force was the real object of the authors of the "Instructions" (in whose compilation Cardinal Rampolla was credited with a large share) and must inevitably result from their practical application.

That, in fact, has been the result. The Christian Democratic

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leaders tried at first to explain away the "Instructions" and to adapt their organisation outwardly to the conditions laid down without sacrificing their real independence. But the attempt was hopeless. The authorities showed their hand almost at once by banishing from Rome Padre Murri (editor of the *Domani d'Italia*, and private Secretary to Cardinal Agliardi) who has since been formally censured by the Holy See. And the "Instructions" could not be explained away; they were an amplification and an application in practice of the famous doctrine of Pius IX. that the Roman Pontiff could not come to terms with modern civilisation. As an example of obscurantism at its stupidest they had their humorous side, though they betrayed a characteristic lack of humour in their authors. "Fresh schemes of Christian life, new courses of action for the Church, new aspirations for the modern mind, a new social vocation for the clergy, and a new Christian society" were impartially denounced; the "spirit of innovation" was marked for abhorrence; and it was laid down that all books and periodicals supposed to contain any new ideas on any subject were to be excluded from seminaries—the unfortunate inmates of which must read nothing that had not been passed by a censor appointed for that purpose. Finally it was ordained that the Christian Democratic movement should be subjected to the "Opera dei Congressi," a group of Catholic associations controlled by the Italian bishops and at that time presided over by a bitter opponent of the Christian Democrats, Count Paganuzzi,[1] which make the restoration of the Temporal Power their primary object. This last provision was the solvent by which the dissolution of the most hopeful Catholic movement that Italy has seen for generations was to be accomplished, and the attempt to circumvent it or nullify its effects soon failed. The Christian Democratic leaders bowed to the inevitable and by a strange coincidence one

[1] Count Paganuzzi has recently been succeeded in the presidency by Count Grosoli, who has spoken favourably of Christian Democratic ideas

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of the most able and energetic if not the most judicious among them, Don Albertario, editor of the *Osservatore Cattolico* of Milan, did not survive the movement to which he had devoted his brilliant abilities. He died on September 20, having just lived long enough to see the final blow given to his dream of a reconciliation between the Vatican and Democracy, a dream which many have dreamed since Lamennais, and none without a bitter disillusionment.

In name the Christian Democratic organisations still exist —but as mere subordinate branches of an organisation under episcopal control which, whatever may be the opinions of Count Grosoli, is fundamentally opposed to the ideas and aims of the Christian Democrats. It is as though the Fabian Society were compulsorily subordinated to the Grand Council of the Primrose League. Deprived of independence and initiative the Christian Democrats must inevitably degenerate into a clericalist party taking its orders in political matters from the bishops. Great efforts have recently been made to induce the Pope to deprive the Christian Democratic organisations of their semblance of separate existence by suppressing them altogether. Those efforts have as yet been unsuccessful; it is on the whole to be wished that they may succeed; for it would be far better for Italy and for the Christian Democrats themselves if, instead of being bound and gagged, they were to throw themselves as individuals into the public life of their country and act in association with their fellow citizens in the ordinary political parties.

It is not necessary here to relate the short but brilliant history of the Christian Democratic movement in Italy. As readers of "Italy To-day" know, it made rapid progress. Patronised by such dignitaries as Cardinal Agliardi and Bishop Bonomelli of Cremona it attracted enthusiastic adherents all over Northern Italy, and was becoming an important factor in Italian social and political life. Its leaders advocated fiscal and social reforms which are urgently needed in Italy; they organised Catholic workmen and young men of all classes into

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associations or trade unions; they founded savings banks and benefit clubs. They were beginning to make Catholicism once more a living force in Italy, to bring it into touch with the people, and to find a basis for reconciliation between the Church and modern movements in thought and action. Recognising that the question of Temporal Power is not at present a question of practical politics, the Christian Democrats let it alone and devoted their attention to matters in which something could really be done. They are not at all ardent supporters of the Monarchy—many of them are Republicans—but they declined to jeopardise the cause of religion and social reform by involving themselves in useless conflicts with the Government for the sake of a theory about Papal sovereignty. This was doubtless their chief offence. The fiat of the Sacred Congregation went forth:

"Every Catholic journal and indeed every layman desirous of taking part in public action is bound to keep before the minds of the faithful that intolerable condition in which the Holy Father has found himself since Rome was annexed to Italy."

The Temporal Power is thus to be one of the chief objects for which Catholics are to work and part of the gospel to be preached to every creature. Indeed, if we are to believe the Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, it is a mortal sin to deny its necessity.

Since it seems that the restoration of the Temporal Power is now put before Catholics as the aim to which most others must be subordinated, it may be useful to consider what it means and what it involves, from a practical point of view. Nearly two years ago some attention was drawn to the subject by an address presented to the Pope by the Duke of Norfolk on behalf of the Catholic Union of Great Britain in which a desire was expressed for the restoration of the Pope's "independence"; but the explanatory letter which the Duke of Norfolk addressed to the *Times* did not throw much light on the matter. His Grace assured his readers that he had no designs against the unity of Italy, and he expressed his belief

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that the Pope had none; but as to what was connoted by the independence asked for or what means were to be adopted to secure it he could say no more than that it was a matter for the Pope himself to decide. In other words, all that the Duke could say, after himself raising the question, was that he had nothing to say on the subject. However much such a position —and it is a typical position—may commend itself to ardent spirits among Catholics, it will hardly be looked upon with favour by practical statesmen. They may or may not be of opinion that the independence of the Pope—his independence, that is, of any civil Government—is, in some sort, desirable; but it is quite certain that, before they will even consider any demand put forth by the Papacy or on its behalf for a change in the present relations between the Papacy and Italy, they will want to know what that demand is in detail. And, unless some kind of definite demand or practical proposal can be formulated, it is surely unreasonable merely to protest against the present situation. If that situation were, in fact, so intolerable from the point of view of the general interests of Europe as is alleged, common sense will tell us that the case would have been attended to long ago. That no such definite demand has been made authoritatively is common knowledge; it must be presumed that those who refrain from making it have their own reasons for so doing. The Duke of Norfolk was not to blame for the vagueness of his explanatory letter; where all is vague and in the air who, in his position, can be explicit?

Yet it is only as a practical question, not as an academic and theoretical proposition, that the matter of Papal independence or Temporal Power is worth considering. Whether the Pope ought or ought not in theory to be "independent" is a question of as little interest to most people as the much older question whether he has or has not in theory the right of deposing monarchs, which, to be sure had at one time a very practical application, and represented a claim that is by no means abandoned although it takes a different form at the present day. What, then, in the first place, is meant by the

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term "independence" in connection with the Papacy? We know what the term means to an Englishman; he knows of no true independence other than that which is based on conscience. Freedom of the soul, that is independence as we understand it; and a man whose soul is free is to us, as to Herrick, free as is no other created being save only the angels. But independence in the mouth of a Roman means something quite other than freedom of the soul. We shall fail to understand Roman questions unless we first grasp the main characteristic of the Roman mind, a characteristic common in some degree to the Latin race, but concentrated and accentuated in the Roman. The Roman character, as has been pointed out by a shrewd observer, is still at bottom what it was when Rome was the centre of a pagan empire, in spite of the influence of centuries of Christianity. The main characteristic of the Latin and particularly of the Roman mind is, as it seems to me, its materialistic tendency, and therein chiefly is it differentiated from the English and the Teutonic minds. Independence, therefore, to the Roman is something material and tangible with all the pomp and circumstance of state, and visible lordliness of rule. Not for centuries has the Pope been in a position to be so independent—as Englishmen understand independence—as he could be if he chose at the present moment. From the English point of view, wordly splendour, temporal display, civil sovereignty did but obscure the tremendous spiritual and moral claims of the Papacy. The Roman, on the other hand, cannot understand spiritual or moral influence unless it is clothed in some material and external show of power. And, for all practical purposes, it is with the Roman that one has to deal in dealing with the Catholic Church. As regards her *de facto* government, from an external and political point of view, she is a purely Latin institution and must be treated as such. Ideally every nation should contribute its quota to the sum of characteristics that make up the Catholic mind; in fact it is not so. The Council of Trent ordained in one of its canons

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that the Curia, the central governing body of the Church, should be cosmopolitan, that every nation should be properly represented upon it. The canon does no more than register an unrealised aspiration. Bearing these facts in mind, we must take this demand for independence for the Papacy to mean that the Pope should be placed in such a temporal position as to be free to rule his spiritual adherents exactly as he pleases without any sort of external restraint or interference. And in this connection it must be remembered that ecclesiastical authority claims to rule in other than purely spiritual or religious matters. Says an authoritative pronouncement which has been expressly approved by the Pope:—

"To think as the Church thinks, to be of one mind with her, to obey her voice, is not a matter of duty in those cases only when the subject matter is one of direct revelation or connected therewith. It is an obligation also, whenever the subject matter of the Church's teaching falls within the range of her authority. And that range, as we have said, comprises all that is necessary for feeding, teaching, and governing the flock." [1]

It will be seen that there is no limitation placed on the term "governing;" the extent of the right of government claimed is stated most explicitly in the Constitution *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., the teachings of which still rule in some theological schools and have never been disavowed or repudiated by authority. They are, indeed, plainly to be discerned in an earlier utterance on the subject of Christian Democracy, the Encyclical *Graves de communi* of the present Pope, of which the recent "Instructions" are the natural complement. In effect what is demanded is a blind obedience to the decisions of ecclesiastical authority even in political matters. And what is dreamed of is an exempt and inviolate territory from which, surrounded by all the pomp of temporal sovereignty, the Pope may issue his edicts on various subjects—including politics—to every quarter of the globe. When this is once understood

[1] A Joint Pastoral Letter on the Church and Liberal Catholicism by the Cardinal Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province of Westminster. (Burns & Oates, 1900.) Page 13.

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no surprise will be felt at the hesitation in formulating the demand.

When we come to the question how such an independence is to be secured we are met by many and considerable difficulties. It may well be doubted whether a temporal sovereignty over some part or even the whole of the old Papal States would in fact secure such an independence as is asked for.[1] The ruler of a small and weak State is at least as open to the influence of powerful neighbours as is a spiritual ruler possessed of no temporal dominions; every one remembers Bismarck's famous remark during his conflict with the Papacy after the disappearance of the Temporal Power. Nothing short of a temporal dominion over the whole civilised world, or at least the civil sovereignty of a great Power, could, it will seem to many, secure the Pope such a position as is aimed at; and these are hardly in question. That such a temporal sovereignty as even the wildest Ultramontane could dream to be within the bounds of possibility would secure such an independence as is desired is not the lesson of history. A little more inquiry into and consideration of the past would save us from many blunders in the present and future, and, if we look back at the past, we find that the Pope has never had such an independence as is now desired, and that his temporal sovereignty has not preserved him from being successively under the influence of one or other of the great Powers. In the earlier centuries the Pope was under the control of the Emperor, whose confirmation was even necessary to a Papal election, and it was only after a struggle that the Pope could obtain freedom of action. The only time at which the Pope can be said to have been independent was during the conflict with the Emperor in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, when the Pope had no abiding city. Was there ever so independent a Pope as St. Gregory VII.? Yet his independence was due, not to temporal sovereignty but to force of character. He had no

[1] Lord Herries has suggested that the Pope might be given an island, but this perhaps is a suggestion that need not be seriously considered at present.

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independence in the material and worldly sense; his pontificate was one of the most troubled in history; he was successfully besieged in his own city; an anti-Pope was set up against him; he died in exile. It was sheer spiritual and moral force that made him independent, that brought Henry to Canossa to do penance for his crimes and broke down the resistance to necessary reform of the greatest civil power in the world. When the power of the Emperors waned the Papacy became enslaved to France; the later period of Spanish dominance at Rome English Catholics have painful reason to remember. And never was the Papacy more subservient to one Power or another than in the period immediately preceding the loss of the Temporal Power. Gregory XVI. was the creature of Austria; Pius IX. was the creature of France; it was only by French bayonets that Pius IX. was kept on his unsteady civil throne and, when the French protection was withdrawn, that throne fell. The recognised right of either of the Catholic Powers to veto the election of any particular individual as Pope, a right exercised again and again, disappeared only with the Temporal Power. The election of Leo XIII. was the first wholly free election after many centuries of interference, and that freedom was secured in the capital of the Kingdom of Italy. In 1846, as every one knows, the election of Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti would have been vetoed by Austria but for carelessness probably due to a belief that he had no chance; in 1878 there was no hint of interference on the part of any Power.

The subserviency of the Papacy to one or other of the Powers has, in part at least, been due to its seemingly inherent disposition to lean on some extraneous power and to trust to the arm of flesh. At present the influence of France as the leading Latin and Catholic Power is paramount at the Vatican. Is there any reason to suppose that that influence would be lessened in the smallest degree if the Papal States were restored? So far as we can be guided by history we should rather expect it to be increased under such circumstances. And the present Pope's remarks about the French Protectorate of Catholic

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Missions in the East confirm that expectation, pointing as they do to a settled conviction of the desirability of a specially close alliance between the supreme head of the Catholic Church and the chief of the Latin nations. The chief aim of the Vatican policy being the retention at all costs of the religious and political control of the Latin nations—an aim which takes precedence by a long way of the return of the non-Latin nations to the Church (a possibility positively dreaded in some quarters)—it is on the leading Latin nations that the Vatican inevitably leans, apart from any illusory hope that may be cherished of possible help from a Franco-Russian alliance towards realising aspirations to which England and the Triple Alliances are solid bars. The question is, not so much whether the Papacy can be independent as whether it wills to be. It will never be independent so long as it has political aims or seeks to command the obedience of Catholics in political matters. Such aims must inevitably lead it to depend on some one or more of the Powers and embroil it with others, as would not be the case were its aims purely religious and its attention confined to spiritual and moral affairs. The choice lies between the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them on the one hand and the kingdom that is in but not of the world on the other. It is a mistake to suppose that one can choose both.

Whether or not Papal independence could be secured by temporal sovereignty is not, however, the chief consideration of the statesman. What he has to consider are the probable results of the restoration of temporal dominion to the Papacy, and in that consideration he is hampered by the absence already referred to of any definite demand and the extreme vagueness of the claim made for the Papacy. If we are to take seriously the utterances of the most ardent advocates of the Temporal Power we shall, indeed, conclude that nothing less than the restoration of the whole of the old Papal territory will be satisfactory. It has even been proposed in a pamphlet published with an episcopal *imprimatur* that the divine right of the Pope to that particular territory and the necessity of its

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restoration to him should be defined as an article of faith on the ground, so far as one can gather, that the acreage of the territory is alleged to be the same as that of the Holy Land. Whether the Duke of Norfolk is right in believing that the Pope himself does not desire to destroy Italian unity I have no means of knowing; but it is quite certain that it is the professed aim of the out-and-out Ultramontanes. The habitual language of such journals as the *Osservatore Romano* (the subsidised organ of the Vatican) or the *Voce della Verita*, is as uncompromising as it is sometimes indecorous. The only scheme that has been propounded within recent years is that of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the Roman organ of the Jesuits; it embraced the abolition of the Italian monarchy and the formation of a federal Republic with the Pope at the head of it. The Pope apparently was to be absolute ruler of the Papal territory, which would be the chief State or Canton of the federation; the political validity of the ideas of these persons was aptly exemplified in this conception of a republic presided over by an absolute monarch. The scheme did not, it will be seen, show any great regard for Italian unity; it is interesting chiefly as an index to the ideas and aims of the Society of Jesus. Of proposals which aim at the reconciliation of Vatican and Quirinal and the preservation of the unity of Italy with a due regard for the rights of the Papacy there have been none, so far as I know, since the famous pamphlet of the late Abbot Tosti; nor, after the fate of that distinguished man, are there likely to be any. Whatever may be true as to the exact details of the manner in which his downfall was brought about this at least is certain: he did not write and publish that pamphlet without such approval and encouragement from very high quarters as gave him every reason to believe that it would be acceptable.

At present we have before us no scheme at all, nothing but a vague cry, that has many different meanings in as many different mouths. But it is possible to consider what would be involved in the restoration to Papacy of even the smallest

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amount of temporal sovereignty beyond what it possesses at present; for, of course, the Pope is in fact a sovereign and his own master, and would remain so if he walked out of the Vatican to-morrow; the last thing desired by the Italian Government is to have him as a subject. Suppose the Papal dominion to consist only of Rome, or even of part of Rome, with a railway to the sea, there are many considerations of importance that have to be taken into account. In the first place, there is the important consideration, already mentioned, of French influence over the Vatican, which would have great weight with any European statesman confronted with a proposal to place the Pope in a position in which that influence would be more effective. In the second place, there is the not unimportant question of the feeling of the Roman people. Is there any reason to believe that the Roman people would welcome the prospect of being handed over to an ecclesiastical ruler who must in the nature of things be an absolute monarch? I hardly think there is. As a Roman priest put it to an English Catholic friend of mine who was waxing eloquent on Temporal Power: "The Romans of the present generation have grown up from their cradles to regard Rome as the capital of Italy; do you think they will see it handed over to the Pope? Would you give him London?" The *argumentum ad hominem* is sometimes not ineffective. The Italian Government might, I fancy, embarrass the Pope very seriously by offering to hand over Rome to him forthwith on one condition, that the Pope should not call in any extraneous aid either from Italy itself or from any foreign power. Within a very short time, one may venture to predict, Leo XIII. and his *entourage* would be in the position in which Pius VII. found himself in 1810, the year of the present Pope's birth. That, at least, is the conclusion one would draw from the history of the Papal States. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Roman people was fairly quiet, but at what a cost Ranke has told us; his terrible indictment is unhappily incontrovertible. During the nineteenth century, until the Temporal Power came to an end,

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the Roman people rebelled repeatedly and was kept down only by force. And the Roman people would have to be kept down by force now.

The question then arises, whence is the Papal Government to obtain the necessary force? If the Pope did not require a standing army, he would at least require a strong force of police. Where would it come from? Chiefly, one may safely say, from France; and it is impossible to doubt that, at the first hint of trouble that could not be dealt with by its own police, the Vatican would, as in the time of Pius IX., turn to France for military aid, and the Italian Government would find itself face to face with the occupation of territory in the middle of Italy by a jealous and not very friendly rival. To expect any government willingly to take such a risk is surely unreasonable. If, on the other hand, the territory, whatever it might be, were ceded to the Pope on the express condition that it should be policed exclusively by Italians, and that under no circumstances, should a foreign Power be called in, where would be the independence of which we have heard so much? Such a condition would mean that the Papal Government would be permanently dependent on Italy for the maintenance of order within the Papal domain. The suggestion of an International guarantee for the maintenance of the civil sovereignty of the Pope and the neutrality of his territory need hardly be discussed seriously at this time of day. But it may be pointed out that, even if the proposal (involving, as it does, the combination of the European Powers to force the Pope on the Romans, whether they like it or not, and suppress them whenever they rebel) were not ludicrously impracticable, such an arrangement would put the Papacy in a condition of contemptible servitude to the European Powers.

There are other questions to be answered before any proposal for the restoration of the Temporal Power can even be considered by practical persons. Would it, for instance, involve a government entirely in the hands of ecclesiastics like that of the old Papal States? Is Europe once more to have the

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spectacle presented by the details of the old administration which are within the knowledge of those who wish to know, but on which it is not necessary to dwell here? We know what the old ecclesiastical government was. Can any Catholic think of it without a blush or a feeling of regret that such things should have been? Yet there is no reason to be surprised that it was what it was. The conduct of civil government is no part of the mission of ecclesiastics; they are fitted for it neither by their training nor by their calling, and their ill-success in this instance did but illustrate the wisdom of the proverbial warning. It is doubtful whether many people wish to see the attempt repeated. But is any other than an ecclesiastical administration possible in an ecclesiastical State of which the Pope is head? That is a question which the advocates of temporal sovereignty have to answer.

These and such-like practical difficulties cannot be lightly dismissed nor can their consideration be postponed until the "principle" is conceded. They are essential factors in the problem. It is plain that the mere reiteration of vague protest against the present situation, unaccompanied by any practical proposal for its rectification, can only have one of two results, or perhaps both. It must either be prejudicial to the peace of Europe and discredit the Catholic Church, because the Papacy is seen to be a cause of discord and strife, or it must bring the protest itself into inevitable contempt. The danger lies, to a large extent, in the absence among Catholics of any practical consideration of the problems involved. In this world problems are solved by study and not by declamation. For my part I frankly confess that when one does consider the matter practically, the difficulties in the way of any solution of the problem seem to be insurmountable; perhaps it is a suspicion that that is the case which leads Catholics generally to shirk the problem. I see no way out of the present situation, nor any alternative to empty protest, except that of resignedly accepting the situation and making the best of it by coming to an understanding with Italy on the basis of the *status quo*.

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Whether the Papacy is to be independent is another question the answer to which rests, as I have already said, with the Papacy itself; no temporal sovereignty, no treaty, no international guarantee, will secure independence. In this connection the dying words of that distinguished scholar and devoted Catholic, the late Professor F. X. Kraus, will appeal with irresistible force to every thoughtful Catholic. "Dying as living," he said in his last will and testament, "I can see no salvation for Christian society except in the return of all to a religious Catholicism, in a breach with the worldly, political, and pharisaical aspirations of Ultramontanism, and in the acknowledgment that the Kingdom of God is not of this world." Yes; the price to be paid for independence is the abandonment of worldly ambitions and political entanglements, a whole-hearted reliance on spiritual and moral claims, and a frank appeal to the soul and conscience of mankind. That price is, I fear, one which the Roman character will not consent to pay. The consideration to which this inevitably leads is whether, in view of the actual absorption of all authority in the Church by the Papal Curia, the catholicisation of that central governing body would not in practice be found the best guarantee for the independence of the Pope and the natural corrective of the obvious weaknesses of the Roman character.

ROBERT EDWARD DELL.

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CANADA AND IMPERIAL IGNORANCE

IT may not be thought that in England at this moment there is any need to stimulate the Imperial sentiment. We have heard perhaps too much of Empire. Patriotism has been bawled unpleasantly, and nothing is worse than a fine sentiment vitiated: *corruptio optimi pessima.* But in spite of colonial conferences, fast services, and a vast outpouring of sentiment in many parts of Greater Britain, Great Britain is still accused of lukewarmness. We are in the eyes of many Canadians Laodicean, and they have an uncomfortable way of remembering instances of British inability to realise the sentiments of colonial people. If the imagination of British people has been touched it has still missed the grip of concrete things, without which imagination, even in the poets, loses the reality of its power. The existence of a widespread ignorance of empire is beyond dispute. There is a tale which Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has now for many years made Toronto his home, delights to tell in illustration. He was walking one day with three members of the Liberal Government, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Forster, and Lord Aberdare, and they had occasion to enter a church porch where they found affixed a notice to the effect that in as much as the Colorado beetle had appeared "in Ontario, a *town* of Canada, &c." The notice had issued from the Privy Council and had passed their specialists, and the historian enjoyed pointing out to the politicians the inadequacy

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of the description. The date is before the Colonial Office became almost the most important part of Government and would be without significance if similar ignorance were uncommon or only of the past and among politicians. But it is still wide and vicious as ever. Journalists perhaps are the chief offenders. Not long since one writer, who went no further west than Toronto and stayed no longer than three weeks, wrote an article on his return which is now famous in the Dominion. It began thus: "Canada is a flat country." He had before his eyes Toronto, the garden city, with its spacious streets and level avenues of trees and grassy spaces, sloping with an almost invisible declivity to the blue lake. But of the great north west, the country which, in Lord Dufferin's phrase, "confounds the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer," which contains the backbone of the world, he had no conception; it might exist, but it was not, to his experience, Canada. But men of commerce are hardly less ignorant. The Minister of the Interior complains that a regular percentage of the English people who write for information about this thing or that address their questions to "The British Consul, Ottawa," and the official to whom falls the duty of replying has a stereotyped form of rebuke in which he points out, simply and in school-boy language, that in as much as Canada is an integral part of the British Empire it has no need of a British Consul. Some of the letters are addressed "Ottawa, Canada, The United States"; and this strange reluctance to dissociate the United States and Canada has been used by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is perhaps the one annexationist in Canada, to point to the logical reasons for the combination of the two. Ludicrous as they appear to Canadians, one need not lay stress on mistakes of geography such as that of the correspondent who recently described the Royal party as taking an afternoon trip by boat "from Ottawa to Halifax." But these casual errors are symptomatic of an ignorance which may be deep enough in the sequel to do violence to the Empire. Even Mr. Rhodes, whom the public

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loves to call an empire-builder, can have had little notion of the present position of Canada and none of its great possibilities. "For the province of Ontario, Canada, three scholarships. For the province of Quebec, three scholarships. For the colony or island of Newfoundland and its dependencies, three scholarships." So the will as it stands; as if the three divisions were on the same level and there were no north western territories, indeed, no west to Canada at all. And yet at the time when the will was made the progress of those parts of the Empire was beginning to be as striking almost as the development of Rhodesia. Ignorance is that which makes misunderstandings easy; and it is not too much to say that by far the greatest danger that the Empire has to face at this time is chance misconceptions. It is as true now as when Aristotle said it, that seditions may come from small occasions, but not from small causes; and if some apparently slight misconception in some part of the Empire should sap its loyalty there, the cause would be the almost treasonable lack of interest and imagination which made the ignorance possible. The strength of empire is largely the amount of thought that is put into its consolidation. The favourite continental description of Greater Britain—a colossus *aux pieds d'argile*—is a true description of any widely spread empire which is prevented, by want of vitality in the members, from deserving the title of organism.

Again, ignorance in any one part of the Empire does direct injury to other parts. The Empire is sensitive through all its frame. To take an instance from finance; not that money is one of the better tests, but because cause and effect are perhaps easiest to trace in business affairs. For years the natural development of Canada has been held suspended solely for want of capital, and continuous efforts have been made to attract the capital of English investors. At one time there was a general consciousness in England that the field was rich. In obedience to the prompting many pioneers went out and a very considerable amount of capital was put into their hands, but almost without exception they failed miserably. It was

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not that they lost their money in waste places, not that they were cheated—though it is said in Montreal that if there is a rogue in a place he is sure to get hold of the Englishman—it was not that they were bad men of business. They suffered almost entirely from want of knowledge of the country and its ways. You cannot transfer formulæ from an old to a new country, though now and again the converse process has succeeded. Many have been ruined in this way by failing to understand the political position; or the simpler details of how a concession of land is granted and kept, and how an official is approached. Most businesses have been over-capitalised, or rather, sums that seem to Canadians absurd have been spent on preliminaries and offices and inquiries, most of which were needless. In a new country where there are no precedents, no "old established firm," no vested interests; success goes to the man who knows. While much English capital was being thrown away the native Canadian, the "man with five dollars in his pocket," has built a successful railway. He has gone to the right authorities, Government has granted him a subsidy, certainly in land, perhaps also in cash. He has obtained grants from the municipalities, he has borrowed money on the security of the land subsidy, and before the issue of the bonds, certainly before the issue of the stock, he has found his capital sufficient to enable him to open up a great tract of virgin territory and to claim the reputation of a benefactor as well as of a man of business. Some of his bonds have been bought with English money, but the previous failure of English enterprise has continued to frighten off English capital. Now when the astonishing effect of the development of the railways on the prosperity of the country has become plain to the most diffident and American capital is flowing in at a great pace, all eyes are turned on South Africa with such intensity that even the sensational rise in the shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway fails to divert the flow of investment and of interest.

With money, Canada needs population; and again it is largely ignorance that keeps London packed with dejected

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paupers or sends off younger sons to the Argentine. Some years ago Mr. Parkin, who had "stumped the Empire" from end to end, was lecturing to a crowded audience of working men in London on the scope and grandeur of empire. In the discussion which followed his lecture, a working man got up at the back of the hall and asked this question. "Mister," he said, "can you tell me what's the good of all this talk about empire and federation and ships when lots of us here are starving—starving?" It was the opportunity the lecturer had been looking for. "In the land I come from," he said, "there are millions of acres of rich land untouched. It is a country as big as the United States of America, and has only 5,000,000 people, no more than you have here heaped upon each other in this sweltering city. In the land I come from there is not a single poor person as you call poor, and yet you men are content to starve in garrets. You may well ask, 'What is the good of empire?' when you refuse to go to a country which is longing for you and will give you a competence for the asking, and stay here in a thankless city, crowded and miserable, and, you say, starving."

We spend roughly £12,000,000 a year on maintaining paupers; it should be a problem worth working out, whether this sum might not be reduced, or at least spent to better purpose, in making emigration easy. Sir J. Robinson has urged this solution of the pauper question with much warmth on many occasions, but both he and others of his school forget the individual difficulty. Of the people who should be most benefited by an emigration scheme, some, who may be called the natural paupers, lack the courage or imagination. "Oi'm feared I moight clem," a huge burly countryman said the other day, when emigration was proposed to him. On the other hand are those whose capacities have been specialised to the point of extinction. How many are just in the position of the factory girl who approached an emigration agent for help? He asked her if she could do this thing or that, and only after an unbroken succession of disclaimers discovered that she could

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"pack files." It is of no use to propose emigration to these people and to pay their passage. First, we must so educate our people that their imagination shall grasp the value of membership in an empire which is under many skies. We must train them from the beginning to be handy men and women who look to a career in one part of their country—Canada or South Africa—as not less natural than picking up a livelihood just where their fathers and mothers happen to be living. The old fallacy still holds possession of our people, that the sea severs; that it lies as a barrier, forbidding us. We are more afraid of it than the Elizabethans. We are not islanders, but continental to the backbone, as if there were not a continent of the sea, a cement of salt water, making inseparable the landed homes. By the sea we move easily, quickly, and cheaply, and gather health and power in the passing. But of the new truth, which has been growing truer every day these two thousand years, our poorer people have no suspicion. Before the hopes which Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed the other day can be fulfilled to the half must come this education in Imperial knowledge. It should not be difficult, but it remains that Imperial education as such does not exist. No age is so imaginative as the earliest; but there is no machinery for bringing home to the imagination of children the understanding of how this empire in its extended splendour may be of use to themselves here and now; may be a personal inheritance, not, as it were, a crown jewel to look at in a glass case beneath a policeman's eye. It is not only in Britain that the ignorance is great. In one sense Canada is a colony which has only discovered itself in the last few years. The railways have done the teaching; and, rapid as their development has been, they are still totally inadequate to the task of freightage. It was calculated early in the summer that one hundred and seventy-six trucks, of a carrying capacity of thirty tons each, were needed to get away last year's wheat crop in the North-West before the next harvest began to come in. The mere publication of such a statistical fact as this has awakened

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Eastern Canada to an appreciation of her Western capacity. A small shopkeeper in Toronto, with whom I spoke on this and kindred subjects, told me that this detail had first induced him to look at the map of North America with intelligence. "After nineteen years living here," he said, "I have only found out in the last three weeks that Canada is as big as the United States." Railways have taught to Canadians the wealth of their own country, but the very absorption in the development of the country has in another way kept some Canadians ignorant of empire. No one has done more than Sir Wilfrid Laurier to encourage at any cost the internal development of the country. At the prorogation of Parliament in May last the mere reading out of the abbreviated titles of railway concessions, to which the Governor-General had to affix his signature, took between seven and eight minutes. On the same day, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with whom I had been discussing the question of Imperial defence, argued that even strategically the development of the railways in Canada, on which his Government has spent millions of money, was worth all other schemes of defence put together. There is much to be said for the argument; and it is true enough in some cases, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier further maintained, that the English view of the obligation of the colonies to give something to the support of the navy or army is the result of insular ignorance of the needs and wealth of a new country. But his argument, too, issued from ignorance, if ignorance of another kind. If empire is a fit word to use of Britain and the regions, "*quæ in ditione sunt Britannica*," Canada and Britain are organically connected. Of course there is an arrangement for division of labour: the hand writes, the legs walk; but the nervous system is the care of the whole organism. The particular business of Canada may be to build railways, but in some sort it is natural to her to share, to however small a degree, in the health of the nerves of empire: the ships and cables which make possible, or at least protect from sudden severance, the connecting currents of affection or, if you will, commerce.

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As when Seely wrote, it is this word colony that is doing the damage.

But we are concerned here and now with English, not Canadian ignorance; and this was never more dangerous than now. It is true that the ripe pear theory, which Harrington would have popularised, has disappeared. The annexation movement in Canada which was strong, especially in Montreal, some thirty-five years ago, has vanished before the growth of commercial prosperity. All that remains is an occasional outburst of disloyalty in some of the French papers, and the phrase "an independent republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence," which seldom emerges into public from the debating rooms of the young French students of Montreal. But if the French have as little desire as any other Canadians to be joined to the United States, in one form the annexation movement remains acute. American ideas, if not America, are taking the country captive. The Americans have no insidious intentions, no *arrière pensée*—an American seldom has. He is generally candid, if not honest, to a degree. He goes where he goes to make money, and makes no pretence of ulterior objects; he neither simulates nor dissimulates. But power goes with the making of money as an inseparable accident; and the American is apt to win other prizes than millions. It is no small achievement that the Press is completely captured. It has been done merely in the way of business; but so effectively that in the last ten years English magazines have been practically banished. Private people and the clubs still take in this or that weekly paper, but it may be said that there is practically no public sale at all; no agents who take English papers, no public which demands them. Some of the shells may be seen, but an inspection of the contents reveals the American edition, in which articles especially designed to suit American tastes have been substituted in New York for the more typically English material. The rights of these editions have been most carefully protected. In one case it was desired by an agent to procure a number of copies of a

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weekly paper direct from England, or, as an alternative, to issue a simultaneous Canadian edition. Full arrangements had been made, when the proprietors of the American edition, acting fully within their legal rights, prohibited the publication. Now any copy ordered from England has to be delayed for several days, so that it may not reach Canada before the American edition is on the market. To some extent it is the same with the daily Press. There is seldom a direct cable message to Canada. The most important paper in Canada publishes daily a duplicate version of a letter cabled to a paper in New York. The effect is partly ludicrous, partly irritating. If there has been a great reception, Canadians are informed—by cable—that Mr. Choate and Mr. Whitelaw Reid were present. Of the daily occurrences, those are picked out which are most likely to interest the people of New York; and in graver political matters those points emphasised which may best suit the prejudices of New York readers. It is perhaps no hardship to Canadians to have to read American magazines. As magazines go they are good enough. Nor is it difficult to discount the bias of the cabled letter. But no one in these days can deny the subtlety of the influence of the papers; and the effect of something like a universal control of the Press o the Dominion by America must be immense. If we reckon the sum of the misunderstandings and irritations produced in this way it will be found to represent an uncomfortably large deficiency from the goodwill of empire; and the continual absorption of the American philosophy of life cannot but produce, for good or evil, a cumulative effect. It is the opinion of many Canadians who have made a study of the question that a reduction of the postal rates would redress the balance; but whether or no, on this particular head, the Post Office is right to return a blunt *non possumus* is no doubt open to argument. Administrative details cannot be settled off hand. The first point is that people and politicians should know what the problem is. A reform of postal rates may be difficult, and a reduction show no hope of financial return; but if it is true,

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as many people of Toronto hold, that this flood of American literature will become a grave Imperial question, reformation even "in a flood" may be demanded by that part of government which is, or should be, above and outside any department. Does such exist? If so, is it in possession of the full knowledge? And is the sum of thought expended in England on these Imperial questions adequate at all either to the inherent interest of the problem or to the demands of Canadians?

There was seldom a country more productive of historical and political problems than Canada. Her position is unique, she lies with no barrier of geography, creed or language alongside the most progressive and aggressive race the world has seen. There is envy, as there must be, of the neighbour's superior pace; there is emulation, even imitation; but behind it all an astonishing conviction of the superior freedom of Canada's Government and of the power of Canadians to make their country as great as the greatest. This is shared by French and English; and here again what recurring problems the relations between the two nationalities bring up! A French-Canadian, to whom fell a chief share in sending the troops to South Africa, gave it as his reasoned conviction that the growth of the French population might some day upset the whole balance of the country. The French, though they have been increased by no immigration for 150 years, are pushing out rapidly from Quebec into Ontario, and their voting power continually increases. At present there is a sort of race between them and the immigrants, the Americans, the repatriated Canadians, the Russian Quakers, and the cosmopolitan rout who are finding out the North-West. Will these men settle down to be good citizens of Empire, and will they, as the people of Ontario and in violent contrast to the French of Quebec, remain unproductive? The French-Canadians, of whom we know too little, are a people of extraordinary interest, very happy, very moral, and more completely under the influence of the priest than we can imagine. But happily he uses his influence chiefly to make them marry early; and his

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Church devotes its money mainly to the purchase of land. Here is another problem of Imperial concern. Church property is untaxed, and as the land in the hands of the Church, especially the Roman Catholic Church, increases rapidly, a smaller and smaller part of the population pays the taxes. There is room for a small revolution in the settlement even of this complaint.

There is no immediate crisis. The English, as well as the French, are contented as well as loyal; but it is the weakness of English politics to wait for problems to become critical before making study of them. When the House of Commons was an assembly chiefly concerned with parochial affairs, this hand-to-mouth existence mattered little. But ignorance, associated with want of imagination, may come to involve the fall of more than members and ministries. It is a national necessity that this ignorance be dissipated through the tissue of the nation; but it is more immediately imperative in those who are supposed to represent the nation. Is not the time near when the inclusion in the government of the Empire of some council, whose sole task it is to solve Imperial problems, will become an urgent practical necessity?

W. Beach Thomas

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THE MUSIC OF RICHARD STRAUSS

I

IN that essay on "The School of Giorgione," in which Walter Pater came perhaps nearer to a complete or final disentangling of the meanings and functions of the arts than any writer on æsthetics has yet done, we are told: "*All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music.*" And of music because,

> in its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire.

Now the aim of modern music, which may seem to be carried to at least its furthest logical development in the music of Richard Strauss, is precisely to go backwards from this point towards which all the other arts had tended and aspired in vain, and to take up again that old bondage from which music only had completely freed itself. "For while in all other works of art," Pater tells us, "it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it." With the entrance of the "programme" into music, with the attempt to express pure idea, with the appeal to the understanding to make distinctions, music has at once forfeited all the more important of its advantages over the other arts,

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condescending to an equality which it can never even maintain; putting itself, in fact, at a wilful disadvantage.

Music can express emotion and suggest sensation. It can express emotion as directly as the human voice can express emotion, by an intonation, either accompanied by words, as in a shriek or sob, or irrespective of words, as in a phrase which says one thing and which can be instantly realised to mean another. Music can suggest sensation, either by a direct imitation of some sound in nature (the beating of the heart, the sound of the wind, the rustling of leaves) or by a more subtle appeal to the nerves, like the inexplicable but definite appeal of a colour in the sky, which seems to us joyous, or of the outline of a passing cloud, which seems to us threatening. Music can call up mental states of a more profound, because of a more perfectly disembodied, ecstasy, than any other art, appealing, as it does, directly to the roots of emotion and sensation, and not indirectly, through any medium distinguishable by the understanding. But music can neither express nor suggest an idea apart from emotion or sensation. It cannot do so, not because of its limitations, but because of its infinite reach, because it speaks the language of a world which has not yet subdivided itself into finite ideas.

"Art," says Pater, in the essay from which I have quoted, "is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material." Art has little to do with the brain apart from the emotions; the brain, apart from the emotions, produces in art only the fantastic or the artificial. When a poet puts aside poetry to give us philosophy (which should lie like dung about the roots of his flower) he is mistaking the supreme function of his art for one of its subordinate functions, but he is hardly so fatally at war with the nature of things as the musician who tries to give us abstract thought in music. Ask music to render to us Spinoza's "He who loves God does not desire that God should love him in return.' There we get an abstract idea, and all that music

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is capable of suggesting to us in it is the emotion of love, which can be suggested in the noblest manner without conveying to us any distinction between a sacred human love and the divine love of God, much less any indication of what is meant by the conflict in magnanimity between these two loves.

Now Strauss tries to give us abstract thought in music, and it is by this attempt to convey or suggest abstract thought that he is distinguished from other composers of "programme" music, and that he claims our chief attention as a phenomenon in modern music. He has gone to Nietzsche for the subject of one of his "tone-poems," "Also sprach Zarathustra;" another is called "Tod und Verklärung" (Death and Transfiguration); another, "Ein Helden-leben" (A Hero's Life), and in this he offers us a kind of autobiography or Whitman-like "Song of Myself." His admirers having said, as they continue to say, that he had written philosophical music, he defined his intention in these words, on the occasion of the production of "Also sprach Zarathustra" at Berlin in 1896:

> I did not intend to write philosophical music or portray Nietzsche's great work musically. I meant to convey musically an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Uebermensch.

"To convey an idea": there we get, stated nakedly, the fundamental fallacy of the attempt. Here, then, is music labelled "nach Nietzsche." For the name of Nietzsche substitute the name of Calvin; say that you represent the babes, a span long, suffering in hell, and the just made perfect in heaven: the notes, so far as they are capable of conveying a definite idea, would remain as appropriate to the one as to the other. Philosophy or theology, it is all one; indeed, the headlines from a placard of the Salvation Army would serve as well as either for the interpretation of a "tone-poem" which no one would any longer call philosophical.

In his anxiety to convey more precise facts than music can convey by itself, Strauss often gives quotations, quotations in music, which are, after all, only one degree removed from

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headlines or programmes. In the fifth section of "Ein Helden-leben" he quotes themes from his "Macbeth," "Don Juan," "Tod und Verklärung," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Also sprach Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," "Guntram," and the song "Traum durch die Dämmerung," in order to suggest what he calls "The Hero's Works of Peace." That is one way of making one's meaning clear; it has a good precedent, and recalls the French drummer, Monsieur Le Grand, in Heine, who knew only a little German, but could make himself very intelligible with the drum. "For instance, if I did not know what the word *liberté* meant, he drummed the 'Marseillaise,' and I understood him. If I did not understand the word *égalité*, he drummed the march, 'Ça ira . . . les aristocrates à la lanterne!' and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March . . . and I understood him." In "Don Juan," I heard unmistakable echoes of the fire-music in "Die Walküre," and on turning to Lenau's verses I find that the fire of life is supposed to have died out on the hearth. The famous love-scene in "Feuersnot" is partly made from a very slightly altered version of the "Air de Louis XIII.," the meaning of which, as a quotation, I am unable to guess. On p. 86 of the piano score of the opera, at the words "Da triebt Ihr den Wagner aus dem Thor," we have fragmentary quotations from the "Ring." In the opening of "Also sprach Zarathustra," Strauss quotes the seven notes to which the priest officiating at the mass sings the "Credo in unum Deum." By the quotation of this easily, though not universally, recognisable phrase he is able, it is true, to convey something approximating to an idea; but it is conveyed, after all, by association of ideas, not directly, and is dependent on something quite apart from the expressive power of music itself.

Music can render only an order of emotion, which may be love or hate, but which will certainly not be mistaken for indifference. Now it may be said, and justly, that there is such a thing as philosophic emotion, the emotion which accom-

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panies the philosopher's brooding over ideas. Take the overture to "Parsifal:" there never was more abstract music, but it is, as I have defined Coventry Patmore's best poetry, abstract ecstasy. I do not say that this abstract ecstasy might not be expressed in music which would sum up the emotional part of a philosopher's conception of philosophy. Call it Nietzsche, call it Richard Strauss; I shall not mind what you call it if it be filled with some vital energy of beauty, if it live, in whatever region of the clouds. I will not call it philosophical music, but I will admit that the order of emotion which it renders is some order of abstract emotion which may as well belong to the philosopher brooding over the destinies of ideas as to the lover brooding over the religion of his passionate creed. Only, I must be sure that the emotion is there, that it makes and fills the form through which it speaks, that its place is not taken by a clever imitation of its outward and unessential part.

II

Thus far I have spoken only of the theory of the music. But the music itself, it may be said, if only the music is good, what does all this matter? It matters, because Strauss' theories act directly upon his musical qualities, distracting them, setting them upon impossible tasks, in which the music is deliberately sacrificed to the expression of something which it can never express. Stauss is what the French call *un cérébral*, which is by no means the same thing as a man of intellect. *Un cérébral* is a man who feels through his brain, in whom emotion transforms itself into idea, rather than in whom idea is transfigured by emotion. Strauss has written a "Don Juan" without sensuality, and it is in his lack of sensuality that I find the reason of his appeal. All modern music is full of sensuality, since Wagner first set the fevers of the flesh to music. In the music of Strauss the Germans have discovered the fever of the soul. And that is indeed what Strauss has tried to interpret. He has gone to Nietzsche, as we have seen, for the subject of one of his symphonic poems, "Also sprach

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Zarathustra"; in "Tod und Verklärung" we find him scene-painting the soul; "Don Juan" is full of reflections concerning the soul. He is desperately in earnest, doctrinal almost, made uneasy by his convictions. He thinks with all his might, and he sets his thoughts to music. But does he think in music, and what does his thinking come to?

In one of his compositions, a "melodrame" for the piano, intended as a musical accompaniment to the words of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," after that hopelessly wrong fashion which Schumann set in his lovely music to "Manfred," Strauss has shown, significantly as I think, the spirit in which he approaches literature. It is a kind of running commentary in footnotes, not a new creation in another art. The music tries to express something which is not in itself but in the words of the text, never for a moment transcending those words, carrying them, as music can carry words, into new regions. The ingenuity with which it is put together is like the ingenuity which a detective novelist expends upon his plot. The motives are woven with the utmost care: they return, cross, are combined, broken, exalted, turn to the sob of waves or the sound of wedding-bells; they add italics and capitals to all the points of the story; the web is intricate, and every mesh holds firm. But what of the material itself? It is pretty, common, and effective; it has everything that is obvious in sentiment and matter of fact in expression. The notes do not live, each with its individual life; they have been set in order for a purpose, as an accompaniment to a speaking voice and to the words of a poem.

Strauss has no fundamental musical ideas (ideas, that is, which are great as music, apart from their significance to the understanding, their non-musical significance) and he forces the intensity of his expression because of this lack of genuine musical material. If you intensify nothing to the *n*th degree, you get, after all, nothing; and Strauss builds with water and bakes bread with dust. "Tod und Verklärung" is a vast development towards something which does not come; a pre-

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paration of atmosphere, in which no outline can be distinguished; a stage for life, if you will, but a stage on which life does not enter: the creator has not been able to put breath into his world. All the colours of the orchestra, used as a palette, flood one with their own fires and waves; it is as if an avalanche of water swept over one; but out of this tossing sea only here and there a poor little shivering melody puts up its head and clings half-drowned to a spar. I think of all the painters who have tried to paint without drawing, and I think of Blake's warning:

> He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. . . . Leave out this line (the bounding line, Blake calls it, the hard and wiry line of rectitude and certainty) and you leave out life itself; all is chaos again, and the line of the Almighty must be drawn out upon it before man or beast can exist.

Strauss, it seems to me, lacks this rectitude and certainty of the bounding line, and that is why his music washes over one without colouring one's mind with its own dyes. On coming back after listening to the music of Strauss, one's brain is silent, one's memory hears nothing. There is a feeling as if one had passed in front of some great illumination, as if one had feasted on colours, and wandered in the midst of clouds. But all is over, not a trace remains; there is no pulse ticking anywhere in one's body. One says calmly how interesting, how curious, this was; a new thing, a thing one must judge fairly, a wonderful thing in its way; but the instant, inevitable thrill, straight to the backbone, the new voice, which one seems to recognise when one hears it for the first time: where are these? If I cared more for literature than for music, I imagine that I might care greatly for Strauss. He offers me sound as literature. But I prefer to read my literature, and to hear nothing but music.

Strauss reminds me, at one time of De Quincey or Sidney Dobell, at another of Gustave Moreau or of Arnold Böcklin, and I know that all these names have had their hour of worship.

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All have some of the qualities which go to the making of great art; all, in different ways, fail through lack of the vital quality of sincerity, the hard and wiry line of rectitude and certainty. All are rhetorical, all produce their effect by an effort external to the thing itself which they are saying or singing or painting.

Strauss, like De Quincey, has a great mastery over sensation. He can be bewildering, tormenting, enervating, he is always astonishing; there is electric fluid in his work, but all this electric fluid scatters itself by the way, never concentrates itself to the vital point. He gives you sensation, but he gives it to you coldly, with a calculation of its effect upon you. He gives you colour in sound, but he gives you colour in great blotches, every one meant to dazzle you from a separate angle; so that it is hardly extravagant to say, as a friend of mine said to me, that his music is like, not so much a kaleidoscope, as a broken kaleidoscope.

III

Strauss has many moments in which he reminds me of Schumann, and not only the moments in which he tries to bring humour into music. Turn from the "Annie" motive in "Enoch Arden" to the "Eusebius" of the "Carnival," and you will readily see all the difference there can be between two passages which it is quite possible to compare with one another. The "Annie" motive is as pretty as can be, it is adequate enough as a suggestion of the somewhat colourless heroine of Tennyson's poem; but how lacking in distinction it is, if you but set it beside the "Eusebius," in which music requires nothing but music to be its own interpreter. But it is in his attempts at the grotesque that Schumann seems at times actually to lead the way to Strauss. It is from Schumann that Strauss has learnt some of those hobbling rhythms, those abrupt starts, as of a terrified peasant, by which he has sometimes suggested his particular kind of humour in music.

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" is meant to be a musical joke, and it is like nothing so much as a Toy Symphony, in which the toys are imitated by the instru-

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ments of a full orchestra. This kind of realism, far from being a new development in music, was one of the earliest games of the art in its childhood. There never was a time when music did not say "Co-co-ri-co" and "Cuckoo." After Haydn, the joke began to seem outworn. Berlioz took it up again, with his immense seriousness, and brought terror out of pleasantry, and sublimity out of ugliness. Strauss has gone back to the mechanical making of humour. A descending major seventh represents, on Strauss' own authority, "Till strung up to the gibbet." When, as in "Feuersnot," Strauss writes a common little dance tune, and suggests to us, by the elaborate way in which it is developed, and by the elaboration of the surrounding music, that he means it for a realistic representation of the bourgeois as he is, I am reminded of Mr. George Gissing, and of his theory that the only way to represent commonplace people in art is to write about them in a commonplace way. That was not Wagner's way of working in "Die Meistersinger." That was not Balzac's way of working in "Les Paysans." In much of "Till Eulenspiegel" the orchestra jokes after the approved German fashion, *chimera bombinans in vacuo*. German humour is unrelated to any normal or, indeed, existing thing, it is spun out of the brain without the help of the senses. "Till" mocks with a vast inverted seriousness. But it is without beauty, and the grotesque becomes art when beauty comes into it. Look at the carvings in a Gothic cathedral, look at a Japanese bronze or a monster in a Japanese print. The delicacy which you will find there, lurking in those horrid folds, is what distinguishes great work from common, in the grotesque as in all other forms of art. It is the difference between Puck and the gnome painted on the walls of a German beer-cellar. Strauss tricks out his gnome with all the colours of the lime-lights, but the gnome remains a mis-shapen creature out of the earth, when the lights are over.

Yet how amazingly clever the thing is, how the orchestra unbends, plays pranks, turns head over heels for the occasion!

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Music is a grave thing, and laughs unwillingly. Strauss compels it to do what he wants, and it does what he wants, with the ferocity of a caged wild beast doing tricks under the whip of the keeper.

Strauss does things with the orchestra which no one has ever done before; he delights you with his effects as effects, and though I am complaining of this very fact, I wish to credit him with all that it means, for good and evil. When people call Strauss' music ugly they are mistaking the question at issue. Technique carried to the point to which Strauss carries it has a certain incontestable value, and it matters little whether it is employed on good or bad material. There is such a thing as having a genius for technique, and while even genius for technique never produces a satisfactory result, the plain, simple result of greatness, it produces a result which is sufficiently interesting to detain you by the way. Strauss calls off your attention from the thing itself to the way in which the thing is done; yes, but I am prepared to admire, with all due reservation, the way in which it is done. The way in which Strauss writes for the orchestra gives me a separate pleasure, just as the way in which Swinburne writes verse, quite apart from what either has to say. Strauss chooses to disconcert the ear; I am ready to be disconcerted, and to admire the skill with which he disconcerts me. I mind none of the dissonances, queer intervals, sudden changes; but I want them to mean something vital, musically, I want them to convince me of what they are meant to say. The talk of ugliness is a mere device for drawing one aside from the trail. Vital sincerity is what matters, the direct energy of life itself, forcing the music to be its own voice. Do we find that in this astonishingly clever music?

I do not find it. I find force and tenacity, a determined grip on his material, such as it is, the power to do whatever he can conceive. But I feel that that constructive power which weaves a complex but tightly woven network of sound is at its best but logic without life; that though the main ideas (to

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which, I am assured by a musical critic from whom I always regret to differ, "all the wonderful detail work is subservient") are expressed with admirable force and coherence, they are not great ideas, they are exterior, lifeless, manufactured ideas. In subordinating single effects to the effect of the whole he is only, after all, showing himself a great master of effect. He is that, as De Quincey is that, with the same showy splendour, the same outer shell of greatness. What I do not find in his work is great material, or the great manner of working; and as he sets himself the biggest tasks, and challenges comparison with the greatest masters, he cannot be accepted, as much smaller men can be accepted, for what they have done, perfect within its limits.

When Strauss takes the orchestra in both fists, and sets it clanging, I do not feel that sense of bigness which I feel in any outburst of Beethoven or of Wagner. It comes neither from a great height nor from a great depth. There is always underneath it something either vague or obvious. When an unexpected voice comes stealthily from among the wood-wind, or a harp twists through the 'cellos, or a violin cries out of an abyss of sound, it never "makes familiar things seem strange, or strange things seem familiar." It is all fearfully and wonderfully made, but it is made to satisfy a desire of making, and there is something common in the very effectiveness of the effects. All the windy, exalted music in "Feuersnot" is the same kind of writing as the florid Italian writing, the music of "Trovatore," mechanical exaltation, crises of the head, much more splendidly developed, from an even tinier point of melodic life. All this working up, as of a very calculated madness, may go to the head, from which it came; never to the heart, to which it was always a stranger. When I play it over on the piano, I get the excitement with which, if I were a mathematician, I should follow the most complicated of Euclid's problems. It would be untrue to say that I do not get from it a very definite pleasure. But it is a dry and dusty pleasure, it speaks to what is most superficial in me, to my

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admiration of brilliant external things, of difficult things achieved, of things not born but made. It comes to me empty of life, and it touches in me no spring of life.

For my part, I know only one really reassuring test of the value of a work of art. Here is something on which time has not yet set its judgment: place it beside something, as like it as possible, on which the judgment of time seems to have been set, and see if it can endure the comparison. Let it be as unlike as you please, and the test will still hold good. I can pass from an overture of Wagner to a mazurka of Chopin as easily as from a scene in a play of Shakespeare to a song of Herrick. The one may be greater than the other, but the one is not more genuine than the other. But turn from the opera music of Strauss to the opera music of Wagner, and what is the result? I play twenty pages of the piano score of "Feuersnot," and as I play them I realise the immense ingenuity, the brilliant cleverness, of the music, all its effective qualities, its qualities of solid construction, its particular kind of mastery. Then I play a single page of "Parsifal" or of "Tristan," and I am no longer in the same world. That other flashing structure has crumbled into dust, as if at the touch of an Ithuriel spear. Here I am at home, I hear remote and yet familiar voices, I am alive in the midst of life. I wonder that the other thing could have detained me for a moment, could have come, for a moment, so near to deceiving me.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

V

IN the greater part of the eighteenth century and in the early part of the nineteenth, the Ukioyé school of painters was so crowded, and it became so divided into sub-schools, each following some distinguished master, that a clear historical account in the space at my disposal is a matter of difficulty.

The last paper brought us to Nishimura Shigenaga. Shigenaga's most important pupil was Suzuki Harunobu, one of the greatest painters the Ukioyé school has produced, and I think quite the finest colourist. Harunobu's work, in the beginning, was extremely like that of his master ; indeed, the drawings in a small illustrated book in the British Museum would certainly be put to the credit of Shigenaga were it not for Harunobu's signature. But, with a very short period of transition, the younger painter developed his own manner—a manner which influenced in greater or less degree the style of every Ukioyé painter contemporaneous with his not very long career. Harunobu's drawing was of incomparable grace and suavity, and drawing, composition and colour, all informed with a striking distinction and great originality, took their parts toward results which often seem to touch the possible extreme in sheer simple elegance. It was Harunobu who brought to perfection the art of colour printing from the wood block—to such a perfection as has never been approached, before or since, by any manner of colour printing the world over. It was he who first went beyond the few tints on the main objects of the composition, and filled his whole picture, background and all, with

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colour of such exquisite purity and harmony that it becomes an injustice to call the process printing at all, since the word has associations so mechanical. In fact, the manner of the work—in which no press is used: nothing but the skilled pressure of the hand on carefully painted blocks—would better justify its description as a process of water-colour by transfer. In these colour-prints Harunobu used many new pigments of his own devising, and proved himself a very magician in the art. The colours used before his time had all been transparent; he thickened some to semi-opacity—and by that very means gained a degree of transparency that had never been known before. He could make almost any colour in his palette seem any other colour he chose by relation with the colours about it—make a purple seem a green, or an olive seem a brown. The first issues of his prints are of such exquisite workmanship as to make it seem probable that many of them were printed by his own hand. Some—very few—are unsigned; but these are not, as has been supposed, invariably his best works. I have one which, while undoubtedly his own production, and good in itself, is inferior, I think, to every signed Harunobu in my collection. On the other hand, while many of his unsigned prints are very fine, it must not be assumed that every unsigned print in his manner, and of his period, is by Harunobu—a mistake almost invariably made. One or two of his pupils—notably Shiba Kokan and Komai Yoshinobu—produced unsigned prints in the master's manner, and probably in his studio—possibly by way of meeting a demand that was beyond the capacity of a single hand to satisfy. This belief in the superiority of unsigned prints in the Harunobu manner has gone so far that the very worst lot of imitations I have ever seen offered for sale (and I have seen some terrible things), modern, bad, and not in the least like anything that Harunobu could ever have done, were recommended in the auction catalogue as Harunobu's best work, simply on the ground that they bore no signature![1]

[1] It may be well to mention, in the matter of the many imitations of old prints which are offered to the amateur, that the very easiest thi in the

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Harunobu's favourite subjects were small groups of girls, youths and children, with dainty backgrounds, sometimes of interior walls and furniture, sometimes of outdoor scenery. He never drew actors or theatrical scenes—subjects also avoided by a few other painters of the Ukioyé school. It is true that the actor and his profession were held in low esteem in old Japan, though both were popular enough with the less educated classes; but it was not precisely for this reason that Harunobu, Utamaro, and one or two more, refused to produce prints of popular actors, although, in fact, it was for a reason of pride. To the true artist subject matters nothing. But it was the case that large numbers of prints of actors were bought solely on account of the popularity of the subjects, and many inferior artists took advantage of this fact. Harunobu preferred to sell his work for its own sake, to stand on his own merits purely, and he disdained to cling to the skirts of any actor; therefore he chose such subjects as would leave whatever reward he might achieve the reward of his own art merely, and honestly his own. Nevertheless, many of the greatest among the Ukioyé painters drew the larger part of their subjects from the theatre; the whole Torii line in particular, and all of the Katsugawa school.

The specimen of Harunobu's work which has been photographed to illustrate this article is in what may be called the painter's middle manner. The drawing of the draperies, of the small hands, and of the flowering branch, is that of his mature

world to imitate is dirt; which, in fact, is imitated very cleverly for the deception of those collectors who suppose that a dirty print must be genuine and a clean one a forgery. I am reminded of one authoritative gentleman who not so long ago walked through an exhibition to which a number of prints in exceptionally fine condition had been contributed, denouncing *urbi et orbi* as modern copies the most brilliant examples shown, and selecting for his especial public approval such impressions as had sustained most misfortune in the way of dirt and damage. The separation of the genuine from the spurious is no such easy thing, and it calls for much rarer qualities and a greater experience than does the separation of the dirty from the clean; while the forger flourishes on the self-confidence of the smatterer.

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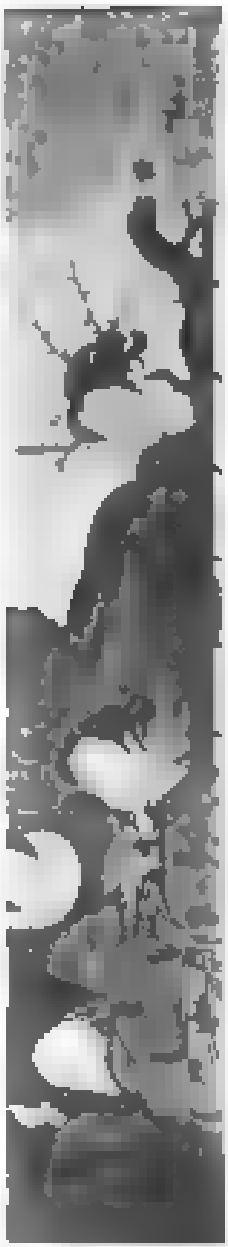
Choryo and Kwaikiku, represented by girl and youth *from a kakemono by Suzuki Harunobu (Winter's Collection)*



Kiku with mirror *from a colour print by Kunisada (Winter's Collection)*

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and final manner, but the faces show traces of his earlier style. The subject exhibits one of those curious transformations of classic legend in which many Ukioyé painters delighted. The incidents of the meeting of the Chinese hero Choryo with the sage Kosekiko are shown with a Japanese girl and youth taking the place of the legendary characters.

Of Harunobu's pupils the chief was Koriusai. His personal name was Isoda Shobei, and it is said by some Japanese authorities that he was first a pupil of Nishimura Shigenaga. If this be the fact the connection must have lasted but a very short time, and Koriusai's work shows no trace of it. The young painter acknowledged Harunobu's mastership by himself at first using the name Haruhiro. In his earliest work Koriusai so closely followed the manner of Harunobu that it is often necessary, even for an expert, to refer to the signatures to separate the works of the two men. Such pictures are rare, however, and the pupil before long began gradually to evolve a manner of his own, full of Harunobu's influence in the drawing, but nevertheless distinct. In his later work one perceives distinct signs of the influence of Kitao Shigemasa, a painter of whom I shall speak presently. Koriusai was an artist of a very high order, and a fine and original colourist, though in this latter respect he must rank below his master—as indeed must many another great painter. Perhaps Koriusai's great merit lay in his power of design. Nobody better filled those long narrow slips of colour prints called *hachirakaké* which were used to hang as a decoration to the external posts of houses; indeed, he designed more of these long prints than any other painter of his time.

Harushigé was another pupil of Harunobu—a pupil who held closer to his master's manner than did Koriusai. Delicate, elegant, sweetly drawn and admirably coloured, his pictures nevertheless lack the character and power of his master. Fujinobu and Komai Yoshinobu—the latter said to have been originally a pupil of Shigenaga—were other followers of great ability. But, next to Koriusai, the pupil

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whose name is best known is Shiba Kokan. He was sometimes called the second Harunobu, and by some is said to have been the great Harunobu's son. He studied painting in the European manner, and also practised copper-plate engraving, a foreign novelty. His work coarsened and deteriorated in his later life, but at first he drew in the manner of Harunobu, and did it well. Now and again one may come across a very good unsigned print in Harunobu's style generally, but with the foliage of trees drawn in a convention almost wholly European. All these I believe to be the work of Shiba Kokan; some of them I am certain of. Harunobu died in 1770, Shiba Kokan in his seventy-second year in 1818, while Koriusai would seem to have died, or at any rate to have ceased working, soon after 1780.

It was not on his pupils only, but upon almost every contemporary Ukioyé painter, that Harunobu imposed his influence. Tsunemasa, a very important painter of his time, who produced no prints, exhibits distinct traces of the Harunobu manner throughout his work, and Tanaka Masunobu, a painter of high merit, whose works, whether paintings or prints, are exceedingly rare, sometimes produced a picture that only an expert judge could distinguish from Harunobu's work. Men of the Torii school also, and of the Kutsugawa school—even Shunsho himself—were infected by the prevailing feeling, and were ready enough to improve their drawing and colour by the study of Harunobu. Among the rest Ishikawa Toyonobu, an older man than Harunobu, but a fellow pupil with him under Nishimura Shigenaga, modified his manner in his old age in obedience to the general tendency. Toyonobu was born in 1710, and died at the age of seventy-four. He was one of the most important of the Ukioyé painters, and he founded a line which has survived to the present day. In the beginning, his drawing showed more traces of the manner of Okumura Masanobu than of his own master, though perhaps in colour he learned more from Shigenaga. The print which has been photographed as a specimen of his work belongs to his middle

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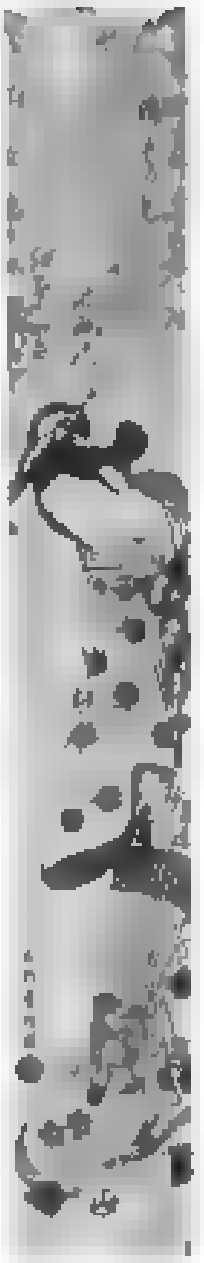
Portrait of Iaka-o, *from a kakemono by Utagawa Toyokuni* (Writer's Collection)



Girl with umbrella, *from a colour print by Ichikawa Toyosuke* (Writer's Collection)

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period, and is in his own personal style. Harunobu's influence came later.

Toyonobu had three pupils whose names have come down to us—Ishikawa Toyomasa, Utagawa Toyonobu, and Utagawa Toyoharu. Toyomasa was a son, but his work, though it has its merits, is altogether inferior to that of Toyonobu. It is not often met with, the best known examples being a series of twelve prints, illustrating the festivals of the months. A far superior artist was Utagawa Toyonobu, who, however, died young, and left but few pictures. More important than either was Utagawa Toyoharu, who afterwards became the master of Toyokuni and Toyohiro. Toyoharu's work is scarcely less rare than that of his fellow pupils. His prints, mostly produced in the early part of his career, are admirable, and his painting is among the richest and most elegant of the school. He had a genius for the composition of many figures together, though he drew a single figure with rare dignity. Always distinguished in line, composition and pose, his figures and their draperies exhibit a particularly charming harmony of colour. The specimen illustrated is notable in this respect, and I regret that I am unable to do more than indicate the scheme in words. The main colour of the outer robe is a warm brown, fading into pale blue in the circular spaces, which are decorated with flowers and foliage in natural colours—iris blue and green, maple green and crimson. There are two blacks on the *obi* (sash) and the tops of the large lanterns, giving an intricate pattern in the one case and marking the details in the other; the *obi* is further decorated with a delicate gold tracery, and the devices on the lanterns are blue. A touch of red escapes from the uplifted sleeve, but all the other under-garment edges are white, tempered, in the case of the inner collar, with pink and a hint of silver; while the white plum-blossom overhead is mingled with leaf and flower buds, green, brown and pink. The picture is a portrait of Taka-o, a famous beauty afflicted with a curious physical blemish in the redundancy of a finger on each hand;

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it will be perceived that Toyoharu has concealed the hands in the drapery for this reason. In the original the features have, for those accustomed to the faintly-suggested expression of the Japanese pictured face, a strange shade of wistful pathos, which the etching process has succeeded in obliterating, together with some of the features.

Toyoharu was born in 1734 and died in 1813. He frequently used the name Ichiriusai.

A distinguished contemporary of Ishikawa Toyonobu was Tsukioka Settei, sometimes called Tsukioka Tangé, who also used the names Rojinsai and Masanobu. I have not been able to ascertain who was his master, but I have no doubt that it was a Kano painter, for his work—especially that in black and white—shows distinct signs of Kano teaching. He is best known as a book illustrator, or rather as the artist of certain books, of a kind common in Japan, called *E-hon*, made up of pictures, to which the slight explanatory text was wholly subordinate. Settei's books chiefly illustrate the ancient history and legends of Japan, and the exploits of famous warriors made a large part of his subjects. His drawing of such subjects was characterised by directness, simplicity, and strength, and he had a great ability in the expression of movement. But although his reputation is made to rest chiefly on his drawings of male figures in armour and the like, his female figures are at least as good, and his best book is the *Onna Buyû Keiwai Kurabé*, celebrating the heroism of eleven famous Japanese women. I am sorry that I have not the space to print a photograph of one of the drawings from this book, nor of an original picture. He died in the year 1786, aged seventy-seven, according to the majority of native authorities.

Settei's son, Tsukioka Sessai, was a painter of high merit, probably the equal of his father, so far as one may judge. His work would appear to be exceedingly rare, and I myself have only seen a reproduction of a drawing of his in the *Kokkwa* and one original painting which is in my own collection. Both

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these are drawings of women, with features of the pleasing, regular and intelligent type seen in his father's work, but, I think, with a little more spirit of expression. In the latter, a geisha is discarding her outdoor robe before beginning a dance, and the picture exhibits notably graceful and sound drawing and fresh and bold colour. Sessai, who was given the rank of Hogen, died early in the nineteenth century.

A contemporary of Tsukioka Settei was Tachibana Minko, who also must have been a pupil of a Kano master. Indeed, I think it rather more than probable that his master—and, perhaps, his father—was Tachibana Morikuni. Tachibana Minko's work is so rare that I have been wholly unable to trace any surviving piece of it beyond his famous but seldom-seen book, the *Saigwa Shokunin Barui*, in two volumes, containing a series of double page pictures representing the various craftsmen of the country at their work. As a specimen of perfect colour-printing this book is very nearly, if not quite, the finest ever produced in Japan—which is as much as to say in the world. It was published in 1770, and it shows Minko's drawing to have been not strictly in the Ukioyé manner, but in a style midway between Ukioyé and Kano. The colour is admirable, and its application, as I have said, marvellous; so that it is often difficult to believe that it has been transferred from a block.

Through the second half of the eighteenth century the Ukioyé school flourished exceedingly. There were many leaders, each with his own sub-school about him, and their activity was extreme. One of the most important of these sub-schools was the Katsugawa. To trace its origin we must look back to Miyagawa Choshun, who, it will be remembered, left two sons, Miyagawa Choki and Miyagawa Shunsui. Some native authorities tell us that the latter taught a pupil called Katsugawa Shunsui, while others say that the two Shunsuis were the same, Miyagawa Shunsui changing his family name to Katsugawa late in life. I am inclined to believe the latter account of the matter. In any case Katsugawa Shunsui was

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the first of the family to produce colour prints, and of these only a few, toward the end of his career. But his great pupil, Katsugawa Shunsho, was the designer of some of the finest prints of the century, and Shunsho drew about him a school of very able followers. At first, like all of his period, he was powerfully influenced by Harunobu, and indeed as regards his female figures the influence remained with him for some time. But ere long he "found himself," and in turn imposed his influence on a brilliant band of pupils. During the period of his most characteristic work in colour-printing, he devoted his brush almost exclusively to the theatre, and his many prints of actors in character are among the most beautiful that Japan can show. In the matter of colour Harunobu's influence was still visible when it had very largely disappeared from his drawing; but when he reached his full strength, drawing and colour alike were Shunsho's own. Where Harunobu had achieved fresh effects by thickening his tints to varying degrees of opacity, Shunsho showed a new way by using tints of a delightful softness and transparency, tints which sank into the paper with an effect of delicate limpidity that can be understood only by actual examination of good specimens. In his drawing, while he retained much of the grace and elegance which he had learned from Harunobu, he exhibited a vigour of his own—a vigour perhaps inspired by an intelligent study of the early Toriis. His original paintings are rare, although toward the end of his life he relinquished the production of colour-prints and painted solely. It is probable that this change of occupation was of the nature of a retirement from his profession, and that the paintings afterwards executed were few, and chiefly produced for his own pleasure and that of his friends.

Shunsho's chief pupil was Shunko, whose work is rarer than his master's, nearly always of equal quality, and usually so like it as to be indistinguishable save by the signature. Ippitsusai Buncho was another pupil, as able as Shunko and much more original. There is a wayward quaintness in Buncho's drawing

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Actor in character. *From a volume-print by* Katsugawa Shunsho (*Waseda University Collection*)

Portrait of actor in character. *From a volume-print by* Tsukioka Shunsho (*Waseda University Collection*)

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—as there was in Shigenaga's—which is very charming to the true lover of a poem in lines and colours; and his colour is as fine as his master's. His pictures are rarer than those of any of his fellow pupils.

The most prolific of Shunsho's pupils was Shunyei, who was also one of the best. His style much resembles that of the master, but it shows a certain development, and frequently a looser, freer handling. Shunjo, Shunki and Shunkiu were pupils of smaller note. Shuncho was a pupil of very high merit indeed, but he worked almost wholly in the style of Torii Kiyonaga, a painter we have yet to consider. So did Shunzan, a pupil of Shunsho's later years. Lastly the young painter who as Shunsho's pupil took the name Shunro, became, after passing through many vicissitudes in art, and at least as many changes of name, the great painter now known the world over in the name of Hokusai. With him I shall deal in the next paper.

I may here mention an independent Ukioyé artist, an eccentric genius who took the name Toshiusai Sharaku, and for a year or so in the latter part of the eighteenth century designed colour-prints of actors in character. His own personal name was Saito Jurobei, and by profession he was a dancer of *Nō*—the word "dance" is a poor one for this noble performance, but it is the only word we have—in the retinue of Prince Hachisuka, of Awa. To some extent Sharaku may be considered the descendant in art of Shunsho, but he brought a frank, even brutal, originality to his work that does not commend him to those who confound beauty with prettiness. He was what we should now call a "realist," and he drew the portraits of contemporary actors as he saw them on the stage, with no flattery of the subject's personal beauty, but with great power and intensity of feeling. The greater part of his very few prints are portraits in bust, with backgrounds of silver which age has blackened, but I have seen one or two full-length figures. He appears to have taken to this work purely as an experiment, and, as I have said, he soon

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returned to his earlier profession. Dr. Anderson, who fails to understand Sharaku's work, calls his drawing incorrect in detail, a criticism for which I have been unable to discover the smallest occasion. Sharaku's influence was very great—much greater than he is commonly given credit for—on contemporary and succeeding painters of theatrical subjects. The large actor-heads of Toyokuni and Kunimasa were drawn after his example, though it was in a less uncompromising manner, and with a greater regard to elegance of line and mass.

Contemporary with Shunsho, to some extent influencing him, and once at least collaborating with him in the production of a very fine book of colour prints, was Kitao Shigemasa. Some native authorities call Shigemasa a pupil of Harunobu, which I think altogether unlikely, while others give the credit of his teaching to Shigenaga, which may be nearer the truth; though there is no positive evidence even of this. Shigemasa lived to a great age, but he appears to have produced very sparingly. He was a calm and equable worker, and all he did bears the stamp of serene, deliberate mastery. He could express motion with intense force, and at the same time with an uncommon dignity; and he was a master of textures. His prints are rare and always good. He taught three very important painters—Kitao Masanobu, Kitao Masayoshi, and Kubo Shunman. Kitao Masanobu was a surprisingly versatile genius, for not only was he one of the most charming and accomplished painters of the Ukioyé school, but he is famous, under the name of Kioden, as one of the most eminent novelists of Japan, and a poet of high merit. He illustrated several important books in colours of extreme beauty. His large book of double-page prints of famous beauties (in its first edition) and his book of the hundred comic poets are the best, though perhaps in the former his style was not completely formed. He also issued a few small detached colour prints of much merit. But the rarest of all his printed work, and the finest, is to be seen in a very few colour prints of the full *ichimai-yé* size—nearly fifteen inches by ten. These are among the very

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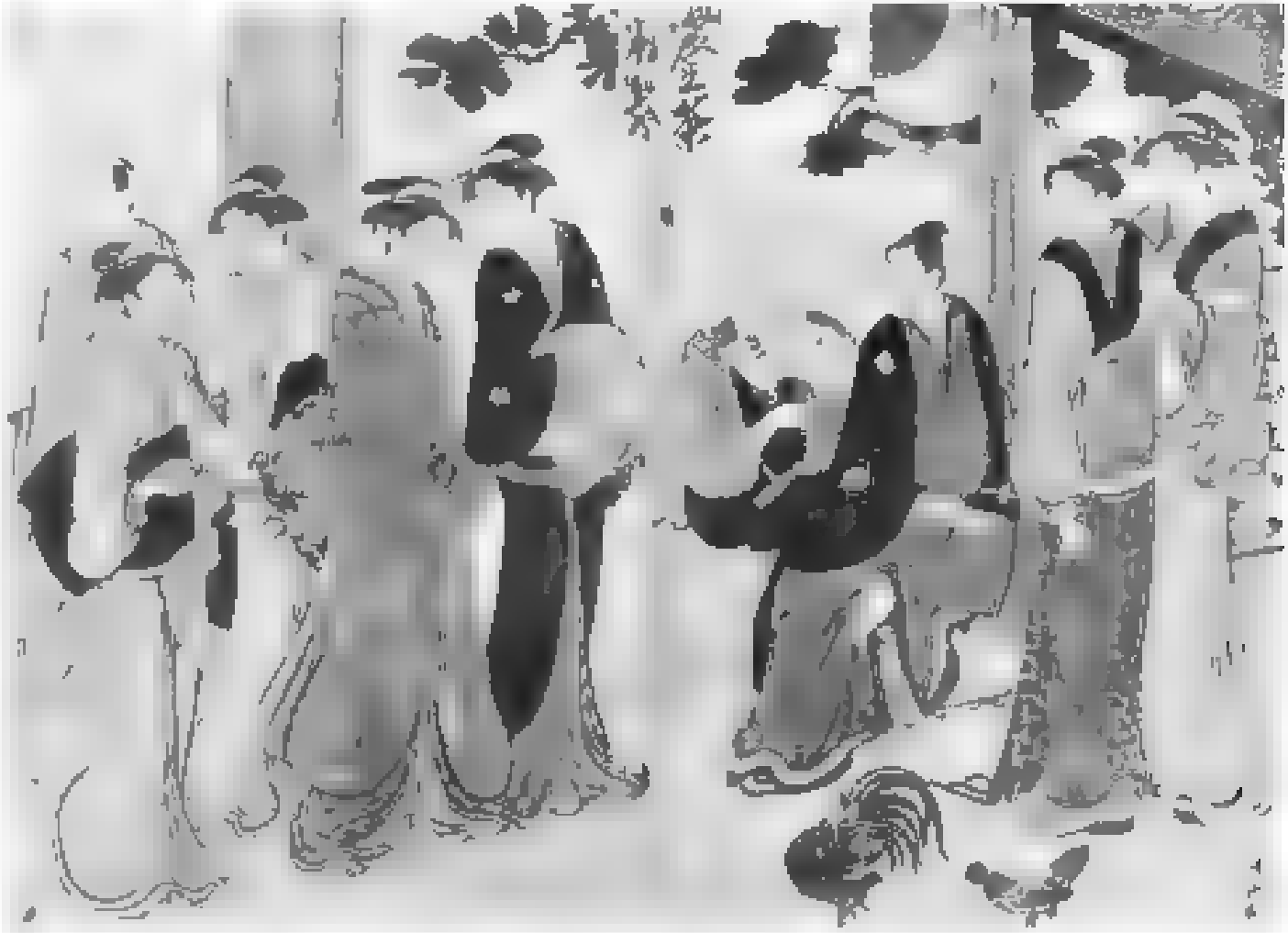

Group in a temple garden. *From a colour-print by Toyo Ayunaga (Private Collection)*

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rarest of all the Japanese colour-prints, and, indeed, among the thousands I have handled I have only seen two examples—both unsigned. Leaves detached from his large book of beauties are sometimes offered as specimens of these single-sheet prints, but they are different in style and treatment, and of an earlier period.

Kitao Masayoshi was Shigemasa's son. As often as not he called himself Keisai Masayoshi, and sometimes—chiefly on his seals—Shoshin. He owed his teaching partly to Tani Buncho, the founder of an important branch of the Chinese School, who also worked in the Kano manner, and to whom he was sent by his father to acquire the classical "grounding" that was always considered desirable for a Japanese painter, no matter of what school. The effect of Buncho's teaching is seen in much of Masayoshi's work, especially in certain volumes of sketches done with a very large brush in black, which are very little removed from the pure Kano in style. Some of his most interesting work is shown in his book *Riaku-gwa-shiki*, in which the pages are covered by a swarm of quick sketches, executed with amazing dexterity and extraordinary power of suggestion, in a stroke or two of the brush, and completed with a rapid touch of colour. Birds, flowers, fish, street scenes, ancient legends, comic groups—all are treated with equal mastery, and each within no more than two or three square inches of space. He also produced a good volume of drawings of fish, and some admirable landscapes.

Of Kubo Shunman I shall speak presently. Meanwhile we must return to the long-neglected Torii sub-school, which we left in the last paper at Torii Kiyohiro and Torii Kiyomitsu. Of Kiyomitsu's pupils it will only be necessary to name two—Kiyotsune and Kiyonaga. Kiyotsuné was a contemporary of Harunobu, and much influenced by him. His drawing was sweet and graceful, and his colour pure and harmonious. Specimens of any sort of his work are very rare, and notwithstanding that I have read somewhere a statement that his prints are "comparatively common" I have only seen three of them in my life.

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Kiyonaga was not only a more important painter than his fellow pupil, but, I think, altogether the most important member of the Torii sub-school, and one of the greatest of the Ukioyé painters; he was the son of a bookseller, and almost from the first he struck out a line of his own. His drawing was unusually powerful, though its freedom and grace are the qualities that usually first strike the beholder. He painted theatrical subjects, scenes of ordinary life, and, exceptionally, scenes of legend and myth. It is in a certain series of large prints of ancient heroes that the force of his drawing is best to be observed, and it is in his figures of women and scenes of common life that his broad elegance is best exemplified. As a colourist he was boldly original also, and the equal of any painter of the Ukioyé school, with the possible exception of Harunobu. His influence over every contemporary Ukioyé painter was extraordinary — indeed it was even greater than that of Harunobu immediately before him. Nearly every Ukioyé painter to the beginning of the nineteenth century adopted Kiyonaga's manner at some period of his development, and some never relinquished it. He himself went through certain slight changes of manner before arriving at the mature and final style of which an example has been photographed for illustration.

Kiyonaga had a very able pupil in Kiyominé, who married a daughter of Kiyomitsu, and worked on well into the nineteenth century. His best work was done in his earlier years; later it coarsened, in conformity with the fashion of the early nineteenth century, though it never wholly lost its distinction. In his later years he dropped the name Kiyominé and adopted that of his late father-in-law; a proceeding which has given rise to much doubt and difficulty on the part of amateurs who have come suddenly upon a piece of work carrying the signature Kiyomitsu, but obviously executed long after the first Kiyomitsu's death.

But the painter on whom Kiyonaga exercised the greatest influence was not a pupil of his own, but of Shunsho. This artist, Katsugawa Shuncho, seems to have worked in Kiyonaga's

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Girls with umbrella, *from a colour-print by Utamaro I* (Whitney Collection)

Girl with child attendant, *from a drawing by Kubo Shunman* (Whitney Collection)

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style almost from the beginning. There are prints by Shuncho which even an expert would call Kiyonaga's if they had been left unsigned. But as a rule there are subtle differences which experience teaches the eye to recognise. Shuncho has all Kiyonaga's grace and a large measure of his strength—but not all; and it is in this respect—the masculinity of Kiyonaga and the femininity of Shuncho, as one might say—that the chief part of the difference lies. There was much of his own, too, in Shuncho's schemes of colour. He was fond of restrained harmonies in grey, lilac and yellow, and on one or two occasions he achieved new and beautiful effects with a dominating note of pale rose.

Another pupil of Shunsho who fell into Kiyonaga's manner was Shunzan. In the matter of drawing he did not succumb so completely as did Shuncho, but his colour, though very good, is not so original as his fellow-pupil's; moreover, his work is more unequal. Still, though a poor Shunzan is only third-rate, a good one is fit to place with the best.

Kubo Shunman was never a pupil of Shunsho, as has been generally stated. Shigemasa was his only master, though I have seen none of his work which shows very notable signs of his parentage in art. Kiyonaga's is the influence almost everywhere to be detected, though Shunman was one of the most original painters of the school. There is a touch of fantasy—almost of weirdness—in a large part of his work, though in the example photographed the chief characteristic is a very splendid though sober colour. The reproduction, however, may be of service as indicating Shunman's style of figure-drawing in his latest period, though in justice to the artist I must say that the lines of the face of the chief figure are not his at all, but have been "put in," with great courage and no success, by the process-etcher. Shunman also used the name Shosado. A curious error, by the way, has been made with regard to this artist, owing to the fact the two characters *Shun* and *man* used in writing his name, may also be read as *Toshi* and *mitsu* respectively. This has led

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Dr. Anderson to catalogue him as two separate artists—Shunman and Toshimitsu.

In the same list a somewhat similar mistake has been made in the case of the next painter of whom I have to speak, Chobunsai Yeishi; he has been counted as two men—Chobunsai in one place and Yeishi in another. He was a Kano painter originally, a pupil of Kano Yeisen, who, being attracted to the Ukioyé school, worked at first in the manner of Kiyonaga before developing from it a style of his own. In his later and more personal style, Yeishi showed a preference for tall figures, flowing drapery, elegant curves, and a bright, sunny colour, in which a lemon-yellow almost always had a leading part. His colour-prints, in the best impressions, are exceedingly beautiful, and equally charming are the best of his paintings. A characteristic example of his figure-painting is in the British Museum collection, being at present not catalogued. There is also another painting, of cocks fighting, numbered 1403. Toward the end of his life he abandoned the production of colour-prints, and took to painting. His work at this time had many of the contemporary characteristics of Hokusai. I have a portrait, painted by Yeishi, of his great contemporary Utamaro, which, in the flesh-painting particularly, might easily pass for a Hokusai of the Bunkwa period. To illustrate Yeishi's drawing I have selected a print of the time when he began to develop his own style, though the Kiyonaga influence is still plain enough.

Yeishi also used the names Hosoda Teruyuki, and he and his pupils are often conveniently grouped into a Hosoda subschool. Three of these pupils showed high merit—Yeisho, Yeisui, and Rekisentei Yeiri.

I spoke a moment ago of Yeishi's contemporary, Utamaro. After Hokusai's no Japanese painter's name is so familiar in Europe as that of Utamaro. Kitagawa Utamaro was the son and pupil of Toriyama Sekiyen, also called Toyofusa. Toriyama Sekiyen was originally a Kano painter, pupil of Kano Chikanobu, who was a son of the great Tsunenobu. Sekiyen

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Girls on the beach at Le[illegible]

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published certain very admirable books of woodcuts, usually in the Kano style, but with traces more or less distinct of the Ukioyé manner. One book, however, *Zokku Hiakki*, a surprising collection of ghosts and goblins, was illustrated in a style almost purely Ukioyé. It is difficult to class him, but because of the gradual growth of the Ukioyé elements in his work he is usually placed with the Ukioyé painters. For long he was supposed to have been Utamaro's master merely, but documents have come to light proving the blood-relationship. Utamaro's first name, in fact, was Toriyama Toyoaki, but in a fit of remorse at certain youthful irregularities, he declared that he would not disgrace the patronymic he was no longer worthy to bear, and took the surname of Kitagawa. Later still he dropped the name Toyoaki and took that of Utamaro, which would seem to have been a sort of affectionate nickname for him as a child. His relationship to his master should, I think, have been earlier suspected from Sekiyen's preface to Utamaro's famous book of insects, where the affection expressed is more that of a father than that of a master, and where Sekiyen speaks of Utamaro's habit, as a child, of catching and examining insects, and of his own fear lest the boy might acquire a habit of killing the harmless creatures.

Utamaro, painting at first in the Kano style—traces whereof showed themselves in his drawings from time to time throughout his life—began his Ukioyé work, like all the students of his time, by imitating Kiyonaga. From this beginning, like Yeishi, he gradually evolved his own manner, the manner which his beautifully drawn figures and busts of women have made familiar to students of art in many countries. As a painter of the human figure in an exquisitely synthetic convention Utamaro has few rivals, East or West. Certain nude figures in some of Utamaro's pictures seem to be Greek, rather than Japanese. It is difficult to present examples, for on the rare occasions on which the Japanese drew the nude they did it with a frank simplicity that might shock the nerves of persons

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who enjoy the blessings of our not very frank and not very simple civilisation: in other words, the Japanese of a century ago had not invented the fig-leaf; an engine of manners which even the Japanese of to-day first encounters with emotions not so much of admiration as of stupefaction.

The example photographed is in Utamaro's latest manner —his manner of the first few years of the nineteenth century. The print is a celebrated one, and, indeed, it was so well received in its time that more than one inferior artist copied it to the best of his ability, including the signature, and so no doubt, hoped to aid Utamaro in stemming the tide of popular demand. I have seen more than one impression of these contemporary imitations, which are now and again bought by unsuspicious European amateurs. The plan of the forgers seems to have been to atone for the deception by giving as much colour —or rather pigment—as possible for the money. So the delicate green-grey of the sea becomes a coarse blue which clings about the heads of the figures like a troublesome curtain. And because it would take too much trouble—or too much ability—to draw the delicate feet and ankles as Utamaro drew them, the thick blue sea was brought across to hide them all. And here once more I must confess that the lines of those feet in the present illustration, together with the lines of many of the faces, are not altogether Utamaro's, but the result of unskilful collaboration in the process-office.

When Utamaro died—in 1806, as now seems to be certain —there was no cessation in the production of Utamaro prints. They were produced by a certain pupil—one Koikawa Shuncho —who married his widow, and who wrote his signature very well, but who could not fill in the rest of the picture quite as Utamaro had been wont to do. The prints of this second Utamaro, as he is usually called, are in bulk of a wholly inferior sort, though one or two, here and there, have a good deal of merit. But every inferior print carrying Utamaro's signature is not the work of this man. Beside the absolute forgeries, there are a number of prints designed in his studio

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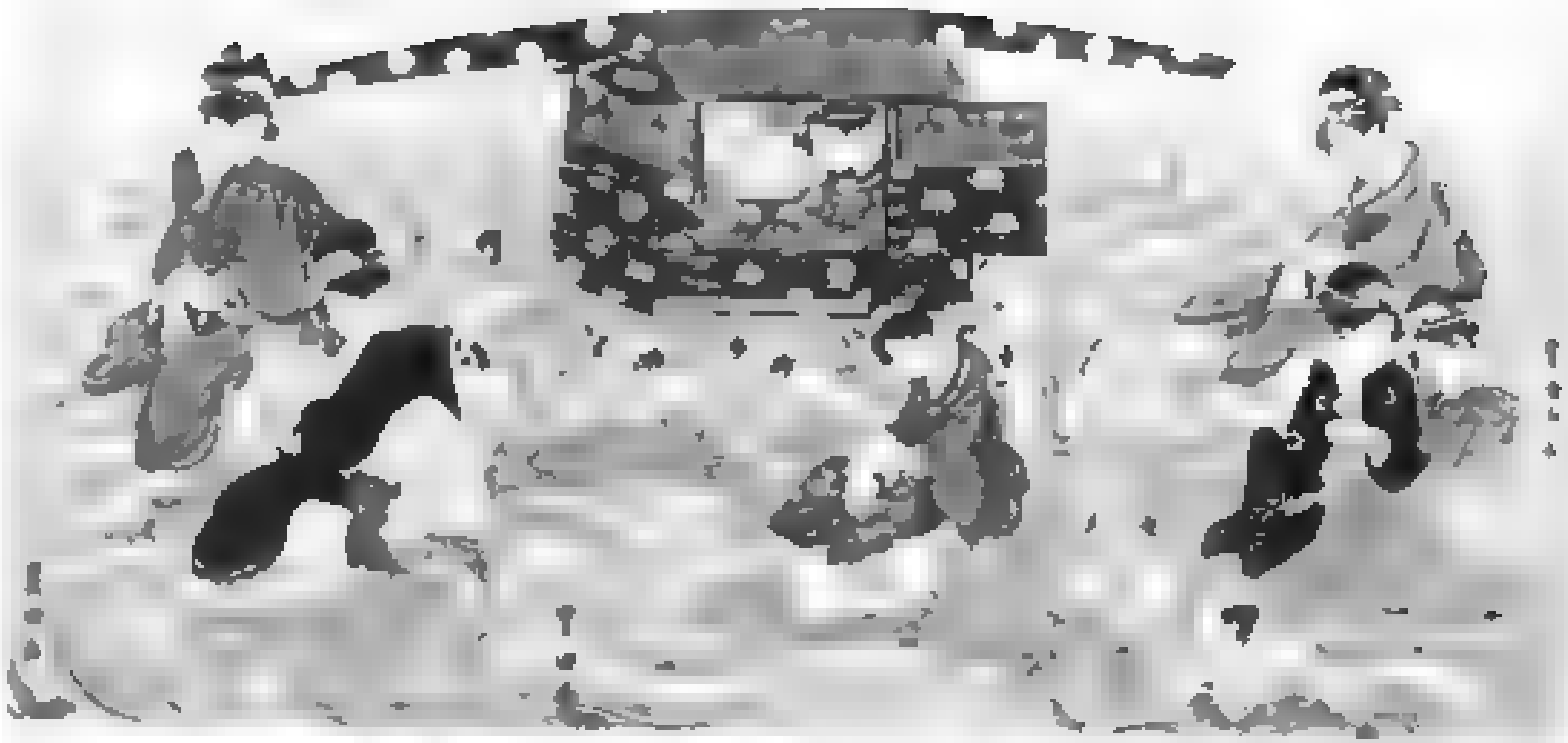

Cruisers battling river with pleasure party, from a colour print by Ando Hiroshige, Museum Collection

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in his later years—or probably at the very end, when he was lying sick—which are sometimes partly, sometimes wholly, the work of his pupils. In particular, Hidemaro's hand may be traced in many of these prints, as sometimes may Kikumaro's.

Utamaro's chief contemporary and rival, after Yeishi, was Utagawa Toyokuni, pupil of Utagawa Toyoharu. Like Utamaro, Toyokuni began in the manner of Kiyonaga; or perhaps we should say in a manner derived from that of Kiyonaga. For Toyokuni was a younger man than any other of Kiyonaga's followers, and the influence was feebler in his time. Toyokuni worked in a succession of four of five varied manners, and I have printed a very decorative composition of his middle manner as an example of his work. The original is coloured in a harmonious scheme of grey, green, lilac, yellow and black. The best work of Toyokuni that I have ever seen, and one that places him in the first rank of Ukioyé painters, is a life-size portrait of an actor, drawn with an expressive subtlety of line and a marvellously suggested modelling that come as a great surprise on those—and they are not few—who, upon an acquaintance with his later work merely, are apt to consider Toyokuni a painter of secondary rank. It is a fact that Toyokuni is unequal, and the fact also that his later work is far from being his best. He coarsened toward the end, as did all his contemporaries. He is known chiefly as a painter of actors, and it is on his work in this department that his reputation must largely rest; but in his early and middle periods he executed many charming groups of girls and youths making holiday, and drew a certain number of admirable book illustrations. A curious tale has got about among European amateurs —I find it in Dr. Anderson's book—that Toyokuni was the first artist to employ purple in colour-printing. It is difficult to understand how anybody, who had once seen a reasonably representative collection, could repeat such a statement. From the time when other colours were added to the original red and green, purple was used by everybody—Kiyomitsu, Haru-

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nobu, Shigemasa, Kiyonaga, Toyonobu, Toyoharu—every artist, in short, who designed colour prints.

Toyokuni's fellow pupil—some say his brother—Toyohiro, was in many respects his equal. He left the theatre alone, and drew illustrations to popular novels and painted groups of women, children, and ordinary subjects of passing life. He was the master of the landscape painter Hiroshigé. I am sorry that my space is insufficient to do him full justice, but the case is the same with nearly all the painters of this crowded school of Ukioyé. There are some who might well claim each a separate paper; and many artists of merit I have been unable even to mention.

All through this period during which we have seen the Ukioyé school developing, the older schools kept their way steadily. In the Kano school, late in the seventeenth century, Toshun, son of To-un, worked with an elegance not always aimed at by the painters of the school. He had a very fine sense of colour, and he sometimes painted with much delicacy in the Tosa style. Sokuyo was another able Kano artist of this time; and Tokinobu, son of Yasunobu, another. Chikanobu, son of Tsunenobu, as we have seen, was master of Toriyama Sekiyen; and a contemporary of Chikanobu, Takata Keiho, was a very original painter, with a manner all his own. The British Museum collection has a set of three kakemono by Keiho, which, though somewhat damaged, are good examples of his work. Keiho had among his pupils a very original and eccentric genius in Soga Shohaku. Painting first in the Kano style, he turned from that to the style of Sesshiu, then to that of Soga Jasoku, of whom he declared himself to be a re-incarnation. Lastly he formed a style of his own, largely based on that of Jasoku, and founded a school, which, however, did not long survive him. He used many names of curious significance, of which "The Modern Jasoku" was the most commonplace. He despised money, lived in poverty, and was suspected to be a little mad; but he was a painter of genius, with more than a little of the spirit of

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Chinese magic in hand / from a drawing by Sugai Shōdatsu (Private Collection)

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the old masters of the fifteenth century. The *Kokkwa* has a photogravure of a very fine screen decoration by Shohaku, containing the figure of a man attempting to catch a distrustful horse. Soga Shohaku died in 1783.

I have alluded to Tachibana Morikuni, a Kano artist of the early part of the eighteenth century, who published many of his drawings in books, in the form of woodcuts. Kano Shiushin and Kano Yeisen-in, or Michinobu, were notable painters later in the century.

In the Tosa school Tosa Mitsuyoshi and his two sons, Mitsuatsu and Mitsusada, were the chief painters; but in the Chinese school a greater activity prevailed. Riu-rikyo painted in the brilliantly coloured style of the Ming period, and his pictures are very highly prized in Japan. I am not aware of any genuine examples in this country. Chinnanpin, or Nam-ping, a Chinese who became naturalised in Japan, produced many admirable works, which have been largely copied and imitated, and his signature and seals have been very extensively forged. Buson was another able painter in the Chinese style, but he had a superior contemporary in Taigado, a painter of great originality and power. A specimen of Taigado's work in monochrome is in the British Museum collection—a flower-study executed with a large brush. And among the finest productions of the Chinese school in the eighteenth century are the works of Soshiseki and Jakuchiu, painters of birds and flowers, very few of whose works have been seen in Europe.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

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ADAM'S CURSE

WE sat together at one summer's end
That beautiful mild woman your close friend
And you and I, and talked of poetry.

I said, "a line will take us hours maybe
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought
Our stitching and unstiching has been naught.
Better go down upon your marrow bones
And scrub a kitchen pavement or break stones
Like an old pauper in all kinds of weather;
For to articulate sweet sounds together
Is to work harder than all these and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
Of bankers, schoolmasters, and clergymen
The martyrs call the world."

That woman then
Murmured with her young voice for whose mild sake
There's many a one shall find out all heartache
In finding that it's young and mild and low.
"There is one thing that all we women know
Although we never heard of it at school
That we must labour to be beautiful."

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I said, "It's certain there is no fine thing
Since Adam's fall but needs much labouring.
There have been lovers who thought love should be
So much compounded of high courtesy
That they would sigh and quote with learned looks
Precedents out of beautiful old books;
Yet now it seems an idle trade enough."

We sat grown quiet at the name of love.
We saw the last embers of daylight die
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky
A moon—moon worn as if it had been a shell
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell
About the starn and broke in days and years.

I had a thought for no one but your ears;
That you were beautiful and that I strove
To love you in the old high way of love;
That it had all seemed happy and yet we'd grown
As weary hearted as that hollow moon.

W. B. Yeats.

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SONGS OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

> "They are a relief from literature—these fresh draughts from the sources of feeling and sentiment; as we read in an age of polish and criticism the first lines of written verse of a nation."—EMERSON.

FOR centuries a wealth of national epic and song has been accumulating and circulating orally amongst the Russian peasantry. With the development of railway communication, the increased centralisation of town life, and the spread of the reading and writing routine of school instruction, this national poetry will perhaps share the fate of that of other countries and cease to be. At present there is, fortunately, little sign of its decay. In the remote agricultural governments which compose the bulk of the spacious Russian Empire the truth of the national proverb, "Wherever there is a Slav there is also a song," finds ample confirmation. So excellent, too, are the performances of these untutored singers that they themselves are no mean critics. They listen to the musical liturgy in their churches much as the better classes follow their opera; and they have been known to absent themselves in a body from a village church where the singing was bad, observing that "they do not like goat chanting."

The Russian national songs may be conveniently classed under three headings: 1st, the metrical romances and epic

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ballads known as the *builinï*, literally songs of "what has been," *i.e.*, the story of something which has actually happened; 2nd, the *horovodi*, or choral songs to be heard all over Russia, and of a type not met with elsewhere in Europe; 3rd, the solo lyrics or *piessnï*, which, unlike the *builinï*, have no historical basis, but emanate simply from the daily round of poverty and necessity, of hopes and fears closely connected with the domestic life of the singers.

Few nations are found to be wholly devoid of national epics. They have usually taken a written form very early in their country's history. In Western Europe the transcription was already accomplished during the middle ages. Thus the national epics of the West are known to the modern world in written form only, their strains having long since faded from the memory of the people. The *builinï*, on the contrary, have been collected for the first time by Russian philologists and musicians during the last fifty or sixty years. Exception must be made of the eleventh-century *builinï* of "Prince Igor."[1] But "Prince Igor" is decidedly the work of one person alone, and therefore lies beyond the category of the anonymous songs of the people. It is, however, extremely interesting to note that, in the opening lines of this poem, its author announces his intention of singing "in the present style of the *builinï*, and as "Prince Igor" bears internal evidence of having been written during the actual lifetime of its hero, it is conclusive that the *builinï* were in vogue upwards of a thousand years ago. Collectors have grouped the most important of them into five cycles. The heroes of the first are of a mythical nature; giants who can at will assume the shape of animals, birds or reptiles. Yet, underlying all their supernatural deeds and colossal strength, these beings exhibit a strong resemblance to the peasant singer himself. They plough and dig and delve; they brew *kvass* and *pivo*, the native beer, and steam themselves in the public vapour baths, to this day so popular amongst the Russian

[1] The first English rendering of "Prince Igor" in its entirety is the recent work of Mr. Leo Wiener in his "Anthology of Russian Literature."

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peasantry. In their forests they hunt the marten and the sable, and in their rivers they catch salmon and sturgeon. One of these songs relates of "Volga Vseslavitch the Enchanter," and told as near as may be in English prose, it begins thus:

"The red sun had sunk behind the sloping hills and behind the deep seas, and the stars shone clear in the heavens above. Then was born in Holy Russia Volgà Vseslavitch, the son of Màrfa Vsevlavievna and a dragon. Mother Earth shook, and the wild animals hurried to the forest; the birds mounted to the sky, and the fish hid in the depths of the sea. At an hour and a half old Volga spoke thus to his lady mother: 'Bind me in no swaddling-clothes, neither girdle me with silken bands. But girt me round, little mother, with strong steel mail; on my head set me a heavy mace of lead, in weight 300 poods.'[1] In due time Volga learned wisdom and all cunning and divers tongues. At fifteen years he chose a bodyguard, great and brave—thirty heroes in all, save one, and he was that one. And he spoke to them: 'Listen, friends, to your lord; ye shall weave silken snares, and spread them on the damp earth, within the dark forest, and ye shall catch martens, foxes and black sables for the three whole days and nights," etc. etc.

The second cycle centres round Kièv and the great deeds of Vladïmir, its famous prince. Kièv was the cradle of Russian nationality, and in its numerous *buïlnï* Vladïmir occupies something of the combined *rôles* of King Æthelberht and King Arthur. His very name, signifying possessor of the world, testifies to his prowess. Vladïmir married a Christian princess of Byzantium, became a Christian himself, and introduced the faith into Russia, causing his people—so run the *buïlnï*—to be baptized in the river Dnepre in thousands. A curious mixture of paganism and Christianity is perceptible in the songs of the Kièv cycle. It was as if, when accepting Christianity themselves, the peasants also subjected their former gods to baptism. Thus Perun, the god of thunder of the former cycle, now becomes Ilya or Elijah, the prophet of the true God. Elijah is one of the most prominent saints in the Russian calendar, and many of the peasants have a quaint belief that, should God cease to rule the world, Elijah will succeed him.

The third cycle is that of Novgorod (new city). Novgorod

[1] A pood is equal to 36 lb. English.

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on Lake Ilmen was equally renowned with Kièv. It never fell under the Tartar yoke, and was especially noted for its independent spirit and its commercial supremacy; it was included in the Hanseatic League, and lay upon one of the old high roads of trade from East to West. It must in no wise be confused, however, with Nigni or Lower Novgorod of later date and bazaar fame. The heroes of the Novgorod cycle are merchants, or "rich guests" as the *buiïni* phraseology has it; they are scholars and musicians into the bargain, singing in the churches and feasts, and performing upon the *gouzli*, a kind of dulcimer known in Russia from the earliest times. A most characteristic series of *buiïni* in this cycle tells the adventures of SSadk'o, the poor *gouzli*-player. One of them runs as follows:

SSadk'o was a poor *gouzli*-player. To play at honourable feasts, to amuse joyous companies of rich people with his songs and with his music, such was his livelihood and consolation.

But it happened once that SSadk'o was called to never a feast. Three days passed, and still SSadk'o remained uncalled. Sadly therefore went SSadk'o to Lake Ilmen, and there he sat upon a red sand stone and played upon his *gouzli* and sang.

Then suddenly the waters of the lake rocked and tossed, and its billows surged to the shore. SSadk'o was frightened. Quickly he ceased his song and hastened back to Novgorod.

One day and another and again a third passed, but still SSadk'o was called to no feasts, and again in sorrow he reached the shore, and again the waters rocked and tossed, and SSadk'o was once more sore afraid.

Each day the lonely SSadk'o returned mourning to the lake and sang sad songs and played upon his *gouzli*. Then the waters rocked and tossed again as if in tribulation, and either it was that SSadk'o forgot his fear in sorrow, or else he had not time to flee.

And behold the Tsar Vodyanoy[1] emerged from the waters and stood and thanked SSadk'o for all his sweet singing; and promised him a great reward.

"SSadk'o, hasten thou back to Novgorod. Again shalt thou be present at honourable feasts, and thou shalt wager with the rich merchants. Wager with

[1] Water King.

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them that there are golden-finned fish in Lake Ilmen. The merchants will laugh and scorn, but at the bottom of Ilmen are truly many marvels, which Tsar Vodyanoy reveals only to his beloved ones."

Then SSadk'o returned quickly to Novgorod, and truly he was again bidden to an honourable feast, to amuse the joyous guests, and they satisfied him with wine. And drunk with wine, SSadk'o sang:

"I know the greatest of marvels. Deep down in Lake Ilmen swarm golden finned fishes."

But the rich merchants answered with one voice: "No, no such marvel can ever be."

Now SSadk'o proposed his wager—yet what was he but a poor *gouzli*-player—and what else had he to stake but his own poor noisy, tipsy head? And his head it was that he staked.

"Ye rich merchants," he cried, "stake me three bales of precious wares against my head."—This did they right readily, so sure were they of their wager.

Together then they all went to the lake. And SSadk'o lowered a net. And behold he drew it full of golden-finned fish, and again, and again twice more he lowered, and each time there returned a draught of golden finned fish.

And so the rich merchant gave SSadk'o three bales of rich wares. And from that time SSadk'o began to trade. He traded and took great profits. And thus it happened that SSadk'o, the poor *gouzli*-player, became one of the rich merchant guests of Novgorod.[1]

The fourth and fifth cycles of the *builini* date from the foundation of Moscow and the conquest of Siberia by the Don Cossack Yermàk. Amongst these ballads are songs concerning Ivan the Terrible, the false Dmìtri; Boriss Godounov, and the latter's daughter Xenia. Outside these definitely chronicled cycles there exist many other later *builini* from the time of Peter the Great onwards. Their composition is said to have been current as late as the Napoleonic invasion. The *builini* metre is unrhymed, and very free and changeful in its cadence.

[1] Mr. Leo Wiener traces the SSadk'o legend to French origin; if this be the case, the story has nevertheless assumed a thoroughly Russian garb.

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Their tunes are of a recitative character and mostly in the major key, and their tonality is decidedly foreign to ears unaccustomed to the Greek Church modes of which they are probably an offshoot. No accompanying instrument is requisite. The professional rhapsodists or minstrels who wander through the country plying their trade can continue one long chant for an hour or so at a stretch.

The *buiñnī* are plainly the echoes of Russia's history resounding in the mouths of the people. The *horovodi*, or choral songs, seem more the outcome of the sharply defined changes which mark the Russian climate and weather. These changes tell forcibly upon the peasant's imagination, and just as each season brings its own labours and occupations, so it has equally its own appropriate *horovodi*. After a long spell of drought, or when for months nothing but snow has fallen, the first rain brings something of surprise and almost joy, and the young girls welcome it by traditional "rain" *horovodi*. The advent of spring, with its budding trees and lengthening days, is greeted with an outburst of delight. "Come, Spring, beautiful Spring, come with joy, bring the tall flax and grain, plenty of young sprouting grain."

There are the cuckoo christening, and the swallow and the nightingale *horovodi*, or the Easter and Whitsuntide songs, upon which follow the Midsummer *horovodi*, with a glad note in praise of the sun, now arrived at the zenith of its ascent, and a sad refrain to mourn its rapid descent towards winter. Those who are acquainted with the Russian legend of Snegoùrka will remember that the peasant-girls were singing their Midsummer *horovodi*, now glad, now sad, in the woods and groves when the snow maiden Snegoùrka suddenly vanished from their sight. There are, as is natural, any number of harvest *horovodi*; their gist is usually:

> "Our fields, our fields, our yellow fields of corn
> Ripen, ripen, ripen quickly;
> Fill out, corn ears, grow fat and golden bright,
> You know nought of the sorrows of him who planted you."

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Beside the above mentioned, there are the soldier *horovodi* sung on the march, or those of the different trades and crafts. In singing them the sexes rarely mix, men and women each having their own particular words and tunes; they group themselves together in two, three, or sometimes even four or five choruses and station themselves in different parts of the fields or woods or on the banks of lake or stream. One group of singers starts and leads, the others gradually joining and answering each other, turn and turn about. In this way a veritable mesh of song is intertwined and woven; and the listener cannot fail to be struck by the simple beauty displayed in the artistic blending of the voices, which, it must be remembered, are totally guiltless of training.[1]

We now come to the *piesnī*, or solo lyrics, chiefly sung to the thrumming accompaniment of the *balalàika*, or native guitar. These little songs often offer a faithful insight into the thoughts and moods of the Russian peasantry. In one line or strophe we catch a glimpse of their occupations or of the landscape which surrounds them. Here is a shepherd song taken down in the government of Vladimir, in the very heart of the country:

"Near the green wood, near the firs,
Near the little Turkish town
There lies a valley;
And wide it is,
In this valley, in this valley wide
Little purple flow'rets grow apace;
And in this valley, in this valley side
A young shepherd tends his sheep,
His sheep he tends."

In another song is chronicled a village tragedy, common, alas, to other lands than Russia:

"Before the door the fir-tree rocks, rocks to and fro;
Ay, loùlï, loùlï, loùlï lï!

[1] The word *horovodi* is possibly derived from a combination of the Russo-Greek *horo-chorus* and the Russian verb *bodit* to lead.

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And at the door fair-haired Doùniushka stands laughing, laughing, and she;
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
When the Boyàr's son to the threshold comes.
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
He stops, he stands, he speaks to laughing little Doùnia.
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
Let us play and dance together, Doùnia, my little fair one dear,
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
I will take thee to myself, my laughing Doùnia dear.
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
But Doùniushka was frightened, was frightened and alarmed.
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
When evening came her head ached sadly, no more laughed she!
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
Towards midnight for the priest asked Doùniushka;
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
And in the morning the great bell tolled;
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
Hush! to her grave they are taking fair-haired, laughing Doùnia!
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
Before the door the fir-tree rocks, rocks to and fro,
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
And the Boyàr's son stops, he stops, he stands!
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!
Ah! Forgive, forgive me, poor wee Doùnia, forgive me, fair one!
Ay, loùlī, loùlī, loùlī lī!

It is generally conceded by those who know the Russian peasant best that he has a method and style of getting drunk quite his own. He gets intoxicated, by the way, much more rarely than is supposed. But when he does indulge in a fiery bout of *vodka*, it seems to kindle his kindly emotions and sensibility rather than to brutalise him; he is affectionate and sympathetic and always very vocal when in his cups. The following "drunken" song—to give the exact equivalent of the original Russian—was heard in the Tulla government:

"Oh, it isn't sleep that bows my head,
It's the drink, the drink that's in it!
And it foments there, and will not out!

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But I'll up and away to the valley
Where the wild red raspberries grow ;
And meet a little Cossack girl from the Don

I'll ask her to show me whither this footpath leads
To the forest dark or the open field,
The open field of the ripe, bright corn.

And she'll show me whither the footpath leads,
To the thick green bush where the nightingale sings,
And my father will call, will call me home !

Call away, old chap, call away and shout,
You'll not see me home to-day nor to-morrow,
And I'll only come when the morning dawns grey ! "

Unfortunately it is next to impossible in a translation to give more than a bald outline of the poetic merits of these folk-songs, which indeed owe much of their charm to the euphony of the Russian language itself. The stuffed nightingale of the taxidermist is, after all, but a poor exchange for the free songster of the wood. Love-songs abound, many of them beautiful, and very touching are many of the Russian wedding-songs and funeral laments. The quaint marriage rites and burial ceremonies to which they form a pendant clearly point to a pagan origin. There are also the spell and charm songs, for witches and wizards remain in great request. The Russian peasant, whilst extremely devout, has a strong element of prudence in his nature. Hence, when he calls in the priest to invoke a blessing upon his cattle or his corn, he also engages a sorcerer to chant a spell in the Devil's name !

The tunes both of the *horovodi* and the *piessni* are very irregular in their rhythm, such curious rhythms as 7-4, 9-4, 5-8 or 8-2 being often employed in quick succession in one tune. The regular dominant tonic harmonies with which students of English or German folk-tunes are familiar are seldom heard in a Russian melody.

The Russians, in the phenomenally rapid development of

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their music as an art, have troubled themselves, perhaps, too little with its scientific aspect; in this they are the extreme opposites to ourselves; for music was a science in England centuries before we began producing, as we are now doing, composers who feel it to be a vibrating, emotional art. That Russian music is intensely national no one can deny; its composers, however, careless of theory, neglectful of science, would themselves find it hard to explain wherein lies the technical secret which gives their work its peculiar savour. From Glinka onwards, the rhythm and harmonisation of the Russian folk-song, its colour and character, have been, broadly speaking, the foundation of the Russian school, and the subjects chosen for their operas, ballets or symphonic poems of such composers as Dargomoushki, Borodin, Moussorski, Tshaïkovski, Glazounov or Rimski-Korssàkov, reveal many an inspiration from the old time *builinï*. The Russian tunes seem to start haphazard upon any degree of the scale, the super tonic being a favourite beginning. A minor key predominates. The late Yury von Arnold, an eminent Russian authority upon the subject, considered the minor mode to indicate a comparatively modern date of origin.

According to him, the most ancient Russian folk-songs were always sung in the major; it was only later on, when generations of these humble singers had been bowed, first under the foreign yoke of the Tartar, and then under the still harder native yoke of serfdom, that a distinct minor cadence crept into their songs, the inevitable outcome of their suffering existence. And his idea was that the singers unconsciously invented a minor mode of their own by simply inverting the intervals of the major scale, starting from the dominant. This at once supplied them with the intervals of what Yury Arnold styles the pure minor scale, that is, a minor scale without the raised 7th, which is so characteristic of modern music. Melgounov and Kazanski, both musicians who have devoted their studies to the question of the peculiar harmonisation of the Russian national melodies, share the opinions of Yury Arnold, and

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maintain that, by inverting the major scale from the dominant, the key to the modulation of their native folk-songs is easily supplied.

If analysed thus, the Russian folk-song and, indeed, much of the modern Russian music, is found to be strictly diatonic as well as logical in its progressions, and not full of chromaticisms and barbaric intervals, as would at first strike an unaccustomed casual ear; it is also easy to trace in the folk-song the germs of the curious descending cadences which occur again and again in the music of Tshaïkovski for example, and an entirely new light is thrown upon the relationship of keys, those most remote from each other in Western tonality often becoming the most intimate, and *vice versâ*. Thus, in the Russian system, the nearest keys to C major would be G minor or B major, and so on, which suggests very curious combinations of harmonic colour.

Except a few publications by the theorists already mentioned, no special books of Russian harmony have yet appeared; a work illustrating and following up the peculiar harmonic progressions of the folk-song as developed and elaborated in the modern national school of music would be of immense value, and would not fail to help foreign critics to a more intelligent comprehension of the spirit of Russian music than they at present possess. In music, as in everything else connected with Russians, an entirely European point of view is worse than useless, and only leads to an utterly false and superficial estimate. We have to remember that modern Russia is a nation with national characteristics developed much later than other European nations, and that the elements which form what we term the national Russian character are neither European nor Asiatic, but the result of a comparatively modern fusion of the spirit and traits of both continents. The traits of nations are bewilderingly multifold. What shall we say then of the traits of continents? To understand Russia and Russian art we must know something at least of some portions of Europe and of Asia and be able to imagine a blending of the two.

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As this article is intended as a sketch of the songs proper to Russia alone, no allusion has been made either to the songs of Finland or Esthonia, where a Scandinavian element is often perceptible, or to the *doumki* (thought-songs), so much sung by the women of Little Russia, and possibly imported thither from Poland, or again to the melodious gipsy songs of the *Oukraïnia*, which are certainly not purely Russian. One result accruing from even a cursory study of these Russian traditional popular tunes is, that we are enabled to regard the masses of the Russian people from another and a happier standpoint than that of a down-trodden, persecuted race of ill-conditioned beings. If we only knew where to seek it, there is surely light as well as shade in every human life, and the secret of a good picture is to avoid exaggerating either the one or the other. The gloomy shadows and terrors which encompass the Russian peasant's existence have been so frequently and powerfully delineated, that it is well just for once now and then to catch a ray of the sunshine which also undoubtedly illuminates that existence, and is, moreover, its great moral purifier.

A. E. KEETON.

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JAMES SUTHERLAND LIMITED

THE gentle art of Advertising, particularly when it takes that delicate and difficult form of Self-advertisement, is perhaps not one of the most respected or altruistic accomplishments, but it is certainly one of the most lucrative. The advantage of the whole system is that it hardly matters at all what a man advertises, so long as his advertisements are sufficiently large and persistent; if one advertised earwigs in a really masterly manner, they would soon be found to supply some nearly universal need. Earwig-farms—Sir John Lubbock tells us they are excellent mothers—would become fashionable, and would prove indispensable at mothers' meetings. They only need a gifted advertiser.

These unimpeachable platitudes may serve to introduce one of the most gifted self-advertisers of this or any other century or country, James Sutherland, that pinnacled composer of fiction, whose voluminous works, dealing as they do with the great facts of life, command so envied a sale. Nowhere else does the enterprising reader find so uncompromising a foe to earls, bishops, and people of fashion, nowhere else so well equipped a champion of struggling and heaven-born geniuses, scullery-begotten poets, and, in fact, what he himself calls the great heart of the country. He constructs on the gigantic scale; heaven, earth, and the things under the earth, are grist to his insatiable mill, so that with so various a feast spread afresh about every six months, it is no wonder that myriads of guests besiege and clamour for dinner tickets. Three and sixpence is

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the (really nominal) price of these volumes, for James Sutherland considers that publishers are sharks, and that to publish in six-shilling form is but to throw an extra half-crown to these devouring fish. Why he brought out an autobiography at a guinea is harder to explain; but no doubt Mrs. Eddy, of the Christian Scientists, could tell us.

It is however idle to speak further of his works, which are far too well known to need any gratuitous advertisement of mine; all I wanted to point out was that even so great an artist as this owes, or rather owed, far more to his brilliant self-advertising gifts, than to his meteoric style and range of subject. It was he too who brought to perfection the supreme method of all, namely, to advertise himself by expressing on all occasions, particularly public ones, his horror of self-advertisement. The principle is the same as that of the poster which says in large capitals "DON'T READ THIS."

It was in the year 1896 that I first met him, playing golf with phenomenal inability at Brighton, and I could scarcely believe that this ruiner of guttapercha, so infirm of execution, could be the voluminous Sutherland. Dressed in shabby flannels, with an anguished face which would have done credit to one of his detested earls, he smote and he smote, and the ancient County of Sussex flew in fits in every direction. Every now and then, however, when his stroke was less ill-directed, the lines of anguish melted, and a perfect peace irradiated his intelligent features. "I think I'm improving a little," he would say.

The fact was, of course, that there were two James Sutherlands—one the professional writer, the other the private individual, totally distinct from his uncongenial twin. And never have I met so delightful a person. He was then about forty, all fire and vigour and general incompetence, enthusiastic to bursting-point over a hundred pursuits, going on tiptoe into the garden bushes to catch sight of a piping robin, always sneezing or stumbling resonantly at the critical moment and frightening the bird away, choosing investments for his money

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out of the *Financial News*, and losing it even quicker than he made it (which is saying a great deal, since his was the pen of a ready writer), always keen, always with a rose-coloured world to gaze at and admire.

But James Sutherland the professional writer! Words fail me to pourtray that dismal and pompous personality.

"Yes, I have a mission," he said to me once. "I know I have a mission. Look at the sale of my books! And I have just heard from my publisher that 150,000 of my new books have been subscribed for. That means Influence, and Influence means Responsibility."

And he heaved an awful sigh.

By this time I knew him well, and sat down to make myself unpleasant.

"I should like to know exactly what you imagine your mission to be," I said, "if your published works contain the spirit of it. You sent me one yesterday, 'Modern Babylon,' your last, I think. Well, I read it, I read every bitter word of it. Now let us take for a moment the Duke of Hampshire out of that work. Does he seem to you like a real person of any sort whatever, Duke or otherwise? Did you ever see or hear of a person like that? For myself I do not believe that any one drinks Chartreuse for breakfast, a table beverage it appears, or lights his cigarette with a bank note. That's not even original, it comes in Ouida, I think."

"You don't understand," said the professional James Sutherland. "The lesson is this. I believe that the aristocracy of England is in a very bad way: it is loose in morals, extravagant, idle, vicious. I have to convey that to the masses. Perhaps one exaggerates; but the art of writing fiction, so I take it, is like that of the scenepainter. It has to be laid on thickly, boldly, in strong lights and deep shadows."

"Another prominent character," said I, dragging him back, so to speak, to his own work, "is that of Enid, the gamekeeper's daughter. (By the way, the air is never really darkened at a battue.) She has eyes like Athene. Now is

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Enid with the eyes of Athene really characteristic of the gamekeeper's daughter? She says 'Methinks.' Why? She talks in hendecasyllables. She is waylaid by the Duke of Hampshire at the Achilles statue in Hyde Park, and is rescued by a banker's clerk with Apolline curls. Now what does it all mean?"

"Not Apolline curls," said the real James Sutherland, peeping out for a moment as quick as a lizard. I hailed him with rapture, but the pompous twin had already whisked him back into the crevice.

"Yes, Apolline curls," I said. "Now when you are yourself you don't think about Apolline curls; you think about robins and golf balls, and children, and your dinner, like a proper man."

"But I have also my work to do," said he; "and if I have not a message, why do my books sell so? People want them."

"People want gin and other things as well," said I; "they want all sorts of things that are harmful, and all sorts of things that are nasty and stupid. But the gin-distillers, if one went to talk to them, would not make one sick with talking about their message or their mission. They would say, like honest men, 'There is a demand for gin, which we propose to supply.' They also advertise their wares; they know that advertisements mean sales. So do you."

"My dear fellow," he said, "how can you be so unfair? I abhor self-advertising; I always set my face against it. If you knew the number of interviewers I refuse to see——"

"And the number of times you let it be known that you refuse to see them," said I.

Again for a moment the real man peeped out.

"By God," he said. Then the professional added, "It is part of my system to let it be known that I strongly object to interviewers and advertisers."

This was said with a certain dignity, so that I wondered afresh at the strange duality of the man. But almost without

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a pause he took up a formal-looking piece of foolscap and handed it me.

"I should like to know what you think of that scheme," he said.

The scheme was one of the most extraordinary I have ever read. It was the draft of the prospectus to turn James Sutherland, author, into a Limited Company. In other words he was to sell his output of fiction to the company for a fixed annual income of £3000 in addition to a thousand shares in himself. The company—I saw that his publisher, the editor of a well-known weekly, and the head of a thriving house in the City, were among his Directors—would own, publish, sell and reap the profits of all the fiction he produced, in which beyond his thousand shares he would have no interest. Two stipulations only were made: one was that he should not part with the thousand shares he held in the company. This was reasonable, since it safeguarded the company against his laying down his pen and saying that he would write no more, for in that case his thousand shares would yield no dividend. The other was that he should embark on no other profession.

"I never heard of anything so extraordinary," I said, "and your directors are good people."

"It seems to be sound," said he, "but I can make the advantage of it plainer to you. I earn on an average about £4000 a year, but I have to earn it, and I often feel that I want a holiday and can't take it. Well, under this scheme £3000 a year is secured to me, and I feel sure that if I worked less my work would be better, and that I desire. Now here comes in the psychological point. I am weak, and though I know my work would be better, I cannot stop. A firm writes to me and makes an offer. Well, I am in the mill, and I have to say 'yes.' I can't bring myself to say 'no,' and so I go grinding on, year in, year out, with scarcely a month's holiday in the year. Now under this scheme that temptation will be removed. I like my work far too well to be idle: I shall certainly not be that, but I shall have no monetary interest at

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stake, except the dividends from my thousand shares. That will be a great relief; my art," he added with hideous pomposity, "will be exercised solely for art's sake."

He got up, and the real man, who had been peeping out at intervals during this speech, showed himself. "I shall really try to do something decent," he said; "I shall study more, and, oh Lord, I shall have a cottage in the country, and keep pigs. I adore pigs."

Then we went further into the figures. The company was a very small one, consisting indeed of only 20,000 shares of £1. Of these 5000 were to be four per cent. debentures, the rest ordinary shares. Now at present James Sutherland earned £4000 a year, and his publishers, according to the prospectus, earned as much more out of his works. Thus his present dividends amounted to about £8000 a year, of which under the scheme £5000 would be available for shareholders, after his assured income of £3000 was paid. Without working expenses that would yield a profit of 25 per cent., of which, however, the 5000 debenture shares absorbed only five per cent., leaving an extra 20 per cent. on 5000 shares for distribution among the ordinary shareholders. Then comes the question of working expenses, which, so the directors said, must be largely discounted against the increased prices they felt certain of getting for Mr. Sutherland's work in America and the Colonies, prices which he, as an artist and a gentleman, had been unable to ask, but which they, as business men, felt confident of obtaining. Furthermore, the estimate of profits given above were those which at present were made after all publisher's expenses were paid, and though the new company would have to spend a certain amount in initial ways, yet there was no development work, so to speak, to be done. The market already existed. A private letter also from one of the directors told James Sutherland that they were confident of getting far more for his work, which would give a substantial value to his thousand shares. That, however, was their affair, a trade secret. Meantime if Mr. Sutherland saw his way to

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accepting their offer, the company would be immediately formed.

Within a very short time this was done, and the prospectus issued. The success of it was immediate. Applications for more than ten times the number of shares issued were received by the directors, and the James Sutherland Limited began at once to be an active share on the Stock Exchange. The novelty of gambling in that which did not yet exist at all, i.e., James Sutherland's output for 1899 for instance, resident at present, if anywhere, in the beef and mutton he should eat in a year's time, was irresistible to the merry bears and bulls. The favourable reception of the prospectus had sent the shares up to nearly four, and then, before even the allotments were made, a sudden bear-raid was formed against it. Private rumour was busy; it was believed in well-informed quarters that the subscription for Sutherland's new book, which had been acquired by the Company, was a great disappointment; further, that it was altogether in a new style, a sober and un-hysterical, some said historical, work, and the reckless bears sold and sold. The shares, which had been dealt in on Monday at $8\frac{7}{8}$–4, sunk in the course of a day or two to par, and by the end of the week were no better than $\frac{3}{16}$–$\frac{1}{8}$.

Now I was in the enviable position of being in the inner ring, for Sutherland had shown me his new book in proof, and he had also told me that there was a subscription of 150,000. I knew therefore that there was no truth in the bear-report that it was written in a new style: it was, on the contrary, quite in the old style: it teemed with sinister earls and Apolline bank-clerks, and was quite up to form. So, though I had not applied for shares in the first instance I now bought. But, for the time at any rate, the bears had it their own way, and the shares sunk still further. Then some began climbing in again, and the price went slowly up to about 2, where it hung, waiting for November 6th, on which day the new book was to be published. As I have mentioned, the copyright of it, as well as that of all his previous works, had been acquired by the com-

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pany, this giving them an appreciable asset. On the other hand, no one—except the directors—yet knew what price had been paid for it, and on this subject the market was divided. Some operators knew—so they said—that the price was a very heavy one, but against that one had to set the fact that the publisher was on the board of the new company. A reason for his being reasonable. In fact there was every opportunity for wide diversity of opinion.

But as the day of publication got very near—in accordance with James Sutherland's usual custom, no copies had been sent out for review—a perfect fever of excitement raged over J. S.'s. as the Stock Exchange called them, and the price played up and down like the temperature of a typhoid patient. Here one was told for certain that the bears had immensely over-sold, and would, without doubt, be cornered, that there were heaps of shares in the market, and that the directors had already taken advantage of the rise, parted with their shares, and were now on the bear-tack themselves. In fact, that which had begun as a sort of game, not as serious speculation, was speedily assuming somewhat grave proportions. I personally held a couple of hundred shares which I did not intend to part with just yet, but I did not buy more, since it was rank gambling to touch a market which was in so feverish a condition.

Then came the morning of publication, and as the early trains from the suburbs arrived, you might have observed the strange spectacle of thousands of City men hurrying along the platforms, each with a copy of "Aspasia" under his arm, some gleeful, some with faces of agonised woe. The directors had kept their secret well, and none knew what the book was like until on the morning of the 6th it was liberally stacked at all suburban stations for the benefit and enlightenment of City operators, bull and bear alike. This excellent stroke of business was supremely successful: the City operators flew at it like swarming bees, and clamoured for copies. This in itself was a bull-point. Some thousands of copies, in addition to the subscriptions, were thus disposed of, while the affrighted bear on

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opening it was further confronted by a slip, saying that James Sutherland had completely recovered from his recent indisposition, and was hard at work again. Then to finish him off there was the perusal of the work itself: it teemed with wicked earls and noble housemaids, it was the essence and quintessence of the Sutherland whom the "great heart of the people" so adored. Indeed, it was a black day for bears, and they came tumbling in head over heels, while the price of J. S.s rose with the speed and effulgence of the midsummer sun. Violent fluctuations occurred during the day: at 12.30 for instance they stood at 8, then a reaction followed on realisation, and they dropped to 6, rallied again, became buoyant on the number of the subscriptions (163,000) being made known, and closed very firm at $8\frac{3}{8}$—$\frac{5}{8}$. There was also some bidding in the street. I, however, did not wait for this, and having sold at a fraction over 9, went home in order to dress and dine with James Sutherland. Him I found in a state of high febrile excitement.

"Why, I feel sea-sick," he cried, "just sea-sick. It's I who have been tossed in a blanket all day in the City. Shied to the ceiling, banged on the floor: I haven't known where I was for two minutes together. Total strangers came into the club and talked about me to my face: they said I was buoyant or drooping or a wild cat. I have never been called such names. And I can't sell the thousand shares I have in it. Man, it's pitiful! The shares are mine and it is me, and not a penny can I touch. But if I re-act I shall buy. What do you think of me?"

Then matters calmed down a little: the prices were put up to 10 for a day or two, just to give belated bears a lesson, and they crawled painfully in. To do the directors justice they had neither desired nor devised the extraordinary gamble which I have described, but finding it made for them, they took full advantage of it, and made a handsome profit. Then they turned to business again. Now, the subscription list for "Aspasia" was, as I, have said, 163,000 copies, and within three weeks' time upwards of 200,000 were sold. This far

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exceeded any previous sale of James Sutherland's works; and it was due, I think, to two causes, partly the excitement over the company, which induced people who never read a book of his to buy this one, in order to see what it was which had caused so great a commotion in the City. Also a sort of crusade in the Press helped the sale very much, for many earnest and thoughtful leader-writers felt themselves obliged to deprecate, in the sacred name of Art, a proceeding so derogatory to the interests of Literature. But as they most of them wound up by saying that James Sutherland's works bore no relation to literature, they seemed to me to knock the bottom out of their own arguments. But they did not appear to mind this, and their solemn protests certainly stimulated interest. The company also had great advantages in its directorship; for Sutherland's publisher was on the board, and he, like a wise man, saw a great opportunity for himself, as a large holder, of making a considerable sum of money. Having a publisher's business already in existence, with all its machinery of travellers and advertising, it was worth his while to conduct the publishing part of the business very cheaply. His agents, whom he was bound to have, did the business as part of their work, and the company did not have to pay that important middleman, the publisher, except as director. Similarly the editor of the *Friday Weekly*, who was also on the board, earned the thanks of proprietors by securing the serial rights of James Sutherland's next novel (he had hitherto always refused to appear in sections), and £1200 had been paid for it. Thus when the balance-sheet for the first six months was brought out it read very pleasantly and as follows:

Debit.	£	s.	d.
Salary of three directors for half year . . .	600	0	0
To James Sutherland, Esq., for half year . .	1500	0	0
Rent of office	150	0	0
To Antrim & Co. for copyright of James Sutherland's previous works 2000 f.p. Shares .	2000	0	0
	4250	0	0

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Credit.	£	s.	d.
By profit on "Aspasia" at 1s. 2d. per copy (200,000)	11666	13	4
By serial rights of new work	1200	0	0
	13866	13	4

This left a very handsome balance of £9686 18*s.* 4*d.*, and the directors felt justified in recommending an interim dividend of 7*s.* 6*d.* per share. They also had great pleasure in stating that Mr. Sutherland's next book would appear on June 1. The subscription list had already been issued, and was meeting with a gratifying reception. There would be also in the next statement of accounts considerable profit on the sale of Mr. Sutherland's previous works.

I saw James Sutherland a few days after this, and found him tearing his hair.

"They can pay," he exclaimed wildly, "the income of their directors, me, the rent of an office, and yet in a half-year earn nearly £20,000 profit! It is maddening, I tell you. Why couldn't I do it?"

I tried to point out to him that he was not a board of directors with the business capabilities of a publisher, an editor and a City man, but only a soulful artist. But he refused comfort, and uttered ominous words.

"I'll cut down their profits," he said.

"Then you'll cut down your own too."

He sighed.

"I know, that's the worst of it," he said. "But even if they declare a 12*s.* 6*d.* dividend at the end of the year, I shall only get £4000 altogether. I did that before without any of the City skylarking. Where do I come in? Of course, it's a great relief to feel there is no incessant need of grinding. And somehow, somehow—I think less ponderously about my mission than I used."

"You mustn't do that now," I said, "You must remember that your own mistaken conviction about yourself is probably partly responsible for the public's mistaken conviction about you. Anyhow, I see you have been interviewed by three

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papers about this new book, and you seem to have taken yourself pretty seriously."

He appeared rather disturbed.

"I know. These directors make a great mistake," he said. "If they would only listen to me, I could show them how much more paying it is to refuse to be interviewed. The public will get tired of me if they hear too much about me, and where shall we all be then?" he asked with enchanting *naïveté*. "By the way," he added, "one of the interviewers was from the *Weekly Advertiser*. He was a man I had been to school with, always rather a smart fellow, married now and with three children. He had invested all he had in J. S., he told me."

"What did he buy at?" I asked.

"Rather over eight. What are they now?"

"Six and a half, and rather weak."

"Well, the new book will send them skying again" he said, "but I don't like feeling that Pearce's money, he with his wife and children, is dependent on me. It makes a sort of responsibility which I had not contemplated."

"Not as long as you work properly," said I.

"I don't like it," he repeated. "And there's another thing too. It's just this—I've been reading a bit lately, Thackeray and that sort of Johnnie, and I'm afraid, do you know, I'm really afraid that I write most awful rot. Somehow it never struck me before."

This was more alarming for the company.

"Well, you've got to choose," said I. "Your feeling of responsibility for Pearce isn't compatible with your desire for writing what is not—well, as you said yourself, awful rot. Pearce will be all right if you continue writing awful rot. But if you go in for High Art, the Lord help poor Pearce!"

He continued his uneasy walk up and down the room, and I knew there was something more to come. At last it came.

"That's not the worst," he said. "I'm engaged to be married."

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Personally I never heard so depressing a mode of announcing this desirable condition, but commercially I saw a chance for Pearce. Next moment it was shattered.

"What is so dreadful is that—that, well, she likes me for myself, you know," he said. "She hates my books, she thinks them unreadable twaddle—her exact phrase—and, well, there it is anyhow."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Lady Helen Ascot," said he.

Here then on the whole was one of the completest muddles I had ever the privilege to encounter. All his life poor James had devoted himself to the scarification of wicked earls; he was now engaged to the daughter of a real foe, and, so it was supposed, a wicked one. All his life too he had been singularly free from outside responsibilities; now, here was this company which drew its dividends direct from his brain, and paid them to people like Pearce. Add to this that Pearce depended on James Sutherland's rancid denunciations of the class to which his future wife belonged, who in her turn thought them unreadable twaddle (her exact words). Her father, I may add, was Lord St. Leger, a heaven-sent title, as I had always felt, for one of James Sutherland's works.

A few days after this it so happened that I was in our office in the City, neither of the senior partners being then in London, when a card was brought in, bearing Lord St. Leger's name. He had before now dealt with our house, as a seller more often than a buyer of stock. A moment after he entered.

"I lately bought," said he, "some shares in James Sutherland Limited, and having some money to invest again I thought of adding to my holding. What is your opinion of it?"

Now he could not have asked me a more difficult question. Without inside information, that is to say without the announcement that James Sutherland had made to me the other day, that he was disposed to follow after Thackeray,

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I should have had no hesitation in recommending it. But supposing that James' conviction that all his writings were "rot" was deep-seated, then the J. S. Limited had but a depressing outlook. Yet if this conviction was only transitory, if, with the added necessity of working to support his wife, he continued to write rot, standing, as it did now, low, with the prospect of a large rise in price on June 1, when the new book appeared——

"I bought some for myself three days ago at 6," I said, "and I have no intention of selling them yet. You can get them now at 5½. It is of course a speculation; it depends on one life, and on Mr. Sutherland's continued popularity with the public."

He thought a moment.

"Please buy me 200 shares," he said, then paused again, "I have a special interest in the material supplied by the company" he added.

After his departure I sat down and reflected on the sinister dealings of Providence. Here on the one side was James Sutherland confiding in me that he wanted to try to write like Thackeray; on the other his future father-in-law, investing his money, subject to my advice, on the chance, for that is what it came to, of his doing nothing of the kind. Then again there was poor Pearce on the side of the wicked earl, and Lady Helen ranged with Thackeray.

A month passed, and the new book was on the verge of publication. Again the market turned to the question of J. S. with an added zest, as to some revived game, for Consols and Home Rails and other heavy affairs had been to the fore for the last month or two. Again people at street corners had special information, and knew the book was doomed to failure; others, equally well informed, knew precisely the opposite. This time the directors had tried a new policy, hazardous, but, if successful, likely to be extremely so. No discount of any sort or kind was to be given anybody; libraries, bookstalls and private purchasers alike would buy it at six shillings cash, and

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at no other price. This implied, of course, a solid confidence in the real demand for the book, but it was hazardous, since no library would take it on such terms. For instead of its being sold to the trade at three and sixpence or thereabouts, it would be sold, right through, at six shillings. Nor was boycotting of other goods possible, since the James Sutherland Company had no other goods. But it was an anxious moment for the directors, since booksellers would naturally not deal in goods on which they received no profits. Some indeed supplied the book at seven shillings, but for the most part all orders were sent to the publishers, straight from the actual purchasers. And indignation found vent in meetings among the trade, the directors held their peace, and shareholders looked forward to the new balance sheet with hope and fear in about equal proportions.

But this hazardous policy was, as the event proved, abundantly justified. The sales of 'High Places' exceeded even those of 'Aspasia,' while each copy sold brought to the fortunate shareholders some half-crown extra. A meeting was held and everybody expressed the utmost obligation to and confidence in everybody else. A round-robin was even sent to James Sutherland, setting forth the immense approbation with which the proprietors contemplated their property. But the property, instead of returning a suitable reply, did not answer the letter at all. It was better employed with its well-beloved.

The marriage took place at the end of July, and for a couple of months I saw no more of James Sutherland, nor did the market particularly concern itself with the company. The first year's trading had been enormously successful, and it was judged imprudent to conduct blind banging attacks against an affair of so great stability. Naturally enough, the price was just a little lower in consequence of the decreased output which would temporarily follow James Sutherland's marriage; on the other hand, however, it was argued that so emotional a crisis in his life could not fail to produce a corresponding vividness and intensity in his works.

Then later in September they returned home, and staying

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with this divinely happy couple—the professional James Sutherland was not of the party—I had one night, after Lady Helen had retired, a long talk with her husband.

"And so now I suppose," I said, "you will set to work again for the good of the company."

"Set to work?" said he. "My good man, I've been working like a horse all this last month. In fact the next book is nearly ready. I sent it down to the office only to-day. I should have liked to show it you, but it had to go. I think—I think it will be rather a surprise. It is to be published on November 6th; that's a lucky day for me, and it's Helen's birthday."

A sudden indescribable misgiving seized me.

"Why a surprise?" I asked.

"Because it is not the sort of book which the public associates with me," he said.

"Poor Pearce!"

"I don't think so. Rich Pearce, I hope. Helen likes it a good deal."

"What about the mission then?"

"I mistook it. It can be no one's mission to rave in public places as I have been doing. Rave, I tell you. But the mission is there all the same. I wonder if you remember telling me that I was a dual personality, or something of that sort—one side being occupied with rancid, I think you said rancid, imaginings, the other with proper straightforward humanities? Well, it was the other side that wrote this book. You see it has been living well lately; it fell in love very happily. That made it grow. And the rancid imaginings—I forget what happened to them—I think I left them behind somewhere."

"For the sake of Pearce, send for them," I entreated. He shook his head.

"I never saw any one so inconsistent," he said. "While they flourished you abused them, now they are dead you wish that they flourished."

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"Yes, for the sake of the company," I cried. "Oh, the thing is more complicated than you know. You have ceased to be the artistic and reposeful being, you have made yourself the driving power of a machinery. There is an office where intelligent men scheme how to make you more remunerative: you inspire the nightmares and the midnight dreamings of the innocent broker: widows and orphans put their savings into you—they have bought allotments in your brain. Other people have bought—your father-in-law bought quite a large estate there the other day. Secret cells of your brain belong to him by right of purchase. Be honest, give him a return for his money, or he will come down to my office again. Just think; because you want to write like Thackeray, which you will never, never do, you turn these confiding gentry into the street, so to speak. Pearce, perhaps, at present blesses you: his infant children will curse you in their cradles."

He lay back in his chair, and laughed aloud.

"Wait till November 6th," said he.

. . . . . .

The publication of 'Seed Time and Harvest' is still a recent event, and no one will forget for sometime to come the effect of its appearance, how the public seemed to drop all it was doing, and concentrate itself on that wonderful tale. For after all, just as there will always be a universal demand for wholesome food to feed the body, so, to the credit of the human race be it said, there will always be a universal demand for wholesome food to feed the mind. No one ever denied that James Sutherland was a vigorous writer, and 'Seed Time and Harvest' seems to me the most vigorously written of all his books. Only here, for the first, though not for the last, time his vigour flowed in happier channels, and did not feed mills to grind the bones of people of whom he knew nothing, or supply chromolithographic effects of the limelight order for people who never existed at all. The "great heart of the people" before which he had so often dangled his raving puppets, he treated here with respect

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and love and reverence. More than that, he made it beat full and strong by that stirring and human tale. Consequently J. S. Limited still flourishes exceedingly, so also does J. S. Personally I was rather hard hit, for, on my inside information, I sold a bear. But I have crawled in again now.

E. F. Benson.

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A NEW LIGHT

I

A DEALER in metaphors might say that when Commerce takes her cleansing plunge into the sea we raise of the dust she shakes fram her soiled locks towers to mark her path in the purer element. Lighthouses are, at any rate, of the romantic family, children of utility and beauty. They are man's last outposts on the frontier of his dominion; the last help we creatures of the land can give to our fellows when they go down to the sea; and our first welcoming guides to those wandering smudges of smoke or sail that hourly throughout the years surmount our horizon. To an island race their service is of a peculiar significance; they keep the doors of commerce, and their gaze is towards the highway of the world. Planted amid the salt waves, they are made of the very stuff of earth: stone from inland quarries, oak and pines of the forest, metal from depths that no voice of the sea reaches. They form a double link between Islanders faring on land and sea; and, while the woodman and the quarrier are asleep in their sheltered beds, a voice of storm from some plunging fo'c's'le head proclaims the sight of their creature uprising amid the surges.

It is hard to believe them unsentient, these rock-rooted people of the seaboard. Most of them have voices, of bell or horn or thunder, and each has his own song, as easily distinguishable to those who know them as the songs of birds.

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Glittering heads they have, and men serve them for brains, directing their gaze and utterance. All day they sleep with veiled eyes in the sunshine, and at dusk they awake to stare and blink with the stars. Dimly through fog and rain, bright suns of night under black and stormy skies, they shine until the dayspring relieves their vigil. Their names are according to their character and station. You may search the list of lighthouse names all round the coasts of Britain and you will not find one but speaks to the imagination eloquently. The triumph of the word to paint the picture is revealed in them. The names of some of the chief Northern lights, in their order: Inchkeith, Fiddra, Girdleness, Buchanness, Covesea Skerries, Tarbet, Stroma, Hellyar Holm, Auskerry, Scaddon, Skroo, Muckle Flugga, Unst, Sule Skerry, Cape Wrath, Ru Stoer, Rona, Ushenish, Skerryvore, Dubh Hartach, Lismore, Pladda, Ailsa Craig, The Chickens—are they not, with their chromatic cadences, like a prelude of chords struck by the wind from rock and weed and water? Is it necessary to say that Sule Skerry is one of the wildest of these posts, and Lismore the most sheltered? The music of all their changing moods is in their names; Skerryvore, in gale and spray; Stroma, sister to Swona, amid the eddies of the Pentland Frith; Muckle Flugga frowning terribly across a waste of sea from the northern limit of our islands; and Fair Isle, set like a green gem in a carcanet of rocks, a sweet shelter for mariners.

With this great company a new neighbour is soon to join, and his name will be the Bass Rock Light. This youngest nephew of the Trinity is a baby yet, his stone sides scarce out of their swaddling of scaffold; and from his crystal eye, vacant still and blind as an uncut gem, I look out across the blue floor of the North Sea and try to read his destiny. All this summer is his childhood; those who reared him still hover about him, perfecting his equipment and watching his resistance to the weather, while, as yet, he performs no service. White and comely he stands beside the overhanging bulk of the Bass, whistling a little tune in the summer wind, and storing up

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sunshine, I like to think, for the long dark nights he will have to keep his lonely watch when his nurses are all dead and buried. Well for him, when he comes to wrestle with shouting gales, that toil was not spared nor weather feared nor time grudged in his making. In December, they say, his star will rise; and in the meantime the first who slept beneath his roof offers a tribute to his nativity.

II

The Bass Rock is a solid, shoreless crag, as high as Saint Paul's, and plumb to the sea on all sides but the south. There it slopes and is divided by three great terraces which extend across its whole width. The lowest of these, a hundred feet above the sea, is a level belt of ground on which are the ruins of the old prison and fortifications; and at the eastern end of this the lighthouse rises, hidden to the north by the rock, but showing eastwards to the North Sea, and south and west to the Firth and its coast. The second terrace, reached by a zigzag path worn in the steep, is a small grassy plateau whereon stand the ruins of an ancient chapel, built on the site of Saint Baldred's cell. Again the path winds upward over an almost precipitous face and lands you on the last terrace, more than three hundred feet above the waves. Beyond this the rock and grass rise roughly to the highest point. The third plateau is the most considerable in extent; among the rocks that strew it is a most excellent, deep and springy turf; and, in the midst of it, enclosed by walls of heaped stones, lies the ruined garden of the Bass. The proportions of the rock are such as to convey an overwhelming impression of bulk and majesty, an impression which is finely reproduced in the lines:

> Dread rock, thy life is two Eternities,
> The last in air, the former in the deep;
> First with the whales, last with the eagle skies,
> Drowned was thou till an earthquake made the steep;
> Another cannot bow thy giant size.

Each of the terraces has a character and atmosphere

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peculiar to itself. The known history of the rock begins with the middle one, whereon is the ruined chapel. Somewhere in the end of the sixth century, when missionaries were scattering from Iona, Baldred of that company made this rock his dwelling-place and retreat. Where the chapel now stands he had a cell, whence he issued with his gospel to the neighbouring shore and whither he returned to pray and meditate. That is the first picture: the wild rough-habited monk kneeling up here among the clumps of sea-pink, with the sea and the birds and everything that can be seen from that place just as it is to-day. He could see Fiddra, Craigleith, and the Lamb—lesser islands that harboured lesser missionaries; and the sight of these homes of piety would surely sometimes prick the poor brother's heart if, kneeling amid the wild flowers, he ever at some random scent of earth felt a pang of desire for things denied him.

Who built the chapel is not known, but in the sixteenth century it was already there, and when the rock was constituted a parish it was dedicated as the parish church. On January 5, 1542, the Bishop of Saint Andrews crossed over the Firth of Forth and performed the ceremony; but, as no one lived on the rock, no incumbent or reader was appointed to the parish; and the church remained empty, with the wind singing through it and the sea-birds crying round it. Of its proper use in pre-Reformation times there is but one instance on record: a young lady, in the presence of her father, "was here solemnly confirmed in the Romish faith and profession, and the due ritual services were gone through in the presence of the keeper of the Bass and his boat assistant." And that is history's sole record of the five actors in this drama. I have stood in the roofless chapel and tried to reanimate that scene: the celebrant, a little breathless from his climb up the steep path, rumbling sonorous Latin; the five hands, one fair and shapely, two at least rough and dirty, dipped in the stoup of holy water by the door; the two sailors gaping in the background; and the girl, thrilling at least for a moment in every fibre of her feminine nature at the picture of the adorable bridegroom of the soul

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imaged for her, and her heart, so long quiet now, beating the colour to her face in the rapture of this mysterious, fleshless marriage. At least we may be allowed to suppose so. And with that little scene the history of the chapel ends. The soldiers of the garrison used it to store their ammunition, and probably men were buried under its shadow, for at its east end is the only bed of soil in the island deep enough for sepulture. But it cannot have been used for long; and time has worked unhindered upon it, until it now stands roofless to the sky, windowless and doorless to the sea, with little wild flowers blooming unabashed in its holiest corners.

On the lower terrace, meanwhile, great things had been doing. Picks swung and hammers and trowels were plied there until a fortress wall turned the lowest slope into a precipice; and thus, with its only accessible side fortified, the Bass was impregnable. It was used as a refuge and prison for important prisoners at odd times until, in 1671, Lauderdale bought it on behalf of the Government for use as a State prison, when it became notorious as the place in which so many of the Covenanting ministers were confined. Here they dwelt, in dungeons sometimes unlighted, sometimes lighted by windows that afforded no view; harshly treated as regards food, and only now and then allowed the liberty of the rock. There is about the grass-grown walls of their prison, with its glimpses of violet surge seen through jagged window places, that suggestion of human death and oblivion, of quiet forces exerted outside and in spite of our efforts and agonies and joys, which appeals so sensibly and soothingly to men of hurried life. Nor is it by a very great flight of imagination that one hears, when the wind is singing in the solitude of these mouldering cells, some echoes of the martyrs' voices chanting psalms to cheer their loneliness, or filling the night with prayers and praises. Out on the ramparts the sentries would be going their rounds, cheering their vigil with the clay tobacco pipes of which Hugh Miller found so many broken fragments beneath the bastion wall; in the garrison room the soldiers would be singing or sleeping

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by the fire; and around them all the fluent, mysterious sea, embracing content and misery alike.

It is not a very respectable episode in English history, this persecution of the Covenanters, although to a weak Government their defiance of the law and their influence with the mob must have been more than irritating. But the pettiness of the quarrel should not blind us to what is after all the main consideration—that these men suffered for liberty of conscience, and in reality fought a bigotry far narrower than that of their own austere religion. Two of the most famous of these martyr inhabitants of the rock were Alexander Peden and John Blackadder, both beneficed clergymen of the Scottish Church who were punished for their adherence to the principles of Presbytery. They were men of very different minds, but both had that merit of picturesqueness which is so welcome to the essayist. Peden, who in the four years of his imprisonment on the rock lived in a damp and most dismal cell, unlighted and isolated, was a man born to misfortune. He was accused at the very moment of his ordination of being the father of a neighbour's child, and was only saved from excommunication by the timely appearance of the true offender. This disconcerting incident was the first of a hundred misfortunes. Peden was turned out of one parish after another, arrested time and again for offences against the Conventicle Act, spent many years in various prisons, made narrow escapes in the wars, and was obliged to live in caves; and even when he died his body was dug up and his bones dishonoured. I should conceive him to have been in his person a most unpleasant, mad fellow; wild and savage in his talk, not over-true to his friends, and so dirty in his habits as thereby to damage his health. He was given to prophesying evil of those who molested him, and owing to one or two fortunate accidents by which his curses seemed to be fulfilled got the name of Peden the Prophet. No wonder, all things considered, that he was ill-treated on the Bass; but he wrote a letter from that place which, with its curious jumbled revelation of the poet and

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street preacher and mystic and madman, will go far to excuse him.

Bass, *August* 11, 1677.

Rev: and Dear Brother,—Saluting you heartily in the Lord, whose you are and whom you serve love, yea conscience to duty makes me run the hazard thus to bless you, with the brethren there, for your sympathy and continued earnest care, especially towards me, unworthy of bonds, and most unworthy to be remembered in bonds. My trial enjoins deep silence abroad, but loud and pitiful language upwards; but it were not a cross if not crossing, nor a prison if not straightening; everything herein and more is needful (and blessed be He in whom all stock is, and is Master-carver). Weel were such, and no delay either, its blessed effects in his due time, though much suspended for present. I beg you will not mistake our silence. His woes multiply, so our bonds grow. Where our mercies and sweet refreshment might be, there it's denied and inhibited. He is righteous; neither are we in the dark to mind our manifold sins in our judgments. We are close shut up by our chambers, not permitted to converse, diet, worship together, but conducted out by two at once in the day to breathe in the open air—envying (with reverence) the birds their freedom, and provoking and calling on us to bless Him for the most common mercies—and again close shut up by day and night, to hear only the sighs and groans of our fellow-prisoners; and oh! if we were such as none of these things move us: yea, while all things speak a feeding lying storm. He only knows wherefore we are reserved, and what is appointed for us, with you, who out of the eater brings forth meat. Our long fast will resolve in sad earnest, and when darkest it will be light, and most care least care. Oh! for grace to credit Him (hitherto never cumbersome), and His Cross in whatever piece of service, in bonds or freedom, He cuts out! . . .

So prayeth your unworthy and affectionate well-wisher in bonds.

Alexander Peden.

A very different man was John Blackadder, who spent in sickness and age on the Bass Rock the last six years of his life. The whole spirit of imprisonment and martyrdom there is expressed in his epitaph, which has all the unconscious merit of sincerity. I came from the rock on a stormy blustering day and went straight to the sheltered churchyard in North Berwick where Blackadder lies, within earshot of the click of the bowls on the old bowling-green, and of a pleasant murmur in tall trees. The contrast was a seizing one; no voice of the sea

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spoke in that quiet place, and instead of the great crying gannets, little sweet-voiced birds of land skimmed near by; there was a sense of protection and of repose, very comfortable after a hard life. On the stone these words are written:

Here lies the body of
Mr. John Blackader,
Minister of the Gospel at Troqueer in Galloway,
Who died on the Bass after five years imprisonment Anno Dom. 1685; and of his age
63 years.

Blest John for Jesus sake in Patmos bound
His prison Bethel, Patmos Pisgah found;
So the bless'd John on yonder rock confin'd,
His body suffer'd, but no chains could bind
His heaven aspiring soul; while day by day
As from Mount Pisgah's top he did survey
The promis'd land, & view'd the crown by faith
Laid up for those who faithful are till death.
Grace formed him in the Christian Hero's mould,
Meek in his own concerns, in's Master's bold;
Passions to reason chain'd Prudence did lead,
Zeal warm'd his heart and reason cool'd his head.
Five years on the lone rock, yet sweet abode
He Enoch-like enjoy'd, & walk'd with God;
Till by long living on this heavenly food
His soul by love grew up too great, too good
To be confin'd in jail, or flesh and blood;
Death broke his fetters off, then swift he fled
From sin and sorrow; & by angels led
Enter'd the mansions of Eternal Joy.
Blest soul, thy warfare's done; Praise, love, enjoy.
His dust here rests till Jesus come again;
Ev'n so, Blest Jesus come, come Lord, Amen.

On the third terrace, high out of sight both of prison and chapel, is found the essential atmosphere of the Bass Rock. This is just a little tumbled space of rocks and turf, very rough to walk upon and unsheltered from any wind, but, for all that, how good a place! The garden lies in the middle of it, now the mere ghost or outline of a garden, full of the memory of

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flowers, that still bloom to the imagination in spite of the tangle of nettles that covers the ground. Sunshine lies in it as in a basin; it is cooled by salt, blowing airs; and from far below the whisper of the sea rises faintly and invests with a finer quality the silence that hangs like a charm about the garden. There are still a few clumps of garden flowers, Daffodil and Narcissus, that through the centuries have remained and grown wild. Strange it is to see them here, once the objects of the exiles' affection, now untended, but still blooming in their own endless exile; and strange to think upon what miseries their faces have smiled, that have themselves so long survived the captives and their miseries! Part of the garden was used for vegetables and part for flowers; and it is a pleasant thing to know that although the conveyance of fresh food and vegetables to the rock was at all times difficult and irregular, the part that was reserved for flowers was the larger of the two. All trace of the vegetables has disappeared, and the cherry trees that grew there are gone also. The garden to-day is simply a rabbit-warren; but its associations are so lasting, the very thought of a garden hanging on that wing-haunted slope between sea and sky is so appealing, that the fancy is still charmed to paint it again in gay colours and to discover in its neighbourhood a faint, hovering fragrance.

Here the governor of the prison would bring the few visitors who came to cheer his fatigue, and here sometimes would be enacted the quaint ceremony of conferring the freedom of the Bass. *A drink from the well and a flower from the garden*—that pretty little investiture made the visitor free of the rock. Here, also, the martyrs, when liberty was allowed them, would choose to walk and meditate. They were really mystics at heart, every one of them, delighting to soar on the wings of their faith beyond the trials and vexations of life. It is good to think that they suffered not for their own faith alone but in the cause of all who refuse to palter with realities, and who find out and face so much of the truth as may be within their reach. Prison though it was to

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them, these stalwarts loved the summit of the rock; so fair a place it is with its prospect of land and sea, so fit for tempering the spirit, so good for solitude, so free for meditation, so near heaven for a prisoner's prayer.

III

Thus men have come and gone upon the rock; with the fall of a dynasty it has faded from out their politics; but the birds, its true lessees and tenants, go on for ever. Missionary, loyalist, Jacobite, shepherd, lightkeeper—so our tale of its occupation runs, significant of great convulsions in our affairs; but all these things are as the wink of an eye in the unchanging life that has for ages enveloped the Bass. The world of wings knows no progress save that of the years from youth to age; no convulsions but of momentary strife between individuals; no revolutions but of birth and death. It is, like the sea, compound in detail of change and disturbance, and, like the sea also, immutable in its simple outlines and cycles.

The top of the Bass, bounded on three sides by precipices, is broken into many slopes and levels. There is no place exactly where the plateau ends and the rugged, stormbeaten walls begin; but as you walk towards the edge the slope becomes steeper and rougher until suddenly there is nothing before your foot but the wrinkled floor of the sea at a dizzy depth below. Over this edge, if you clamber down for a few feet to a seat on some jutting fragment of rock you can see a sight almost without equal in the world. On ledges and in clefts all down the face of the cliff are perched thousands of Solan geese, or gannets; and between you and the sea the air is thick with their circling flight. Here all day they fish and wheel and perch and cry; here, every spring, for thousands and thousands of years they have returned from wandering over the ocean to build their nests and rear their young. On no other rock of our coasts are they to be found, save only upon Ailsa Craig and the Sule Skerry; nowhere else, it would seem, do they find suitable fishing grounds encompassed with

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the solitude which their pride demands. You cannot be said to know the bass until you have spent days upon some crag or balcony of the precipice studying the enormous colony of the birds; and the rock is so furnished with crannies and projections that it is possible in the nesting-time to climb down close among them. Although they are so wild, they know their own powers and your limitations too well to be alarmed at your near approach, and you may spend a long afternoon sitting on a ledge among their roosting-places without disturbing them at all. They will not allow you to touch them, but for anything short of that they will disdain your presence. Their pride is amazing. If you are wanton enough to shoot one as he flies over the rock, and bring him down with a wounded wing, he will run at you like a bull, and attack you with his strong beak and with blows from his six-foot span of wings, and, I hope, inflict serious damage upon you. There is no object in killing them now; once their flesh was prized—the parish minister of North Berwick receives annually twelve Solan geese as part of his stipend—but the art of cooking their flesh seems to have been lost. Formerly the young birds and the eggs brought a valuable revenue to the owner of the Bass, but now the eggs seem to be valued chiefly as curiosities. When the gannets are not fishing or nesting or feeding their young they have but two occupations: to launch themselves into the air and, by slanting their wings, fetch a great compass over the face of the sea and back to their ledge without a single motion of flying; and to float for hours on the water, tossed by the waves and blown by the winds. When they are fishing they dive, dropping from a great height with folded wings and rigid body, and often sending up a twelve-foot fountain of spray where they enter the water. They do this in hundreds and by the hour together, so that the sea is continually spouting and resounding with the noise of their fountains.

The whole life of the Solan geese is a wild one, from birth on the windy rock to a death from old age far away, perhaps in the lonely seas of Ecuador. The single egg is laid on any

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sloping piece of rock that will hold it, and it is so shaped that it rolls round upon itself rather than off the shelf on which it rests. The young birds are fed for months by their parents; first with masticated food, and later with whole fish. I have seen a young bird being crammed with seventeen "poddlies" —fish from five to seven inches long—in the space of an hour. Under this treatment the young birds are soon covered with an enormous bulk of fat, which is designed for a certain purpose; their unused wings, however, remain small and feeble. When they have attained to this false bulk, and have, without ever leaving their birthplace, become larger than their parents, a fine day is chosen for their launch upon the world. With his strong beak the father pushes his offspring off the nursery ledge, so that he drops perhaps two hundred feet into the sea. He cannot fly; and there he remains floating and drifting about for perhaps a fortnight, until the fat that keeps him warm and feeds him is all gone. By that time his continued efforts after freedom have developed his wings, and, when some lifting wave gives him a start, he finds that he can rise upward through the air, and so returns to the rock, a smaller and a wiser bird. His development now begins on slower and more legitimate lines. At first the upper sides of his wings and back are a deep speckled brown; but through the four years in which he grows to maturity the colour becomes less, until in the fourth year he is snow-white, with brown-tipped wings, and succeeds to the joys and strifes of maturity. The pairing time is with these birds a carnival of caresses and combats. They have a curious salute, which is invariably exchanged between a pair after the shortest separation; a rubbing of bills, like the sharpening of knives, accompanied by a deep and satisfied grunting. This caress is never exchanged before a separation; so it would seem that they are spared the pangs of parting, while they are granted all the joys of reunion. Their sea fights are lordly sights, encompassed with cries and hurricanes of wings. On the rock the duel is often a long, silent wrestle, until the conqueror throws his assailant off his ledge of rock. Ah! but a bird does

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not fall, and he slants his great wings and floats away downward to the blue floor that lies sky deep and sun bright beneath him. Towards the end of October the gannets leave the rock and scatter, not to some warm summer coast, but to wander all winter over wastes of ocean. North about Norway, and south about the Cape of Storms wandering birds are found; but they seem to fly everywhere over the lonely seas. They avoid the neighbourhood of men and ships, and live resting on storms, fishing in the bitter waters, flying through gales. That is their winter; and on either the tenth or eleventh of February every year, by some marvellous coincidence of their laws with our shifting calendar, they return to their home on the Bass Rock.

There are a few other inhabitants of the rock besides the sea-fowl. One of them is a blackbird who sings all day long about the upper slopes; and, standing on the cliff, I have often heard his sweet, throaty song sounding between me and the sea, and wondered at its contrast with the sad, anxious crying of the gulls and gannets. There are jackdaws, too, and rock-pipets, and one old turtle-dove—a great friend of mine—who often when I have been lying on the sunny turf has come and hopped about my head. But the "doo" is a great favourite with the human colony; indeed, in so small an island one soon comes to know the land-birds. On shore one sees a bird once, and perhaps never again recognises him; one here is constantly meeting the birds at every corner, and feels inclined to give them good-day. The absence of anything in the shape of a tree or shrub brings them nearer to us; and I have noticed that even the bluebottle and house-fly (which, of course, are here) are invested almost with dignity, since they are obliged to live in the open air and to alight upon rocks. The other inhabitants of the place are a few rabbits who have survived a hard winter. Poor thin creatures they are, grey ghosts that work hard for a living, and with such an air of domestic poverty that a man who lives on the rock and does not taste fresh meat too often confessed to me that they did not tempt him, and that he had

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"a kind of a feeling against them." Their headquarters are in the garden, where if you sit quietly they will come and feed beside you. Their natural timidity is overcome by imperious hunger; early and late they are browsing on the scanty grasses; and the first thing that awakes a sleeper on the cliff is a thud of little feet stampeding past him in the dawn, hastening to begin the heavy daily task of keeping alive. Only a few succeed; and here and there in a sheltered angle between two rocks you come upon a little heap of fur and bones, marking the place where one of them has given up the struggle.

The gannets are not the only sea-fowl on the rock, but they are far and away the chief. The rest are only wayfarers, or at the most dwellers who have no dominion there. Low down on the crags are the guillemots, whose pleasure it is to sail in little fleets on the water; puffins burrow all day in the southern slopes, and at evening fly off to sea where, to rid themselves from the stain of land, they wash and wash again for hours in the salt waves. Kittiwakes lodge above the guillemots; they are great homekeepers, and very conscientious in the utterance of the cry from which their name is taken. Seagulls there are; and if you are near the northern verge of the rock at sunset you will hear the seamew's cry, in which all the coldness and loneliness of the sea at night are uttered. But the rock truly belongs to the gannets; they haunt it with their presence and their voices. The rising swards of the summit are visited by the flash of their wings; the most awful crags are painted with their presence. Sun or gloom, shine or shower, calm or storm are the same to these creatures of three elements. I saw one sleep, his head under his wing, through an hour of gale that battered and thundered against his home. Think of what their freedom must be, who fall from earth into the air, and can rest either on wind or wave; what their love, who mate in the spring storms and build their nests in the path of tempests; what their sense of time and space who in one effortless flight can traverse a continent and fly from summer into spring.

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IV

Once more the drift of time has set men upon the rock; once more it appears on the horizon of their purposes; and once more, undaunted by the ruins of masonry, the mason plies his craft. Somewhere in a distant century I seem to see another architect at work upon his plans, or standing on the breezy rampart directing other masons. He surveyed his deep foundations, his strong buttresses, his walls five-and-twenty feet thick: "My work will last," he said. And lo! a little falling of the rain, a little blowing of the wind, a little lapse of years and centuries, and another craftsman, surveying that work, purses his lips and speaks of heavy extra charges to be incurred for strengthening old walls. A little disturbance of soil, and down comes a piece of that mighty rampart like a child's rickle of bricks; and man, with the patience of an ant, turns to and builds it again. And like his ancestor he says: This time it will last.

The builder grows crafty, and it is just possible he has learned the secret. It were not in human nature to believe it otherwise; but it hardly matters. It is more to the point that hearty men should be working with their hands and labouring for the common benefit on this wind-swept fragment of land. It is more to the point that the work should be of that patent, simple kind—laying one stone upon another, and placing courses of masonry on a true and level bed—that calls for all the most honest qualities of human labour. Day in, day out, through the months and years that this lighthouse has been in building, there has been but the one kind of primitive labour; nothing complex or subtle; but everything depending upon sheer honesty at every stage. The man who sands the mortar, the man who mixes it, the man who lays the greater bases of the rough ironstones on beds of concrete and little stones, the man who filters water for the cement, the man who saws, digs, planes, hews or harles—upon each and all of these the honesty

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of the work depends. There is nothing essentially modern about it, nor about the tools that are used. Hand-cranes, pickaxes, shovels, mallets, chisels, crowbars and trowels—even with such implements did the Romans labour when they built their great roads and forts. There is something savage in all this harsh toil in the face of gales and within sound of the sea. The materials are all harsh—sea-sand, rock, salt-water, river mud, lime and iron—a Titanic labour, you would say. And yet, to see it from a little distance, how incredibly small and futile it seems! As you swing near the rock in your boat, the men delving in its chasms seem like mites in a cheese; the cranes that they move so toilsomely are like the waving arms of elves; the stones they shift and raise, like pieces of shingle or pebbles. And it is slow, slow work, apt for interruption and liable to heavy mischances. The great westward-marching waves that come thundering and whispering into the porches of the rock are the chief enemies of the work, but almost every natural force, save that of time or earthquake, is being fought. In the end the fight is successful, but while the building is unfinished each enemy has his day. On the inland field of Bannockburn a stone was chosen for the outside of the tower. It was quarried and dressed, and carried by weary portages of road and sea until it swung on lighters under the shadow of the Bass. Then followed long labours with the cranes, heaving up the great blocks and depositing them high upon the rock, ready to be craned up another stage to the level of the tower. But the wind rose, and the sea before it; and the sea sent a green tongue licking up that high crag, and it threw those great stones about as though they had been corks, until it rolled them down among the roots of the deep-water seaweeds. So the antlike labours had to begin all over again—more quarrying, more carrying, more hauling, more placing of great weights. But patience has its perfect work, and by infinitesimal stages the building has grown, until now the lighthouse and the lightkeeper's houses stand solid and secure on their high station, and the huge retaining-wall that was thrown down

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grows again on its old scale.[1] And presently the workers will depart, the company that has kept so many nights on the storm-beaten house of wood will scatter, some to work on farms, some to joiners' shops, many to the walls and scaffoldings of great buildings. From their wide workshop here, with its dawn and sunset-painted walls, to the narrow ways of cities, how far a journey, and from the thresh of waters and hum of winds to the roar of street traffic how poor an exchange! But their work will remain, the work essentially of a colony or community of men who lived together engaged on a common end; and they will have a noble monument here, a star of their own kindling.

Meantime, it has been a good work to watch, a good work to have a hand in. For that reason I spent a morning breaking stones on the upper slopes of the rock; and though they were very ill broken, and there was a temptation to hide certain large and hard pieces under the smaller and more brittle fragments, I had a very solid pride in having put a little endeavour into even the humble matter of a concrete cistern. The ringing of iron on stone made a music very agreeable to my labours; the freshness of the air and the brightness of the sun stimulated the surprised muscles; and I felt, as I took my part in that harmony of labour with which the rock rang, that I was in very good company, and that it was a very good morning.

FILSON YOUNG.

[1] It is due to the Commissioners of Northern Lights to say that the Engineer, Mr. D. A. Stevenson, and his representative on the Rock have spared no pains to preserve the ruins of the old prison and fortifications; and where rebuilding has been necessary, it has been done on the old massive plan and pattern—often at considerable expense.

Google

THE DRONE

"UNHASP your lattice, lady fair,
I seek to win your pity,
I, that was once a Queen's lover,
All in a golden city!

"See, ruffled is my brave attire,
My velvet doublet tatter'd;
My silken hose besmear'd with mire,
My feathers bent and batter'd;

"Who yet have had my sweet romance,
(Some solace to remember!)
And dwelt in love and dalliance
From April to September;—

"For I was once of gallant mien,
Too proud to crave your pity,
And lived the lover of a Queen
All in a golden city!

"I dwelt beneath a burnish'd dome,
Till Summer was nigh over;—
At night I supp'd off honeycomb,
By day I lived in clover,—

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"And kisses, kisses, came between! . . . .
(I seek to win your pity,
Who lived the lover of a Queen
All in a golden city!)

"But then, the mob, in jealous hate,
Uprose, on whirring pinions,
And drove me thro' her city-gate
And out of her dominions;—

"Homeless I wander; night is near;
(The night so long and lonely!)
Oh, grant me sanctuary here
For this one ev'ning only!

"And I will strive your smiles to gain
By grateful song and caper,
Whilst dancing on your window-pane
And buzzing round your taper;

"So open, open, lady fair,
I seek to win your pity!
I, that was once a Queen's lover
All in a golden city!"

VIOLET FANE.

Google

DANNY

LXXII

AN UNBIDDABLE BODY.

THERE was still a glimmer of hoar-frost on the hill-side, and the sun scarce risen behind dark Lammermore, when Robin came to the old trysting-place on the bald knowe.

Twenty minutes he awaited there his comrade of the dawns, tramping to and fro like an ancient charger restrained from the fight. The sun drew clear of the brink of the world, and crept up the sky; and still there came no accustomed comrade bustling up the hill with dripping tongue and dear eyes.

At length, unable longer to contain himself, the old man hurried off to ascertain the results of his last night's sowing. And it seemed he had sowed well, for everywhere he reaped grim harvest: a pole-cat lying on a naked knowe, stiff as a ramrod, though but an hour dead; in a little dew-grey hollow a hoary raven, wide-winged on his back, thin feet in air; and gleanings of all the lesser bandits of the wilderness.

His dead gathered, and new seed of death sown, the old man trotted home, not ill-content.

"Morn, Sluttie!" he cried, bustling joyfully into the kitchen, his dead banging against his leg. "Ha' ye seen Danny anywheres here away?" and he peered about for his missing battle-mate.

The Woman slapped and slammed among her pans without a word.

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"Come, sweetie!" coaxed Robin, "my honey! my hinnie! Where is the man?"

"Where he is like to be," snapped the Woman.

"Where'll that be?"

"Away with his Honour."

Robin looked at her, scared.

"What's come to his Honour, then?" he asked.

"Come to him!" cried the Woman, her tongue suddenly loosed. "What was like to come to him with you breaking the Lord's Day! I tell't you ill would come of it! I tell't you you had brought a judgment on us, you with your mortifyings of Her, when it was you needed mortifying sorer than ever she did! And now, it is as I said, and the Lord has laid His hand upon his Honour to afflict him because of you and your abominations."

"Is he in the Valley?" asked Robin, afraid.

The Woman returned to her slappings.

"Na," she said, "he's in his bed."

"In bed is he?" said Robin. "Is he there of himself?"

"He is there because I forbad him to be otherwhere," snapped the Woman.

"Then he'll not be there long," said Robin. "An unbiddable body is his Honour."

"When I bid," said the Woman grimly, "then he bides, though he was unbiddable as Balaam's cuddie."

"Hark!" said Robin, listening to the sound of feet upon the floor above.

The Woman hearkened.

"O the brazen image!" she screamed. "I'll gar him," and fled.

. . . . .

In ten minutes she was back, panting, dishevelled; a bundle beneath her arm.

Robin regarded her curiously.

"What gars ye snort so?" he asked.

"And if you had warstled with yon muckle slabber," panted the other, "you would snort too."

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"Ye had a bit of a bat then!" asked Robin, grinning, "I thought to hear ye."

"I'd a fair warstle," said the Woman. "I brast in on him."

"Did ye no knock?"

"Ay," said the Woman. "I knocked, but not till I'd entered. And there he sat on his hunkers on the bed."

"Just stark!" cried Robin, delightedly.

"Neighbour to it," snorted the Woman; "just his top-sark and nethermers."

"Ho, the little randy!" cried Robin, leering at her. "And what did you?"

"I ran in on him," cried the Woman, "and the Lord gave me strength; and I scraffled his clothes off him —"

"Ho, the little bandy bee!" cried Robin, ogling horribly.

"And I had him back to bed in a jiff, and I warstled him down, and helt him under a bit; and Danny helpit me and sat upon his duds."

Robin sat back, sniggering indecently.

"He will up by this,' said he at last. "An unbiddable bit's his Honour. He was to see Simon Ogg this day."

"Will he?" said the Woman grimly. "He winna. For why? I have his duds." And she threw her bundle into the corner.

LXXIII

THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN

The Laird's chill settled on his chest. He stayed in bed querulous indeed and reluctant as a stubborn child, but the Woman stood in the door like a long-toothed dragon and dared him to stir; and all day long Danny stayed with him.

In those days indeed the little man hardly could be brought to leave his lord. Day and night he stayed in the sick-room, faithful still; and that though She was still at large, and duty and warrior desire called to him, Warden of the Marches, to up and away at the greasy heels of Robin

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and guard the passes against Her. And there was never surely such a sick man's minister, tender, patient, and inspired with love. By day he shared his dear labours with the Woman; but there was no need for further night-nurse, when he was there who lay all night in the flicker of the fire with one eye wide upon the truckle-bed, and one ear still sentinel to catch a sound.

And when the dreams were on the old man in the night to trouble him, and he stirred feebly, muttering a dear name, it was Danny who stole across the room, and rose softly at the bed-side like a little wise practitioner in blue-grey bedgown, to regard his patient anxiously. Whereat the Laird, peering with old eyes dimmed with dreams and memories, and seeing by the meagre light of the solitary dip, two eyes, close to his own, tender, anxious, large, ceased his groaning.

"Child!" he whispered. "Child! Eh, I have waited!" and thrust forth a tremulous old hand, to find not the cool sweet brow he sought, but another brow, broad too, firm, reassuring.

"What!" he muttered, disillusioned but still fond. "Danny, my Danny! A-well! We must bide then yet," and stilled into his sleep.

The Laird in those days made no secret as to which of his two nurses had his heart.

"Better than any woman o' the pack of them!" he husked one day. "O, haud away, Woman! you and your slops and slobberments. Give place to your betters!" And he thrust forth a petulant old hand to push her aside.

"And if I was taken you would get on fine without me!" she cried indignantly. "The doag would red you up; the doag would poultish you; the doag would warm your feet, and hot your gruel, and mend ye and mind ye, as Missie willed! You would not miss me—O, no!"

"I would miss your tongue more than I would miss you," husked the Laird.

"Then I just hope I will be taken!" snapped the injured Woman.

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"It's what I've been hoping these fifty years," said the Laird, and slept.

The Woman clattered away, shrilly bewailing her fate—a lone woman-body left to the mercies of two rude old billies and a doag.

"A doag!" cried Robin hotly. "Is that how you speak of your wean?"

"He is no more wean to me," replied the Woman bitterly. "I, to whom Missie willed his Honour to mend him and mind him, I am less than nothing to him, beside yon yelpin' skelpin' tyke."

"You are jealous," said Robin, and eyed her. "You have the green in your eye."

"And have I no cause?" cried the Woman, rounding on him; and indeed she had.

That night the Laird's breathing worsened suddenly, and he was nigh to stifle. Danny, only less distressed than his dear lord, scuttled along the midnight passages to the door of the Woman, whined, scratched, and snuffled till she came; and then, for once forgetful of his courtesy, nipped her scraggy heels and drove her down the passage like an old barren hind of the hills, yammering[1] shrilly as she went.

Next morning as she was on her knees, lighting the fire in the Laird's room, Danny came to her.

"Pack," she snarled, "ye creepin' thing!" and cuffed him.

When she turned again, he was standing behind her, grey-faced, doubtful, and with wounded eyes. A second later, as she still knelt, a cold insinuating nose was in her hand; a warm body cuddling close against her knees, and he had sat himself on her spread petticoats. She looked down upon the grey lifted face; then bent, dabbed a kiss on to his cold muzzle, rose hastily, and fled in tears.

When she next entered the room he came to meet and greet her with dear eyes. She could hold out no more; his anxious busyness, his desire to please, his readiness to take the second

[1] "Yammer," murmur or bleat.

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place, won her back to her old allegiance. She forgave him that which it is most hard for any woman to forgive—the being better loved than herself. Soon their joint labourings in a common cause bound them with fresh bonds. She took him to her heart, and was lost in admiration of the fond tenderness of her fellow-minister.

"Dear heart!" cried she, "to see! He is that douce and cannie you would never think God had made him male."

. . . . .

Robin, widowed of his battle mate, needs must now go hunting Her alone, and was sulky because of it. Sulkily he went round his poison-baits; sulkily he gathered his victims; and sulkily came home.

"What's them in your hand?" cried the Woman, horrified, as he marched in on the morning of the third day.

"Just my morning's mortifying," Robin replied, his reapings of the dead gathered like a sheaf in his hand. "What is Danny at all this while?" he asked, sitting down sulkily.

"What he should be at," snapped the Woman—"tending the Laird."

"I see how it is!" said Robin evilly. "The Laird heeds Danny when he heeds not you. He'll be just biddable when Danny's there, while he's fratchy[1] as a lugged bear when left to you."

"He's better minding the sick than mortifying the living any way!" snarled the Woman.

Robin turned a blighting eye upon her.

"And could *you* not whiles mind his Honour your lone for one quarter?" he asked.

"Why should I?" asked the Woman sprightly.

"So Danny might come after Her with me," said Robin.

"Na," mocked the Woman. "You shall have all the glory of mortifying Her to yourself."

"I do not wish for vain-glory," said Robin, sulkily. "I wish for Danny."

[1] "Fratchy," irritable.

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"Ye may wish," said the Woman. "Wishin's not gettin'. I wish too. I wish Her head for my lap, but I come no nearer gettin' it."

"You will never have Her *head* for any lap of yours in this world," said Robin. "For why? She is dead."

"Dead!" cried the Woman.

"Dead as mutton," said the old man. "My nuts-vomit-her has settled Her fine. Ye mind last Sabbath when I set the poison, and you cam' and croaked. A-well She cam' as I foretell't, and She partook of my comfort; and She hied Her home, Her, and there She laid Her and there She will lie till the last Trump."

"How came ye by this?" asked the Woman, impressed.

"There has been no killings since the Sabbath," said Robin.

"No killings since the Sabbath," echoed the Woman. "Nor there has, now I mind me!" and reported it to the Laird.

That grey old man opened his eyes.

"No killings since the Sabbath?" he asked hoarsely.

"Robin found none," the Woman replied.

"There will have been killings," said the Laird. "But Danny has not been there to resurrect the corpse."

"A-weel," said the Woman. "I will let Danny out the morn to see if he can find any."

The Laird closed his eyes."

"Bid him keep him close then," he said, "as the poison's about."

LXXIV

THE TEAR OF BLOOD

EARLY in the dawn next day Robin came to the kitchen alone; and a shadow sat upon him like a fate.

Now he came empty-handed, who of these late mornings had been wont to come laden with the spoils of his sowings.

The Woman regarded his empty hands with mocking amaze.

"Mortified none?" she mocked.

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"I have not been my rounds," replied the dim old man, miserable as the morning without.

"What!" cried the Woman, "not to see to your night's handiwork! Not to gather God's creatures that you have done to death!"

"I have not been out-bye," said the old man, dim as a mist. "I have not been after Her."

The desolation in his voice struck home to her.

The Woman turned to look at him.

He was sitting by the empty fire; moping, miserable, a tragedy in every wrinkle.

"What gars ye look so dowie?" she cried. "Ye might have mortified yourself by mistake for Her by the look of ye."

Robin sat down with downcast eyes.

"She is not dead," he said, and bowed his head.

The Woman returned to her Martha-business, scornful and relieved.

"That is old news to me," she cried. "That day I have Her head in my lap that day I will believe Her dead—and not before."

Robin looked up.

"The day you have Her head in your lap," he said slowly, "will be the wae-est day of your life, Deborah Awe."

"Wae it may be," jeered the Woman, "but I will not live to see it."

"You will so," said Robin, gloomy as the grave. "Pity upon you for a woman of sorrows! for that day you will be like Rachel mourning for your wean because he is not."

The Woman turned round, startled at last.

"What's that?" she cried.

"The day you have Her head to your lap," said Robin, "that day you will see Danny dead."

The Woman looked at him scared.

"Keep us!" she cried. "What's come to ye?"

Robin shifted in his seat.

"I have dreamed," he said; and now there was no lightness

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or laughter as of old about him, no superior complacency of the seer who sees things held from men; nothing now but misery, ashes, and hopeless woe.

. . . . . .

The Woman saw it, and fear came upon her. She drew up a chair beside him and sat down—she who in a long life had hardly sat down till noon except to peel potatoes.

"Tell us!" she urged.

"I was on Lammer-more," began the old man in hushed slow voice. "It was at the edge of the dark and the kirk-bells tolling."

"It would be a Sabbath," said the Woman.

"I was setting for Her," continued the slow old man.

"The Sabbath and a'!" cried the Woman.

"And as I sat I saw, as it were, a shadow hunting across the snaw."

"The snaw?" cried the Woman.

"The snaw," repeated Robin. "And when it cam' night to me I kenn't it—I kenn't it——" he drew a slow long breath, as of one breathing his last—"for Danny."

The Woman half rose.

"For Danny," pursued the old man deliberately, "and there was blood upon him."

The Woman sat down, grey as her own hearth-stone.

"One tear of blood," said Robin, "no more," and paused.

"Then there came a mist, and I could no more see. But I heard him hard by me, and he was at battle."

He drew a tremulous old hand across his lips.

"And I could not stir hand to help him."

"Why that?" husked the Woman, grey and brief.

"I was set," said Robin, looking at her with eyes of anguish, "enchanted."

His old face began to tremble.

He rose to his feet, and his voice rose too.

"So there hard by me in the mist he fought—and She fought——"

Google

"Was it Her he fought with?" gasped the Woman.

"Who other?" said Robin.

"I watna," said the Woman.

"And the roar and the rout of it shook the stars in the firmament." The flame of battle was in the old man's cheek. He stood before her, kindled, and kindling. "And to me in the mist it seemed, there was stillness on earth, and war in the heavens. It was round me, raging like the storm, and about me, and above me; and all the whiles"—the passion suddenly ebbed away—"I could not stir."

The battle-mood had passed and left him like a dead leaf, trembling, withered, old.

"And, O, Woman!" he peered down at her with frightened eyes; "somehow I kenn'd it was my man's Armageddon; and if I could not come to him, it would be all up with him."

He sat down; and his face was in his hands.

"And I just could not!" he sobbed. "And I just could not."

The Woman was rocking.

"And I cried to him to heart up, and I would be with him yet!—me that had never failed my man before in a thousand fights. And he cried back to me blythely—just as he aye would, then hard-set. And yet I could not!"—he lost his face in his hands again—"And I just could not."

"But what was it keepit you?" cried the Woman.

"It was Simon Ogg," said Robin, "holding me under and would not let me free."

The Woman gasped.

"And at last," Robin continued, lifting a wet face, "I could bear no more, and I fell away in a swoon."

"And when ye cam' back?"

"The mist was up and I could see."

"Ye was still there?" asked the Woman—"on the hill?"

"I lay just there where I had been," said Robin, "in the Neuk of the Brae." He gulped. "And so did Danny—on the snaw—hard by me—lying his length—my mannie—my Dannie"—his voice cracked beneath its weight of woe.

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"Asleep!" gasped the other.

"Ay, Woman," said Robin, "sweet-asleep; nor would ever waken more,"

The Woman rocked, her bosom torn with sobs.

"And Her?" she asked.

"There was no sign of Her anywheres," said Robin, drying his tears. "Yet some gate I kenn't She was dead."

"Little profit was there in that," wailed the Woman; "for so was my Danny."

"Ay," said Robin, "but Death was swallowed up in Victoree. As in life, so in Death, my man overcame."

For a while both sat silent. Robin was drying his eyes, and the Woman whimpering.

"And what of Simon Ogg?" she asked at last.

Robin shook his head,

"I kenna. I could see nothing; but I thought to hear him nicker in the birken-shaw behind."

"What d'ye make of it all, man Robin?" the Woman asked at last.

"He is fey,"[1] said Robin. "That is a sure thing. My man is fey. His fate is on him. Missie sent me that."

The Woman rose to her feet suddenly.

"Where is Danny?" she cried.

"I kenna," said Robin dully.

"I let him out to ye!" cried the Woman, horror-eyed, "He was off to the hill like a bolt to tryst ye."

"He will not have found me," said Robin, "and he will have come home. He will be with the Laird."

"That he is not," cried the Woman. "I would have heard his feet on the floor. The Lord send——"

She ran to the door.

Robin sat unmoved.

"Na, na," he said, "there's no snaw," and looked forth into the fair morning. "Forbye," he said, "it was the Sabbath."

"But he should be home by now!" cried the Woman.

[1] Fey = Doomed.

Google

"And he is home," said Robin, as the familiar sound of slow mail-shod feet in the stone passage without came to his ears.

The Woman leaped round.

The door pushed open. In it stood the little knight, sturdy, massive, regarding them with dear eyes.

"There is little amiss with my man," cried the Woman, and ran to him with arms outstretched.

"Whist!" hissed Robin.

The Woman stopped abruptly, and stared round.

Robin stood behind her, with staring eyes.

"Keep us!" gasped the Woman. "What is it?"

"There" whispered the old man, pointing.

The Woman stared. Danny stood in the door, mighty-chested, wholesome, solid.

"What is it?" cried the Woman. "Speak!"

"The tear o' blood!" whispered Robin, "the tear o' blood."

"Where?" shrilled the Woman, and stooped to look into the face of her dear man.

"On the hair of his chin," whispered Robin, "on the hair of his chin——"

The Woman stooped to gaze. Danny faced her with calm eyes. Then he swaggered across to her with the roll and warrior gait peculiar to him.

The Woman burst into loud unmelodious laughter; and snatched him up.

"Blood!" she scoffed. "There is no blood at all!"

"There is not," said Robin. "There *was*."

"Ye dreamed it," jeered the Woman, rocking the grey knight on her shoulder.

"I did so," said Robin steadfastly. "And as I saw it in my dream, so I saw it then."

"Where is it then now?" jibed the other, lifting the hoary chin upon her shoulder.

"As I spoke," said Robin, "he licked it up with his tongue."

"Blethers!" jeered the Woman, jigging her baby on her shoulder. "You and your dreams and your drink! What if

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there was blood? Will it be the first time he has been up to the killing? Na," she said, "nor the last, my bloody wee murder-man," and nursed him motherly. "There is a bittock of venison to his breakfast for him!" she continued, wiping his feet on her apron, and placing him upon the dresser. "Say his blessing, and he shall have it!"

Then she turned to Robin.

"I am wondering what you had to your supper yester' een, Robin Crabbe," she said.

Robin was trailing out, slow, dim, and bowed.

"It was nothing I had to my supper," said he. "It was the sending of the Lord."

. . . . .

An hour later he was back.

"I tell't ye!" he said suddenly. "She is back on us!" and he flung a dead bird on the dresser.

LXXVI

WATCHING THE WEATHER

All that day Robin stood in the door of the kitchen, his old head back, and dull eyes on the duller sky.

Once the Woman came to his side.

"What ye at?" she asked curiously, peering too.

"Watching the weather," was the dull reply.

Late in the evening the Woman, hard-driven by the Laird upstairs, came down to find him still there, with backward head and upward eye.

"Where ha' ye been all this day long?" she asked.

"Just here," said Robin, dully.

"Nor stirred all the time?" cried the Woman.

"Ne'er a step," said dull Robin.

"Not been round your poisons?" shrilled the other.

"Na," said dull Robin.

"Then what in God's mercy ha' ye been at?"

Google

"Watching the weather," said the dull old man, and dragged away to renew his watch on highest Lammermore.

About him there in that high man-deserted land was mourning and the dull insignia of woe, for summer was dead! and the music and rich mirth of the golden days gone by for ever hushed.

As he stood up there, last sentinel, it seemed, of the outpost line of earth, there stretched beneath him a waste of tear-dimmed moors. Burn-water dead beneath the shadowing ramparts of the hills, and the sea dull as a sheathed sword that not long since has flashed in the face of heaven like far-flung Excalibur; while at his feet the birch-woods, falling to ruin, seemed to mourn the glory departed from the earth; and all around was the pomp and desolation of Nature's funeral.

There then the old man stood at gaze; then he trailed miserably down through yellowing woods, where not so long ago he and Danny had marched to the sound of song and battle-music.

. . . . .

Next morning when the Woman came down stairs, she found Robin still at his post of vigil in the door.

"Keep me!" she cried. "Are you watching the weather yet?"

"What else?" said the old man.

"Ha' ye been there all the night!" shrilled the other.

"Since it was light," said Robin dully.

The Woman, who herself had been bustling since the dawn, and wrestling with the Laird, fell upon him furiously.

"Let bide that daft staring!" she shrilled, and shook him. "Did God make ye to admire ye? that ye do nothing all day but stand and stare star-wards? Ye mind me of my Jael when she had the mange on her, with yer slinkie down-dragget do-nothing ways."

"It's little to you," said the old man, staring still, "but *I* care," he said, "I care."

"Will watching the weather mend matters?" shrilled the other. "Na, you will not mend the world by mourning over it. Set to! Shake yourself! Stir about! Forget you are a

Google

man; make believe you are a woman and worker; for though God made ye male, there's a feck o' little things ye might do. If you have nothing else to be at, put out after Her. Watching the weather will not kill Her that I can see."

"If it would," said Robin, "I would never watch more."

"Ye promised me Her head for my lap," cried the Woman.

"The day Her head is in your lap will be the day my heart is in its grave," said poor Robin.

"Have done," scoffed the Woman. "End Her, and you will mend yourself belike."

"The end o' Her will be the end of Danny and the end of the world," said the old man, "for Robin Crabbe."

. . . . . .

That noon the Laird sent for Robin.

The old man left his post of vigil in the door reluctantly and went.

The Laird lay propped in bed, grim and gaunt, like the wolf in *Red Riding Hood*. About his grey old throat was a muffler; on his hands the Woman's mittens; across his knees in bed lay the dead bird, and at the foot of the bed Danny with dear eyes.

Robin stood in the door regarding him woefully.

"How is your Honour keeping?" asked the old man.

"I am bettering," said the Laird hoarsely.

"I'm wae to hear it," said old Robin.

"Ye would be," replied the grim Laird. "While I bide in bed ye can work at watching the weather, instead of digging the garden."

"While your Honour bides in bed," replied Robin, "Danny bides with you; and while he does so," he cried with sudden passion, "not all the Hers in hell can do him scathe!"

"And how is Her?" asked the Laird.

"She is in her health," said Robin, "so far as I know—glory be."

"And like to be," said the Laird, "so far as I know."

"I'd fain think so," said Robin.

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"Has there been any killings of late but this?" asked the Laird, holding up the dead bird.

"I have seen none," said Robin.

The Laird dropped his unshorn chin upon his hands.

"Tell me," he said curiously, "what d'you think She is."

"Think!" cried Robin. "I do not think. I know! She is a wraith and nothing else."

"A wraith?" queried the Laird.

"If not a wraith what else?" asked Robin. "She is not fur, or Danny would have searched Her out; She is not flesh, or surely I would have dealt with Her. There is no scent nor sign; no track nor trace; therefore She will be a wraith."

"Ye may be right," said the Laird, musing.

"Has Mr. Heriot ever kenn't me wrong?" the old man asked.

"There's only one thing," said the Laird slowly. "I never knew a wraith to do her killing with a string and a slip-noose"—and he held up the bird; and Robin saw about its neck tied tight a noose of string, the loose end hanging blue and thin like a disembodied vein.

Robin ran across the room, snatched the string, and peered at it.

"What of your wraith now?" asked the Laird at length.

"Just this," said Robin slowly, "that if She is a wraith, She will be Widow Ogg's wraith."

"Why that?"

"It was just such blue string as this that she would aye wear round the neck of her whisky-jar," Robin replied.

"Would Widow Ogg take the string with her when she departed?" asked the Laird.

Robin was dumb before him, handling the string with shaking fingers.

"Tell me," said the Laird at last, "is Simon Ogg here yet?"

Robin stood nodding and nodding as one long lost in the forest of despair to whom light has come at last.

"He is here yet," he said, in the far-away voice of one

Google

thinking deeply. "But he is never seen. They do say he sits over his fire all day thinking on his minnie's last word."

"Go down the street at once," ordered the Laird. "Don't get drunk; see Simon Ogg, and *order* him to come here to me."

Robin stood looking at his master with wide eyes.

"He winna come!" he said, choking.

"He must," said the Laird.

The old man turned to go. The patter of feet on the floor behind him caused him to turn. Danny for once had left his post of vigil and was pleading to go with him.

The old man picked him up and bore him back to the bed.

"You do not understand, mannie," he cried tenderly, "but you are best biding with his Honour these days."

"He is so," said the Laird, and laid great hands upon his Squire to keep him safe.

. . . . . .

An hour later the old man was back.

"Have ye seen Simon Ogg?" asked the Laird harshly.

"I have not seen him, for why? he would not let me in nor come to my call," the old man replied in choking voice. "But I keek'd through a cranny, and there he sat like a cat crouching over the fire; and I gave him a cry and tell't him your Honour's word."

"And what said he?" asked the Laird.

"He made as though he did not hear," the old man replied. "And I ken what the lad has in his mind, for they are saying in the village that you will never rise more from your bed."

"Are they saying that?" asked the Laird harshly.

"They are so," said Robin, "and that there will be no more kirk-keeping from now for ever."

"Indeed!" said the Laird, with gathering brows.

"And Simon is heeding them," Robin continued, "and thinking that if he winna come to you and you canna get to him he is safe either way."

"Canna!" said the Laird. "I kenna canna![1]—and I'll show Simon Ogg so the morn—and them too."

[1] The motto of the House of Heriot.

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Robin looked at him with large eyes; then he ran out with a gulp that was a gasp.

"The Laird'll be up the morn!" he cried to the Woman in the kitchen. "And the morn's the Sabbath!" And he sat down, and lost his old face in his hands.

LXXVII

THE LAIRD GETS UP FROM THE GRAVE

NEXT day broke, cold and harsh, with a sky like a December sea.

In the chill of the dawn Robin came to the door of the kitchen and stood there, grey as the morning without.

The Woman looked up, saw him and wondered.

"What is it?" she cried, pausing in Martha-business.

"It's the Sabbath and a'," said Robin, dry-throated.

"What if it is?" cried the Woman. "Is not that a thing to be thankful for?"

"There's snaw in the weather," said Robin huskily, his eyes upwards.

The Woman came to the door and looked out; then she went back to her work, bustling, scornful.

"Get you about your business!" she ordered, "you and your dreams! What gars ye stand there and mope when there's work to be done?"

"How is his Honour?" asked the old man.

"I kenna," snapped the Woman. "I have not so much as waked him yet."

Robin took a chair, sat down in the door of the kitchen, watching the weather.

"I will just bide till he does wake," said he.

At noon when the Woman came down from above, he had not moved.

"Does his Honour wake yet?" he asked, turning.

"His Honour's worse," snapped the Woman. "He's had little rest the night, and he's canker't as a wean'd child."

"He bides in bed then?" said the old man.

Google

"Surely," said the grim Woman.

"And will so?" asked Robin.

"Surely," said the Woman. "I have his duds."

"And Danny?"

"Ye'll see none of Danny this day," said the Woman. "He lies at the foot of his Honour's bed, just as he would do at Missie's, and he'll not stir thence, till his Honour betters."

Robin turned to his watching.

"Keep him close!" he said, "keep him close! and maybe Missie and me will win through yet."

From down in the village through the open door came the sound of kirk-bells tolling.

Robin turned, and looked at the Woman.

"There!" he said.

"What is it?" cried the Woman.

"Kirk bells and a'!" said Robin.

"But the wonder would be if there werena!" said the Woman, her eyes on the clock. "It's kirk time."

"I tell't ye!" said Robin, dull with despair. "I just tell't ye!"

"What?" cried the Woman.

"It was on the Sabbath and a',"

"What was?"

"That what cam' in my dream," said Robin, "and the kirk bells tolling——"

The Woman came to the door and scanned the sky.

"There's no snaw," she cried.

"Not yet," said Robin.

"Nor will be," said the Woman, scanning the dull sky. "Forbye Danny keeps by his Honour, and his Honour keeps in his bed."

Robin rose to his feet and stood still as a dead man.

"Hark!" he hoarsed.

The Woman hearkened, her eyes on the ceiling.

"Keep me!" she cried. "His Honour's for kirk," and fled.

Google

When she flung into the room above, the Laird was sitting up in bed, gaunt, stark-throated, a grey muffler about his throat.

"Bring my boots!" ordered the Laird, before she had well entered.

"Your boots is it?," panted the other scornfully. "What for d'ye want your boots?"

"For my feet," hoarsed the Laird.

"Keep me!" she cried. "Is it his death Mr. Heriot is after!"

"Ay," said the Laird, "and Mr. Heriot would die in his boots."

The Woman marched across the room, picked up the boots that stood before the fire, marched to the door again and put her back against it.

"If Mr. Heriot will die it is as a Christian should die," said she grimly, "and that's in his bed—I will see to that, that am named Deborah Awe."

The Laird wound a woollen muffler about his throat.

"I am going out," he hoarsed, and wound another coil about his throat.

"Indeed, are you so?" scoffed the Woman, back against the door. "Where's your duds?"

"I am going out," said the Laird, "though I go as I am."

"Then ye go as God made ye," said the Woman.

"As God made me is good enough for me," hoarsed the Laird.

"And that's just stitch-stark!" said the Woman.

"Not quite," said the Laird. "I have my socks," and he thrust forth a gaunt shank-bone, "and my bonnet," and patted it down upon his head.

She flung at him, hectoring.

"Get you back!" she ordered. "Back into bed this instant. Cover yourself! Does Mr. Heriot hear me? It is me that am telling you—me that Missie willed you to, that you should do my bidding."

"Duds or no duds," said the Laird, beginning to rise, "I go to kirk."

Google

"To kirk!" cried the Woman, near to tears—"to the kirk-garth."

"T'ane's on the way to t'ither," said the Laird, and stood before her gaunt and stark and grey, like one risen from the dead.

She came across to him pleading.

"But what need is there for your Honour to go?" she cried. "Your Honour's soul is safe. A kirk unkept will make little differ. Missie will put that right for you."

"Ye mistake," said the Laird, grey, tall, and shivering like an aspen-poplar in the dawn. "I do not go to keep my kirks."

"Is it to see the people keep theirs?"

"In part," said the Laird.

"But they will so," urged the other. "They will surely so. Your Honour need little fash for them. They will keep their kirks if only to pray it is your death-bed you are on."

"Though I am on my death-bed, yet will I rise from it to be among them; such," he said, "is my fondness for my people."

"You go to prove them right," sobbed the Woman, and surrendered.

When he was clothed and cloaked, she wound a plaid about his mouth and shoulders.

"And now," she cried with vindictive sarcasm, "how will you get? Will you walk? or will I order your coffin round to the door for you?"

The Laird, muffled in his plaid, tottered out of the room shakily and down the stairs, Danny solicitous before him.

In the hall the Woman, a bonnet now on her head, joined him, hurrying.

"I am for coming with you," she panted.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said the Laird.

"Ye canna go your lane," cried the Woman, "Ye must have some one."

"I have."

"Who?"

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"Danny," said the Laird, and went forth into the grey afternoon, tall and tottering, and Danny at his heels.

The Woman stood on the steps of the house behind him.

"It will be your death, mark me!" she shrilled; "you will live long enough to repent it and no more. And when it comes to pass as I tell you, and you lie in your grave, do not turn on me and say I never warned you."

"If you said as little as I will say then," husked the Laird, "I would be better pleased."

"I ken ye care nothing for me," cried the Woman, "or what Missie will think of me—" the tears in her eyes. "But ye might think of Danny. For you will be taken and he will be left—and what then?—poor lone mannie!"

"He will come with me," said the Laird.

"With you!" cried the Woman, "Then I will be left my lone."

"While you live you'll not lack for company," said the Laird.

"Company!" scoffed the Woman. "Robin!"

"Na," said the Laird. "Your tongue," and marched on.

But Danny, with his heart of a gentleman, turned and cantered back to his Woman to tell her with dear eyes that all would be well; for he, Daniel, son of Ivor, would surely bring his dear lord home to her again secure.

So she blessed him, and they parted.

. . . . . .

She watched them down the drive; and then shuffled off to the kitchen.

"The Laird's daddled off to his own funeral," she sobbed, and sat down.

The old man in the door turned.

"It is here," he said.

"What?" she cried.

"The end of all," he answered; and held out his hand, and in the palm of it a flake of snow.

(*To be continued.*)

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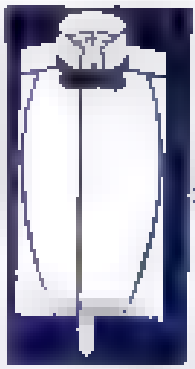

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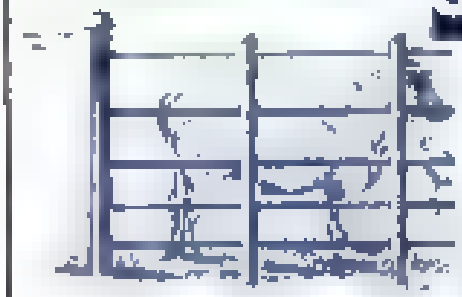

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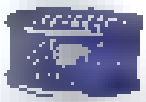

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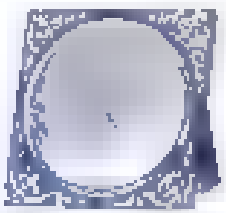

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PAYMENTS TO LIVING POLICY HOLDERS	£[illegible]
PAID IN BONUSES, OVER	£[illegible]
FUNDS IN HAND	£[illegible]

These figures afford conclusive evidence that A POLICY in THE MUTUAL LIFE not only protects the Family, but is equally valuable as an OLD-AGE PROVISION for the Insured himself. Therefore

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Loans; Liberal Cash Surrender Payments

[illegible]

16, 17, and 18, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

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